



MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXV.





# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXV.

NOVEMBER, 1871, TO APRIL, 1872.

London :

MACMILLAN AND CO.

16, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN; AND

Cambridge.

1872.

W. J. LINTON. SC.



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PRINTED BY R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR,  
LONDON.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUMES I. to XXV., COMPRISING NUMBERS 1—150,

HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH, PRICE 7s. 6d. EACH.

Reading Cases for Monthly Numbers, One Shilling.

Cases for Binding Volumes, One Shilling.

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# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1871.

## A WEEK IN THE WEST.

FROM A VAGABOND'S NOTE-BOOK.

### PART III.

WE were due at Chicago at 7 A.M., but were not destined to be "on time." That hour had already passed when we came to a dead stop, still a considerable distance short of Lake Michigan. My fellow-countrymen were of course off at once to see what was the matter. The natives generally retained their seats, tranquilly chewing, or eating pop-corn. There is a fatalism about the Americans at home which fills me with respect as a vagabond. In travelling in their own country they take all manner of breaks down, delays, bursting of boilers, and the like, as well as all manner of imposition, insolence, ill-usage of luggage, and heartless indifference on the part of officials, as a dispensation of Providence which is to be accepted as part of the play, and not to be resented or struggled with by any self-respecting citizen. "They are our aristocracy," the potentate jocosely explained to us, "these officials, especially the clerks in the big hotels: the only class here that toil not, neither do they spin. You don't expect your lords to behave like common folk, you know."

"Surely not," answered the optimist, "nor like lilies of the field. So these are your lords! I remember Emerson, in his chapter on Aristocracy in the 'English Traits,' says that 'a race yields a nobility in some form, however you

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name the lords, as surely as it yields women.' I can't say I like your hotel-clerk form."

"What do you say then to the youngsters who volunteered to officer black regiments, knowing that they would get no quarter if taken; and to the men and women who organized and worked our Sanitary commission, and Christian commission, in the war?"

"Yes; that's a form of nobility to which I take off my hat with pleasure. No nation can show purer nobles than these; we must pass the rest for their sakes."

"Well, I reckon they're strong enough to carry the shoddy aristocracy, and all the rest, on their backs yet awhile."

At first I had resolved to hold on philosophically like my neighbours, but my patience gave way after a quarter of an hour, and I followed my friends to discover the cause of the delay. I found them in the midst of a small group which had gathered round the hind wheel of one of the Pullman cars, into the wheel-box of which a grim, silent mechanic was driving an iron spoke. Again and again it refused to hold, and leapt out at the last stroke. The potentate, who stood by, speculated ominously on the future of these luxurious Pullman's cars, which have been introduced on all the main lines. They are constantly breaking down, it would seem, owing to

their enormous weight; and the wear and tear to the permanent way which they cause is enormous. No doubt Mr. Pullman, or rather the company which represents him, will be found equal to the occasion, and, with the usual inventiveness of his nation, will place some car on the rails which shall still offer the luxuries of a good hotel to all travellers ready to pay for them, while it meets the requirements of the railway powers as to weight. At last the Pullman was sufficiently doctored to proceed, but it was nearly three hours after our appointed time when we struck Lake Michigan, and ran along the southern and western shore, on which a very respectable sea was breaking. We were rapidly nearing the first, if not the greatest, wonder of the West, and became aware of the neighbourhood of Chicago by the number of fine villas and carefully tended gardens which skirted the line. Suddenly we ran out into the lake, and did our last two miles or so on a good sound permanent way supported on piles. On our left, between us and the beach before the town, lay a strip of lake, averaging, I should guess, a hundred and fifty yards in breadth, "a first-rate course for a sculling match," the struggler remarked to me in passing, as it certainly would be, for the piles and girders of the line break the force of the waves, and leave the surface of this inner strip smooth enough for the lightest outrigger. On our right was the great lake, glistening in the morning sun, with the new waterworks which supply the city standing up out of it at three miles' distance, and nothing else but some fine screw steamers, and merchant brigs and schooners plying their trade, between us and the horizon. This approach to Chicago is eminently characteristic of the place. The city had already risen into solid blocks, four or five stories high, and was selling by the square foot at fabulous prices, before railways were strong or sagacious enough to get a footing in the best quarters. No place was left for a great depôt near the centre of business, and most of the companies were content to establish them-

selves in the outskirts. But such a "one-horse" policy did not suit the views of the promoters of the Illinois Central, amongst whom one is proud to number several Englishmen, including Mr. Cobden. Into the heart of the city they were resolved to come; so, as underground railways had not been invented, and other access by land was out of the question, they entered by water, and shares standing at a premium, and dividends at ten per cent., have rewarded their enterprise. One great railway depôt is much like another, and Americans differ from English only in the greater freedom which is allowed to every one to do as he pleases (taking the responsibilities of going by the wrong trains, being left behind, or run over, on his own shoulders), and in the tolling of the great bells which the engines carry. The horrible shriek of the English locomotive is happily unknown in the New World; a soft, low note, which is heard as far, being substituted for it. And the shriek means nothing after all, being emitted quite as often when the engine is standing still as when it is in motion, whereas the engine bell does really warn all concerned. It begins to toll as soon as the American engine moves, or whenever it approaches a station, or crossing. "Look out for the engine when the bell tolls," inscribed on a board, is all the protection given to the public at half the railway crossings, even in New England. In the West even this warning is omitted. However, in our five minutes' stop at the great central depôt of Chicago, I was certainly struck by one thing. In a conspicuous place on the platform was a notice-board, and on the board the following,—

#### NOTICE.

PASSENGERS ARE CAUTIONED NOT TO LEND  
MONEY TO STRANGERS.

The optimist was staring at it in blank astonishment when I joined him. We looked at one another, and then again at the notice, and then burst out laughing.

"What the deuce does it mean?" he asked.

"I haven't an idea."

"Do you feel like lending money more than usual?"

"Not the least; but these dirty, greasy little notes for tuppence half-penny each do give one rather a disgust of money. Perhaps it's the custom of the country for natives to get rid of them in this way. They are certainly more reckless of expense than any other people I have ever been amongst."

"Can't be a joke, eh? Now, what is the meaning of this?" he added, piteously, to the potentate, as he came up to us.

"Meaning—waal, I suppose it's—I suppose it's meant for a warning to poor green old John Bull and the rest to button up their pockets when they comes out West. But come along, there's no time to lose; we're two hours behind time, and shan't make connections unless we look sharp. There's the *Champaign* across the platform, with her steam up, and our President and Vice waiting for us."

"But breakfast—how about breakfast?" pleaded the optimist: "we've had nothing to speak of since Hamilton."

"Oh, they'll have got something on board; come along."

And accordingly, within five minutes of our arrival, we were aboard the little special train which was to take us to the new line in northern Iowa. The bell of the *Champaign* began to toll, and we moved slowly out of the central dépôt of the western city of Aladdin. Neither then, nor on my return to Chicago, could I get any further explanation of the mysterious notice.

There seems to be a general notion abroad amongst the travelling world that locomotion in the United States is a decidedly democratic, and, therefore, an uncomfortable, as well as a dangerous business. I don't personally agree with the position that all things democratic must be either dangerous or uncomfortable. But, be that as it may, I recommend the most fastidious traveller that ever got into a carriage to try a trip on a special belonging to one of the great American companies,

should he ever get the chance, if he wishes really to understand how going up and down on the face of the earth will be done in "the good time coming." Besides our spirited little locomotive, the *Champaign*—which every now and then during our voyage was so evidently inclined to run away with us that our companion the Vice-president had to go forward and restrain the zeal of the young engineer and stoker—we had two cars. That nearest the engine was our sitting-room by day and bedroom by night. At each end there was as comfortable a little chamber as man could wish for, or woman either. These were occupied by the optimist and the potentate, while the remaining four of us had each a separate compartment of the sitting-room, which the negro boy made up every night for us into a comfortable couch while we were at supper. Beyond the foremost bedroom was a dressing-room, with large washing accommodation, and water always turned on in some mysterious way. We stepped from the platform of this car across into our dining-room, which occupied the larger half of the second car, beyond which were the store-room and the servants' berths, for a second negro boy from a Chicago restaurant was told off to attend to this car and look after the commissariat. In this important department we were practically self-supporting, though our *chef* never lost an opportunity of foraging for fresh provisions whenever we came to a halt. Our stores, chiefly of the potted and hermetically sealed order, comprised pickled oysters and salmon, sardines, and Yarmouth bloaters, cold roast beef and boiled tongue, with tomatoes and other preserved vegetables, potted duck, and pickles and sauces of various descriptions, including one which bore the title of "*kalos geusis*," to which the struggler objected strongly (the name, not the condiment) on grammatical grounds. These, with cheese and crackers, and an unfailing supply of peaches and grapes for dessert, left little to be desired, even when fresh prairie hen or

chickens were not to be had. A large box of excellent Havannahs reposed in a corner of the dining-room. Our wine *carte* consisted of the single item of dry champagne, and our stock of ice never failed, while at any hour of the day a cup of black coffee, hot and strong, was forthcoming at a few minutes' notice.

Thus furnished, we started on our exploring voyage, and with three of the magnates of the railway world on board, we carried a three-sesame power, before which every kind of railway door flew open with the oiliest promptitude. The course to be taken, and the point to be reached each day, were settled, as we ran, in general conclave. Then telegrams were sent on ahead, one to order tea at the place selected for our night quarters, others (after we had left the lines controlled by the Illinois Central authority) to ask permission of various railway governments to take our special over their lines. This favour was of course always granted at once, and an official generally appeared in due course to escort us over each successive company's road, while an engineer of such company mounted the *Champaign*, to help our men with his local experience. The jealousy between rival lines which existed, and to a great extent I fancy still exists, at home, and would make such an arrangement difficult, has no place in the West. The competition is indeed keen enough, but is subordinated in this matter to the true interests of the companies and of the public; and as all the lines "make connections" wherever they come in contact, and the gauges are everywhere the same, you can go a round of thousands of miles without ever changing carriage, or being aware that you are on a different line from that on which you started. At night we were switched away into some siding, as remote as possible from the main track, that we might get quiet sleep without annoyance from the rumble and bell tolling of passing freight trains, and as a rule on awakening we found that we had made a start at daybreak, and had run some sixty or seventy miles already on our route.

As we ran out of the central dépôt we all stood on the platform looking curiously at the huge corn elevators, and the high square blocks of warehouses, as handsome as any in Cannon Street, and the rectangular streets and avenues, broader than any in London. I suppose that our evident wonder pleased our hosts, all Western men; and indeed after all that one has read in fifty books of travels about Chicago, I will defy any one not to be startled when first brought face to face with the reality.

We were certainly not destined to pass out of the town precincts without a shock to our Old-World notions. As we steamed slowly along through the suburbs, tolling our great bell, we came upon one of the broad avenues lined with trees, which form such a delightful feature in all American towns. At the crossing, in the very middle of the avenue, a good-sized house was standing—a house with five windows, and a door on the side which was turned towards us. You might hire such an one for from forty pounds to fifty pounds a-year in Clerkenwell or Hammersmith, except that the framework of this tenement was wooden, only the foundations and chimney-stacks being of brick. For a moment one fancied that it was stationary, and couldn't conceive how even the laxest municipal democracy could have allowed a citizen of eccentric habits to build right in the middle of an important thoroughfare. A second glance, however, showed us that the house was upon rollers, and was only, in fact, waiting until we had passed, (as a market-cart might do in England), to cross the track, and pursue its journey. I looked interrogatively at the struggler, who was standing next me, and he at me, with the kind of expression (I should fancy) of Bill Nye, when he detected the heathen Chinese playing the best bower which William had already dealt to his own partner. He was evidently suspicious of some elaborate hoax, such as have been so often played by our saturnine cousins on credulous Britishers. The potentate, however, stood by with a perfectly innocent

face, and seemed almost surprised when our young friend broke out—

"What has that wretched house been doing? Are they taking it to the police court for being drunk and disorderly?"

"Likely enough," answered the imperturbable potentate; "those old wooden houses don't bear the best of characters."

"But, seriously, now, what is the meaning of it?"

"Well, just this. Building is mighty dear in Chicago, I tell you; but if it cost twice as much, every block in the city has got to be as tall and handsome as the best of those you saw. So every man that owns a lot is in a hurry to get rid of the old houses which served well enough a year or two back. Then, there are a lot of young fellows, clerks and the like, who will go and marry, —we are a marrying people, you know. What did that dreadful old Scotchman say about it?"

"Carlyle, you mean? Why, that the most notable fact about you was, that you had begotten with hitherto-unheard-of rapidity twenty millions of the greatest bores under the sun. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, that's it; the old cynic! But we don't mind him; we are a good-natured people as well as a marrying people."

"That was said before your war, remember."

"Ay, but the 'American war in a nutshell' and the 'fire in a dirty chimney' came out in our sorest pinch. However, we've forgiven him."

"So have we all; and he has said much worse things about England. Besides, you won: you put out the fire, and cleansed the chimney."

"Yes, that's true; so we can afford to laugh. Well then, these young fellows must have a house, and can't afford to build, or live, in the town; so they just go and buy one of the old wooden ones, get a lot in the suburbs and build foundations, and then just cut away the house, clap it on rollers, and tote it out of town as you saw."

"Well, that's a wrinkle in the economic line. I'm glad I've seen it with my own eyes, or I'll be hanged if I could have swallowed the story."

"I guess you'll have to swallow bigger things before you get back. But here's the boy to call us to breakfast."

And the summons was, indeed, a welcome one; with the exception of a cup of tea, with some immaterial kind of bread-cake and baked apple accompaniment, we had been fasting since the famous joint at Hamilton. So we trooped after the President into our second carriage with alacrity. The misgivings which undoubtedly had troubled at least one of us, when we were hurried away, unfed, from the central dépôt at Chicago, disappeared at once. Our table was spread with haste as well as profusion. In the centre a solid pile of peaches and grapes. The side dishes contained pickled salmon and oysters, with beef-tongue and chicken to fall back upon, and a large reservoir of tomatoes, sliced, and served with oil and vinegar. (This last dish, a delicious cool salad when carefully prepared, is almost universal in the States, and after a dusty journey of a hundred miles or so in the cars, with the thermometer at 80°, is one of those culinary sensations which hang fondly on the memory.) On the side table were rolls, crackers, cheese, sauces, and an array of coffee-cups, while underneath stood a pail of ice, with the heads of champagne bottles protruding. One of the black boys was opening a bottle as we entered, while the other, napkin in hand, marshalled us to the table. I thought I remarked a benignant and gratified twinkle in the eye of the President as he watched the effect of his preparations on his half-famished guests. Let me draw a decent veil over the next half-hour, during which the *Champaign* sped on her way through one of the most prosperous sections of the sovereign State of Illinois. Though prosperous, I am happy to believe, on the assurance of the President, one of the most voracious of men, that it offers no features of picturesque or other special interest to strangers. At the end of that time a cup of smoking

black coffee stood before each of us, and the first fragrant bouquet of the President's Havannahs was stealing through the car. The struggler was still lingering over a third peach; and, as he tenderly skinned it, remarked to the Vice-president, his next neighbour:

"There is certainly something I like very much in your peaches. They haven't, of course, the delicate texture and flavour of hothouse fruit, or of the best wall-fruit. But then, they are not wall-grown, I take it?"

"No, indeed; we don't get many walls in Southern Illinois. It'll be all standard fruit that you get in these parts."

"So I thought," said the struggler, taking a patronizing bite out of the sunny side of his now skinned peach. "But they are a more cut-and-come-again kind of fruit than ours—a democratic version of Old-World peaches. You feel as if you might eat any quantity of them without depriving anybody else of their chance. I dare say you have them in large quantities here, these yellow standard peaches?"

"Yes, there is a large district of Southern Illinois which is celebrated for them," said the Vice-president.

"We run a fruit train every day through the season," put in the President, who never missed hearing any remark which bore on the traffic of his darling lines. "It has grown to be a big business these last few years."

"When you say a fruit train, you mean, I suppose, that one of your morning trains brings in the fruit? Ours comes into London mostly on large light waggon adapted exclusively for fruit-carrying."

"No; I guess our train only brings fruit. It has got to average seventeen cars now. One morning this summer, I remember it brought in thirty-six tons of strawberries; and I think that's the biggest lot we've carried yet."

The struggler paused in the act of carrying to his mouth the last morsel of his peach. "Thirty-six tons! tons' weight of strawberries in one day! You are joking. Why, who eats them?"

"Waal, I reckon the Chicago folk. I don't think many get out of the town."

The struggler gravely swallowed his last mouthful, and held out his hand for a cigar, with a look of confidence injured. He was beginning to think that there was some deliberate plot to mystify us, and I believe would have prefaced every question he put with "bar sell," if he had thought that that polite Anglicanism would have been understood by our Western friends.

I must own that the thirty-six tons was even to me a somewhat large order. "A friend of mine, an English sherry importer," I said, "has a large peach orchard at Port St. Mary's, and he feeds his pigs with the fruit, after he has preserved all he cares for."

"Why don't he tote it into Cadiz and sell it?" said the potentate. "You Britishers are so cussed wasteful."

"I like that," said the optimist. "Why, I never knew what a spend-thrift nation was till I got here."

"Well, we caught it from you, anyhow," replied the potentate. "But is that why Spanish hams are so cracked up? Is it a peach flavour, or what?"

"Montauche's hams, you mean," I said. "No, I believe those remarkable porkers obtain their flavour from a diet of snakes and snow; or, I am bound to say, some travellers declare that it comes from chestnuts."

"After all," said the optimist, "when you come to think of it, thirty-six tons isn't so much for a big city. How many people in Chicago now?"

"Three hundred and fifty thousand," "All fruit eaters, I suppose. Well, that is a ton or so to 10,000. You were last from college, struggler; cipher us out how many pottles a head that would come to."

"But this is only from one source of supply," said the struggler.

"We bring in pretty near all the fruit, I guess," said the President. "Market gardening about the town hasn't begun yet. They haven't time for it, and the climate wouldn't suit so well."

"Suppose we go and have a look at

the country? Why, we must have run sixty or seventy miles by this time, I should think."

"Thereabouts," said the President, and so we got up and sauntered into our drawing-room car, and ensconced ourselves at the windows, to make all such observations on the new country as the pace would permit. It was under corn almost exclusively as far as the eye could reach,—corn standing from four to six feet high over a slightly undulating country, crossed here and there by very passable tracks. The stations which we shot past were generally surrounded by detached cottages and farm homesteads; the inevitable large, square, brick-built school-house standing out as the principal building, though occasionally some enterprising citizen had run up a solid block of stores, with dwelling-houses above, in sure anticipation of the coming population and prosperity, which challenged comparison with it for size.

"What is your plan here, in Illinois, as to your schools?" asked the optimist. "I see everywhere the school standing up, the biggest and best building in the town. How do you pay for them and maintain them?"

"By reserved sections," said the potentate.

"Thank you, but you might as well say by conic sections for anything that the phrase means to me. What are reserved sections, pray?"

"The Vice will explain. He had a hand in the Government survey in these parts;" and the potentate betook himself to his cigar.

"Well, it's rather a long story to make it clear to you," said the Vice-president. "Our State survey system wasn't applied to the thirteen colonies, but now whenever a territory applies to be admitted as a State, and often before that, it is regularly surveyed, and divided up into sections."

"I see. And some of these are reserved for the schools?"

"Just so. This is how it's done. A meridian line is drawn across north and south from some natural starting-point. Here in Illinois we took the junction of

the Ohio and Mississippi. Then a base line is drawn across the meridian line at right angles, of course from the same point. Then, by drawing cross lines parallel with these two initial ones, the country under survey is mapped out into blocks six miles square."

"What a monotonous rectangular business!" said the optimist; "and a six-mile block is a parish, I suppose?"

"We call 'em townships," said the Vice-president. "Then each township is divided again into numbered sections, each a mile square, or thirty-six sections to every township. Out of these, one section, generally the sixteenth, is reserved for school purposes."

"What—if there are no children?"

"Well, that's generally the case at first. So the school section—640 acres, you see—lies there till school trustees are named, and then it is vested in them to deal with as they find best."

"But are there school trustees to every township?"

"Yes, to every political township; and the political ones generally coincide with the surveyed townships, though they are fixed by the State, and not by the Central Government."

"Well, but these 640 acres must be often nearly useless—like a white elephant, or the Vicar of Wakefield's big picture. They can't let, I suppose, at a rent in these parts? Heavy rents are a privilege of our Old World."

"No, and they don't need. The trustees nearly always want money to build the schools, and for initiatory expenses, so they sell the school lot for what it will bring."

"And what then? where does the school income come from? How are the teachers paid, and the buildings maintained? I understand your system to be absolutely free?"

"Well, so it is; we get the income by just taxing all owners of land in the township."

"That's simple enough certainly, and an excellent plan. But now about the other thirty-five sections: how are they dealt with? First, who do they belong to, the Union or the State, or to squatters?"

"To the State, except the settled part; and since the squatters, as you call them, are mostly the leading citizens, they fix up matters pretty much as they please."

"Then every one who comes in and buys afterwards buys from the State, and gets a State title?"

"Just so."

"And about roads, railways, and the like: the companies buy from the State, too, I suppose?"

"Well, not exactly," said the President, upon whose ground the discussion was now touching: "I reckon these lines wouldn't have been built if we had had to pay for the land."

"What! did the State give it you?"

"The State gave us the land for the line, and alternate sections of a strip, six miles wide, right along on each side the line."

"Do you mean that you own the land for six miles on each side of all your lines?"

"We *did* own half of it—every alternate section you see, chequerwise—with the State: first our section, then a State section, and so on. But we've sold pretty well all of ours, except a few hundred thousand acres."

"Yes, now I see all about it. This explains a good deal, and accounts for the way in which your railways have gone a-head. It makes all the difference whether you have to buy the land, or get it to sell."

"There ain't so much difference so far as chances of success go: when you've got to buy your land, you buy your traffic with it. All your customers are there, living along your lines, and ready to go up and down, and send goods the moment you've got your rails down. But we had to make our traffic for ourselves, and bring our own customers out here."

"Then, in fact, it doesn't much matter which direction your lines run in. So long as the companies can get land grants, such as you speak of, they may go anywhere?"

"Yes; only they've got to take care that they pick the sort of country emi-

grants will care to settle on; and they must make out a decent case to go to the State legislature with, or they wouldn't get their Act."

"And when they've got it, and have made their line, they and the State go into competition as sellers of land?"

"Well, the competition don't amount to much. The State mostly lets the land lie for folk to come after it; but the railway companies have regular land departments, which manage their grants, and settle emigrants on them as fast as they can. The purchase-money is at first very low—from four or five dollars an acre ours went at—and only a quarter or a third of that down at once. The rest is payable by instalments, and the settler doesn't get his deed till they are paid. But it's all made easy for them, because we want their custom. Any man who don't go to pieces with drink can pay for his land out of crops, in three or four years, and live well too. I've known many do it under two years."

"I suppose most of the stations and villages are upon the companies' lands?"

"Well, I reckon they do mostly come out so; but nobody can say where the best locations are going to be beforehand. One place goes a-head, and another, just as good every way as far as you can see, won't move."

"Haven't you had useful knowledge enough for an hour or so? Here, just look out here, and you'll see a piece of real genuine prairie."

"Where? Which?" said the struggler, eagerly, and we all turned to the windows with considerable curiosity.

"There, between those two long patches of corn. We're just coming abreast of it. And there again, about a quarter of a mile further off, all the side of that slope. That's the real, original, untouched, Natty Bumpo business, and no mistake."

All three of us stared at the plots indicated by the potentate with all our eyes, as we ran past.

"It's yellower than I expected," said the struggler.

"You didn't expect to see it green,

did you, after such a baking as we've had for the last month? Besides, there are a lot of yellow flowers in blossom at this time of the year."

"Too much like a piece of waste land anywhere," said the optimist, with something like a sigh.

"You're disappointed?" asked the potentate.

"Yes, I own I had a sentiment about a prairie. Your Cooper's books took a wonderful hold on me when I was a boy. I hear they laugh at them now, but depend upon it there has been no one like him for the vague border-land which lies between savage and civilized life. I haven't read 'The Prairie' and the 'Last of the Mohicans,' for a quarter of a century, and wouldn't read them again now for fear of losing the racy taste. But I expected a new sensation, and I haven't got it. Not a bit Natty Bumpoish, those strips of rough land!"

"Wait till you get out into Iowa; when you can see nothing else, they won't look so tame."

"I hope not. I see we're coming to something like a hill at last. Why, it must be something like three hours since we stopped for water. How long can your game little engine run without a drink?"

"Well, I reckon she's getting a little thirsty. Those hills are above Galena, where we shall stop next."

"Galena, another odd name. Let's see, Galena, Galena, haven't I heard of it somehow?"

"Guess you might. It's President Grant's town."

"Ay, of course, I thought I knew the name. He was in some business there when your war broke out, I think."

"Yes, in the leather trade; and not a good trade either. Our State found the great statesman, and the head soldier for our war, and we're mighty proud of it, I tell you."

"And well you may be. But let me see; Lincoln wasn't an Illinois man, was he?"

"Not born; but it was his State. He

lived here nearly all his life, and was practising here when he was elected President. He was one of the counsel for our line. Some of the college-bred lawyers used to laugh at him, but not one of them ever came near him with an Illinois prey."

"So I should think. Now, I don't suppose you'll believe it," added the optimist, after a short pause, "but it's true, that I felt about Abraham Lincoln as I never did about any other of the foremost men of our time. I would have gone round the world to have seen him eye to eye, and shaken hands with him, and that's more than I can say of any other. And I know that many other Englishmen felt as I did."

I added my testimony to much the like effect, and our hosts were evidently pleased.

"Yes," the optimist went on, "three nations in our time have had their trial times, and something of the same kind of work to do—Italy, Germany, and these States—and each has found a great man for their work: Cavour, Bismarck, and Lincoln, two noblemen and a peasant's son. I have nothing to say against the Italian or the German; but take the men's work, and I say that Lincoln's was, beyond all question, the hardest. No such job was ever laid on a man's shoulders as came to him in March 1860. And take the men's record, and for sagacity and courage, as well as for simple truthfulness, and faith in his cause and his God, the plain rail-splitter stands well at the head of the list. Happy the nation that could sift out such a leader in its sorest need; and though I'm half sorry to admit it, potentate, to such a bigoted Yankee, and such a hater of my country as you, I must add, happy the leader who feels such a nation underneath him. I don't believe any other race but ours would have pulled through your rebellion."

"Well, I ain't sorry you talk of 'our race,' anyhow," said the potentate; "and I only wish some of your big bugs and your confounded newspapers would have talked like that before Gettysburg."

*(To be continued.)*

## PATTY.

## CHAPTER LX.

## AT THE "BLADEBONE."

"I TELL you what, Dennis,"—Mrs. Fagg was on her knees on the hearth-rug, making her husband's toast, talking to him meanwhile over her right shoulder as he sat stretched out helplessly in a huge arm-chair,—“You say I do foolish things odd times, and you're right; but I did one wise thing when I got Miss Nuna over to Gray's Farm.”

“Why!” Dennis spoke with painful slowness; he had lost full command over his words; “I thought you said she were back again.”

“So she is, old man.” Mrs. Fagg turned the toast carefully on the fork. “She only stayed two days; but the change was everything, bless you, she's grown quite sprack; she's as active again as she was, and she don't fret nothing near so much, neither.”

Here Mrs. Fagg had to retreat from the even red glow, which scorched her face.

“Do you think, Kitty,”—his dull eyes followed his wife with a painful look of uncertainty—“as she cares yet for Mr. Will?”

Mrs. Fagg had begun on a fresh slice of bread, but it fell off the fork as her husband spoke. Her face was very red as she picked it up again—but that might have been caused by the fire, or stooping.

“I'm surprised at you, Dennis, that I am. Why, Miss Nuna never did care for him; and she'd had plenty time to find out whether there was anything in him to suit her, before she set eyes on Mr. Whitmore.” She picked up the bread and fixed it carefully on the fork. “Not that I like Mr. Whitmore; I don't—there, I don't want to speak harsh of anybody, but Miss Nuna's

as clean thrown away on him as if she'd been chucked in the dust-bin.”

“Dear, dear!”—Dennis moved his head slowly against the back of his easy chair, and tears stood in his eyes—“such a sweet young lady too!”

Mrs. Fagg got on her feet, and proceeded to butter her husband's toast, and then to feed him with it, and to give him his tea as if he had been a baby. She was distressed at her own want of tact.

“I say, old man, never mind;” she wiped his mouth, set the pillow straight in his high-backed chair, and then gave him a hearty kiss; “you mustn't take on about Miss Nuna; she'll do fast enough. You wanted your tea, dear, didn't you, just now? Yes, yes; she's coming in to sit a bit with you, she said, and you mustn't be down-hearted with her, old man; she's as fond of Mr. Whitmore as I am of you; she is, you know, eh?”

She looked at poor Dennis's dull face to be sure he understood, and he nodded with a feeble smile.

Mrs. Fagg carried away the tea-things.

“There's the making of a stout-hearted woman in Miss Nuna yet; she's but a child now,” she said, and then she gave a little sigh. “Here have I been railing against that husband of hers, and maybe if she'd married so as to have no troubles, and hadn't been brought to think for herself, she'd have gone on a baby all her life through; and a grey-haired baby,” said Mrs. Fagg, reflectively, “is like Punch at a funeral.” She came back, swept up the crumbs, set a chair for the visitor, and then got out a duster to hem.

Nuna was not long in coming; and the poor infirm man was brightened by her sweet smile, and kindly ways with him.

Her presence brought back former ideas to Dennis, and with them the mastery which he had formerly exercised in public over his wife.

"Make some fresh tea, Kitty," he said, reprovingly, "for Miss—" he looked at Nuna; "she don't ought to be kep' waiting."

"Oh, no, thank you, don't trouble," said Nuna. She had grown to look on Mrs. Fagg with reverence, and it was dismaying to hear her rebuked.

Mrs. Fagg smiled, and proceeded to obey her husband.

"Take a cup, Miss Nuna," she whispered, when she brought in the neat little tray with one of her best china cups and saucers; "he mustn't be fretted, poor dear, and a chat does him good."

Nuna sat wondering; it seemed to her that every fresh trouble laid on the landlady added to her affection for the helpless man she served.

"How she must love him," she sighed; "and yet Dennis never seemed a loving husband. He always appeared to snub his wife. Is it her own love that makes Mrs. Fagg happy, or does it really win his?"

It was strange to Nuna to feel drawn as she now did to Mrs. Fagg. As a child, she had shrunk from her sharp sayings.

She had just received a letter from Roger Westropp; it had been sent on to her from St. John Street. Roger was ill again, and he hoped Mrs. Whitmore would excuse his wishing to see her; Nuna was puzzled, she thought she would take Mrs. Fagg into counsel about leaving her stepmother.

She sat with Dennis till it grew dark. She had spent the morning with Mrs. Beaufort, and the afternoon in taking a walk with her father, and in listening to his charitable plans for the coming winter; but she had not spoken of Roger's letter: it seemed to her best not to say she had seen him in London.

"It's getting dark, ma'am," said Mrs. Fagg. "Shall Ben follow you up to the Rectory gate? There's a nest of tramps camping down Carvingswood Lane."

"Will you come with me yourself, please," said Nuna shyly. "I don't mind tramps; but I want to talk to you."

It was a great relief to get this said. By a sort of instinct she knew Mrs. Fagg would be willing to help her.

She began as soon as they were out of the Bladebone—"I want to go to London; a sick person I know there wants to see me; and, besides, I might get news of Mr. Whitmore." She stopped, but Mrs. Fagg kept silence too.

It was much easier to Nuna to say what she wanted to say in the dark tree-shaded road.

"It seems to me"—she pressed her hands nervously together—"that something must have happened to him. I don't think I ought to have taken this long silence so quietly. I have not heard for a whole month. Mrs. Fagg"—her voice shook, and she could not steady it—"if Dennis had gone away, and not written to you for a whole month, what should you have done?"

"There would not be a mossel of use in my tryin' to say, ma'am." Mrs. Fagg spoke briskly. "I couldn't take on me to know what I'd ha' done in such a case. Dennis always was a bad fist at writin', and maybe what I'd ha' done wouldn't be the fit thing for a lady like you to do, ma'am—" Mrs. Fagg stopped abruptly, as if she kept the rest of her thoughts to herself.

They had reached the Rectory gates.

Nuna put her hand on Mrs. Fagg's arm. "Come in a minute," she said, and Mrs. Fagg followed up the shaded gravelled walk. She forgot Dennis and everything in the interest she felt.

"You have something in your mind, you would like to tell me,"—Nuna put her arm round the surprised woman and kissed her; "try and advise me as if I were your sister or your child. Remember, I can't ask my poor dear father's advice. I can't distress him with my anxiety and sorrow. I have not a friend I should like to go to."

"Did Mr. Whitmore go by himself?"

said the landlady—her heart was very hard against Paul at that moment. "What call had he," she thought, "to put this poor child to such a pass?"

"He went with a party of friends." Nuna was again glad of the darkness.

"What you're thinking of, Miss—" Mrs. Fagg might have been speaking to Dennis, she had the same fondling tenderness of voice—"Is that Mr. Whitmore's fallen ill? very like to happen; and if so, of course you'd wish to be beside him." She heard a little choked sob, but she went on. "I dare say you know where the friends lives who went away with Mr. Whitmore, Miss, and perhaps some of 'em has left folks at home who could set your mind at rest."

Before the words were spoken a hope had come to Nuna—a sudden new idea. Roger Westropp might possibly give her the clue to his daughter's route. He had told her, when she saw him, that he knew more about the doings at the house in Park Lane than Patty guessed he did.

"And Patty may have written to him."

There was not a certainty in this hope, but it seemed to give a clue she might follow.

"Thank you, very very much," she said warmly. "You have given me the help I wanted. I will go to London and try and see a person who may give me news. I can't see any risk in leaving Mrs. Beaufort now, she is so much better."

"Bother Mrs. Beaufort! I beg your pardon, ma'am; I didn't mean it, but she'll do fast enough."

Mrs. Fagg blushed at her own freedom. "Only it's a point I feels strongly upon; I mean, what a wife's bound to do for a husband; that's where 'I fall out with Miss Menella. Let a man be good or bad, kind or unkind, fretful or sweet, it don't matter; it's a woman's dooty to make him happy if she can. All we married ones has got to do is to make one man happy; and if a woman does her dooty, Miss Nuna, we know, don't us, there's One as 'ull make her way easy—some day."

## CHAPTER LXI.

### ROGER'S LEGACY.

"If a woman does her dooty, there's One as 'ull make her way easy—some day."

The words kept on sounding in Nuna's ears as she travelled back to London.

She felt sure there was more meaning in them than showed at first sight. She had often heard of women, and read of them—good, high-minded people, who went on always in the path of duty, and yet their lives were a constant succession of trial and trouble even to the end.

Her sister Mary's life, for instance. Before she had tasted the pleasures of her age, she had been forced into the cares of a full-grown woman; and the one little flower of her life—an attachment, which Nuna had gathered a fuller history of in this visit to Ashton than she had ever been permitted to hear in her own girlhood—had been first peremptorily checked by the advice of her grandfather, and then crushed by the early death of Mary's young lover; then had come her constant anxiety for her father's health, and for Nuna; then the unselfish severance from the young sister—the only brightness in her monotonous life,—and then, the sufferings of the months that went before her death.

"And yet Mary always looked cheerful and happy."

A truth was coming to Nuna—a truth which no words can teach from without; but a truth which, once grasped and realized, grows like the bean-stalk of the nursery tale, and, like it, forms a ladder to lift us, if we will, so far above these petty earthly trials and frets, that they seem, looked down on,—that which they really are,—only spots and freckles, which cannot penetrate, unless we will, below the surface of existence.

Nuna began to feel that Mary's happiness sprang from a deeper root than a mere sense of fulfilled duty. Love was working in Nuna; her very love for Paul taught her how bitter may be changed to sweet if it be borne for love to Him who gave life for Love.

She began to read Mrs. Fagg with this new key, and she wondered at her own blindness; while she had been fretting and murmuring at every cross laid on her, the wife of poor, ignorant, afflicted Dennis had taken all her sorrows gladly as from a loving Father's hand, and all had turned to blessing.

"And I thought I had a loving nature," she said. "I have loved myself, that's all. I see now, if love is true, it must conquer."

Nuna only called in St. John Street, and then she drove off to Bellamount Terrace. She felt strangely puzzled that she had not before thought of consulting Roger Westropp. She was surprised at her own calm when she reached his house.

The old woman opened the door.

"The master's not a-bed," she said; "but he's too weak to move about."

Roger lay on the faded green sofa. He was very white and ghastly; and the shadows in his face had that bluish tint which gives an awfulness to the expression.

On the table in the middle of the room were the two brass candlesticks that had once stood, as Nuna well remembered, on the mantelshelf in Carvingswood Lane.

Roger smiled as Mrs. Whitmore took his wasted hand between hers.

A sense of comfort stole over the old man when she seated herself close beside him, and placed the pillow more easily under his shoulders.

"Thank ye kindly, ma'am. I think I'm going this time; but there be no knowing; still it may happen sudden-ways, and there's just a thing or two I'd liked to put in charge o' you." He paused between his words.

"I shall be very glad to be of use, but"—she spoke cheerfully—"I don't think you seem so ill as when I saw you before, Roger. Your voice is so much stronger."

A faint flush came up in his face.

"That's maybe along of a parson as comes now and again and sees me. He says I live too low, so last night he sends in a small bottle o' port wine. I

s'pose he thinks I'm wanting food and such like."

He looked ashamed, but he indulged in a grim smile at the simplicity of the clergyman.

"Roger, why don't you say you are not poor?" Nuna was horrified at his coolness.

"Bless you, ma'am, the parson gives it, accordin' to what he says, more for the sake of his own soul than for my needs. Why should I baulk him? it have done me no harm, and it maybe does him a sight of good."

Nuna wished Mrs. Fagg was present, she did not feel capable of rebuking Roger.

"You see, ma'am, these are the two things I want to speak about. I've a feeling I wouldn't like them"—he pointed to the candlesticks—"as my missus took such a pride in, to be sold, maybe, for a few pence to some drunken hussy or another. I'd be fain if you'd see they was put alongside of me,—that's first. The next's this"—he put his hand inside his waistcoat, fumbled a few minutes, and then drew out a creased, soiled paper. "I want you to be so good, ma'am, as to hand this to my daughter Martha; it's the letter as came from Watty with the news of the money. I'd like Patty to read it careful, and to take heed the words in it don't come true." He stopped, and lay looking at Nuna while she put the paper carefully away.

"If I'd lived to see her again," said Roger, "I meant to have told her a thing that's been on my mind. You think, ma'am, along of me taking that wine, that I'm not a stickler for truth—it ain't that; I knows parsons and the ways they gets in London, they're free-handed to the poor, and may God bless them for it, but they takes it out o' those they thinks have any to spare. If I was to go and let that good young gentleman know I'd ever so little put by, he'd be wanting me to subscribe to no end of new-fangled schemes he's got on hand, and he'd say it would be for my good to do it. It's not that; but, ma'am, the thing I'm meaning's this."—He raised himself a little while he spoke.—"I

gave my countenance to a lie when Patty married, and now, as I'm lying here, it's heavy on my mind I did it. No wife ought to have a secret of her own to keep, and I'm afraid Patty's got too many."

"Could you write to her?"

Roger moved his head.

"She wouldn't heed my writing, but I'd like her to know it troubled me. She's far off now; she mayn't be back afore winter."

Nuna could not restrain her eagerness any longer.

"Then you hear from her. Where are they now?"

There was again the same movement of his head.

"No, ma'am. I've an old letter from Miss Coppock, but there can't be any news in it you beant acquainted with. It lies in that there table-drawer, ma'am"—he looked at a rickety table that stood beneath the window. Roger closed his eyes, exhausted; he did not see how eagerly Nuna opened the letter, as if she could not read it quickly enough.

"DEAR MR. WESTROPP,

"I have intended to write to you more than once, but the extreme rapidity with which we have traversed this interesting country, has hitherto prevented the accomplishment of my wishes. I am far from happy about Mrs. D——; she appears to treat her admirable husband with culpable neglect and indifference, and to devote herself to the amusement of a foolish young nobleman; also, she bestows more attention on our other travelling companion, Mr. W——, than I think you would approve. He, however, left us some days ago; he stayed at Clermont while we made this *détour* to Le Puy. I am not sure he will join us again, though he talks of a meeting at Montpellier. I think he is very injudicious; he says he shall explore the country in his sketching expeditions, and I should not be surprised if he is attacked and robbed. I gave him a hint of my suspicions, but he seemed to think my advice unnecessary. He must take his chance.

Serve him right, in my opinion, for leaving poor Mrs. Whitmore at home by herself."

Clermont—Montpellier. Nuna found herself saying the words over and over as if she could never fix them in memory.

"May I keep this letter?" she said, "there is something about their journey which I did not know."

"Yes, yes, surely;" but Roger was half asleep.

Nuna knelt down beside the old man.

"Good-bye, now," she said, "I'll come again to-morrow if I can."

She closed the door, softly; and then she went to the top of the kitchen stairs and called the old woman.

Her dirty, hag-like appearance distressed Nuna.

"Don't leave Mr. Westropp alone in the house," she said. "You shall be paid for your care. Go in and look at him every now and then. I will come or send to-morrow."

She tried to keep calm and collected, but it was hard work. Paul might be ill, dying perhaps. He had said he would write when he came to a halt, and Miss Coppock's letter was dated a fortnight ago, and yet there was more hope than sorrow in Nuna's heart. She was going to Paul; her long exile was ended; her brain seemed to spin in the excitement that lay before her. But she mastered the impulsive wish to start at once in pursuit of her husband. There was yet time to write to her father, and to seek his advice about her journey; for he had been, as Nuna knew, much of a traveller in early life.

She calculated that if her father answered her note at once, she should be able to start on her journey next evening.

Timid as she was, wholly unused to depend on herself for protection, still Nuna resolved to travel alone. She felt sure the journey would be expensive, and she thought an English maid would be a useless encumbrance. She could only think of Paul; her mind saw only the end of her journey, and re-

fused to take in any obstacles there might be in its accomplishment.

"I don't think there's much use in going to bed," she said; "I feel as if rest would never come till I am fairly on my way."

To her surprise she slept soundly. She felt calm and refreshed next morning; but there was still a long weary day to get through before her father's letter could reach her.

She finished her packing, and then she resolved to go and see Roger.

"I must try and persuade him to have a nurse," she thought.

The door opened, and there was Will Bright.

Nuna did not know how helpless she had really felt till she saw Will; she sprang forward and greeted him so heartily, that a flush of pleasure spread over his handsome face.

"You can guess why I'm here," he said; "I got to Ashton this morning just after your letter came. The rector was in a sad way about it; he can't stand your going alone at all. I don't believe he likes your going any way, only Mrs. Beaufort said it was the right thing for you to do—but it's all right now. You'll let me take care of you, won't you, and we'll start to-night."

He had held Nuna's hand while he spoke; his heart was just then as full of love for her as ever.

"You!"—Nuna pressed his hand affectionately, and then drew hers away—"you good, kind Will—oh, no; indeed, I could not take you away, just now, too, when you are so much wanted on the farm, and—"

"Confound the farm," said Will, stubbornly, "I'm going with you, Nuna, whether you like it or not. I told Mr. Beaufort I would."

He stood looking at her with both hands in his pockets, and a determined, rather surly expression in his eyes.

Nuna was puzzled; but she had learned how to manage Will in her childhood. A woman can usually manage the lover she does not love, however much she may fail with the man she loves herself.

"I must go alone, Will, for several reasons. Now, sit down and listen, won't you, like a good reasonable Will; all you want is to help me, isn't it? Well then, isn't it much kinder to help me in my way than in yours? If you will take me to Folkestone, and put me safe on board the steamer, you will do all I need; and then I want you to do something else, which will help me very much."

Will looked like a mastiff, unwilling to yield up a stick he has been told to guard.

"You know I can't refuse you anything," he said, at last, sadly.

"Will,"—there was a reproach in her voice, and he looked sheepish—"you won't tell even my father what I am going to tell you?"

He looked up hopefully; the idea of sharing a secret with Nuna was cheering to his dog-like faithfulness.

"It's about Roger Westropp. He is in London. I've seen him; he's ill, and he wants taking care of. Will you see after him while I am away? I can tell you what I want about him presently. Now, you really must have something to eat."

Will's curiosity was excited about Roger, but he was still unwilling to let Nuna travel without him.

Before they reached Folkestone she had convinced him that he must yield to her wishes.

"Good-bye, Nuna," he said, when the ringing of the bell warned all outsiders to leave the steamer; "you have been harder on me to day than you know. You don't know what it would have been to me to have watched over you to the end, you poor dear, lonely girl; now, don't look vexed; I may as well say my mind out this once; you've had your way, remember, but I'd like to be sure what that husband of yours is at; if he's not ill, Nuna, very ill, mind,—I should like to horsewhip him."

"Poor Will!" Nuna watched the tall stalwart figure, till the boat glided out of the harbour. "Dear, faithful Will, how heartless I am! I don't seem to care a bit for him, or to think of all

the trouble he has taken. Oh, my darling! my darling! am I really going to you at last?"

At last! and then came the doubt, should she find him?

## CHAPTER LXII.

"SHALL I be able to move in a week?" an English voice said this in French to a small buttoned-up Frenchman, a man with a spectacled wizened face; there was a brown curly wig above the face, and a red silk handkerchief under it.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Ma foi," he smiled, "if you were my countryman I make answer, 'no;' you stay where you are a fortnight, what do I know, three weeks, perhaps; but you English are different, you have the strength of horses not of men; I say to you,"—he stopped to take a large pinch of snuff and spilled some of it on the table, then blew his nose obstreperously in a red pocket-handkerchief nearly as big as himself—"I say to you Monsieur,"—he shook a dirty finger at his patient, "that a man who refuses to be bled for fever and yet recovers, is beyond my calculations; he may relapse, or get well at once, or die after all, what do I know. I have the honour to wish Monsieur good-day."

Doctor Gerder took his leave; he was very much huffed at his patient's strictures on the treatment to which he had refused to submit.

When the party of travellers reached Auvergne, Paul had been much struck with the wild grandeur of the extinct volcanoes, and he proposed to Lord Charles Seton to stay behind the others.

But Lord Charles's love of art and his great desire to sketch in Paul's company had, seemingly, cooled. "I am not particularly attracted by the Auvergne scenery," he said; "I would rather defer my sketching attempts till we reach the Spanish frontier."

Paul felt a secret relief, and yet he was chafed, too. Something in Mrs. Downes's manner towards himself irritated him profoundly; if he could

credit such a belief, he could fancy that Patty tried in Lord Charles Seton's presence to patronise him; she and the young lord were inseparable companions. Strangely enough, the travelling companion from whom he had shrunk at the outset with positive dislike, had been the only one he was sorry to part from; he had grown first to pity and then to like Mr. Downes.

He had never seen a man evince such unwearying devotion to a woman, and Paul was too keen an observer not to see how carelessly it was repaid. There had been a look of trouble and sadness lately in Mr. Downes's face; Paul felt sure he was not happy with his wife.

He stopped behind at Clermont; then he went on to a little village some leagues distant, and there, after painting in the heat of the sun beside a pool of stagnant mud, he sickened with low typhoid fever.

He soon became delirious, but happily for him chiefly at night, so that he had been able to understand and to resist the doctor's wish to bleed him; the two poor women who kept the wretched little cabaret where he was lodged nursed him as carefully as they could—but care and kindness will not atone for dirt and other discomforts, and in his long, restless nights, Paul longed till his heart sickened, for Nuna's sweet face, for her voice, instead of the hoarse patois of the Frenchwomen; and, above all, he hungered for the love he had again grown to believe in. For lately, every hour had been teaching Paul his mistake; in Mr. Downes's tender devotion to his wife he had read his own condemnation—read how selfishly he had returned Nuna's love.

"I had it once," he said, sometimes; "if Patty had never come between us, I believe we should have been all right; but jealousy dwarfs a woman's mind completely. I'm afraid Nuna will never forgive me that concealment about the picture; and it was wrong altogether. I can see at this distance that husbands and wives shouldn't have secrets; she'll never trust me again. If she were a man it would be different."

He repented bitterly that he had not written.

"I cannot write now; it would be selfish and cowardly to ask her, so timid as she is, to come all this way just to nurse me, I couldn't bear her to be in such a place; and perhaps, if she knew I was ill, she would come. No, I must take my chance."

It never occurred to him that all discomfort and privation would have been prized by Nuna, if borne for his sake. Some men know very little of the hearts of the women they call their own.

Paul felt restless when the doctor left him. He longed to attempt the journey, but the unsteadiness of his limbs and his brain warned him it was possible to meet with worse mischances than a prolonged stay in the dirty little cabaret.

Hitherto he had not realized the dangerous power of his illness. But to-day, as the hours passed by, it seemed to him that he was growing weaker—more feverish. Would it be better to send for Nuna?

"And who's to say what may happen; for she will come if I send for her,"—he had a painful pleasure in saying this over and over. "And she might take the fever and die of it."

And yet, as the hours of that weary day went by, and the sun grew hotter, and Paul's languor and depression bore him down to utter prostration, his pale sunken eyes fixed more and more wistfully on the knapsack hanging against the bare deal walls of his room. There were writing materials in it.

How easy it would be to write and summon his wife.

Before morning came the power of writing was gone, the fever had returned; he was again delirious and unconscious.

The women of the house whispered together gravely; they knew too well the symptoms of the fatal disease, but they did not even know the name of their lodger, and the doctor Gerder had said he would die if the fever returned.

## CHAPTER LXIII.

### PATIENCE SPEAKS.

PATTY stood at a window in the largest bedroom of the Croix d'Or. She looked tired and worn, for the party had only just reached Bourges, after a long, hurried journey. The journey, too, had been dull. Mr. Downes had been almost always sullen and silent, and yet he was constantly beside her, so that she had not, during the last two days, had any of the long talks with Lord Charles Seton, which had become the chief amusement of the journey.

But it was not only weariness and fatigue that had altered Patty's looks and faded her loveliness. She was very pale; but anger, and fear too, were in her beautiful blue eyes,—a strange, abject fear, that seemed quite out of place on the sweet self-possessed face. She was looking down into the courtyard of the inn. It was empty, except just below the window. Her husband stood there with Patience Coppock. Mr. Downes seemed to be listening with impatience; he held a stick in his hand, and he struck this, as he stood, on the round shining stones of the courtyard; but still, he was listening to his companion's talk, and Mrs. Downes could see how full of eager vehemence this talk was. Patience stood with her back towards the window; but her shoulders heaved, and her right hand enforced her words with quick, impulsive gesture, and Patty read on her husband's face, as on a mirror, the work that Miss Coppock's words were doing. Once she tried to get courage and go boldly down stairs and stop the tongue which she felt was blackening her in her husband's eyes; but fear, sick, helpless fear, was too strong. She grasped at the window-fastening as the thought came; she drew her breath deeply; her lips parted, and showed the small white teeth tightly closed.

"She's been so much more patient lately that I never believed she'd turn on me—the coward; she never so much as threatened. Well, if I come to grief, it's her doing, not mine; that's one

comfort." The smooth contempt of her words did not match with the awful terror in her eyes.

She dared not open the window ; she feared to attract notice ; but she longed intensely to know what Patience was saying to her husband.

Miss Coppock had kept much out of sight of late, and Patty had grown to be less on her guard. She knew that her husband watched her, but she did not fear him.

This morning had brought a terrible awakening. They had slept at a small town about three hours' journey from Bourges. Miss Coppock had left the breakfast-table before the others ; and when a few minutes later Mrs. Downes had entered her own bedroom with her usual gliding, quiet step, she found her companion there reading a note. Patty knew at once what had happened. In an instant she snatched the note from Miss Coppock. It was from Lord Charles Seton—a note of silly, boyish nonsense, but still of warmer nonsense than she would have liked Maurice to see addressed to her.

A sharp dispute ensued. Patience lost all self-control, and upbraided Mrs. Downes with her conduct during the journey.

"You can leave me," Patty said in a cold contemptuous tone. "You can go as far as Bourges with us, and then I will pay you your wages."

Patience had not answered ; she had only scowled ; and Patty had decided that Miss Coppock was too much a woman of the world to let herself be turned adrift in the middle of France "without any character to speak of."

She had grown so used to the idea of Patience's entire dependence on her, that she tried to forget the quarrel and the misgivings it had roused.

But now she could do this no longer. On reaching the inn at Bourges, she had asked to be shown to her bedroom, and her first glance into the court-yard had shown her Patience and her husband in earnest talk. Patty felt as if the ground shook beneath her : how could she escape ? And yet she did not dream

that Patience would wholly betray her. She only feared that her husband would ask to see Lord Charles Seton's note.

The court-yard was still empty ; there was no one within hearing. Patience knew that there were no other English staying at the Croix d'Or ; and she spoke loudly, and so fearlessly, that for a few moments Mr. Downes was kept dumb by surprise.

He had been very angry with his wife, with what seemed to him her unpardonable vanity in regard to Lord Charles Seton. He had shown his dislike to it openly, and he resolved to part company at the first opportunity ; but he loved Patty as much as ever, and when Miss Coppock asked him to listen to her, and began to express her grave suspicion of his wife's misconduct, he stopped her angrily.

"Hush ! Miss Coppock ; I cannot listen. I don't know why I have listened at all. You have no right to speak against my wife. I suppose you have quarrelled with Mrs. Downes ; but I cannot see that that gives you a right to speak against her in this way : it is most ungrateful and offensive. I am competent to manage my own affairs, and after the way in which you have thought fit to speak of Mrs. Downes, it will be pleasanter in all ways for you to leave us—such a thing is unpardonable."

He tried to press down his indignation, and his lip curled in the effort.

Miss Coppock's dull eyes kindled. As she stood there once more alone with Maurice Downes, it seemed as if that long-ago street scene was being acted out again : he was again thrusting her away from him.

The anger in her face made her look almost hideous. Mr. Downes shrank from her with disgust. She saw and understood all he felt.

"I'm going ; you may be sure of that. I'd not sleep another night under the same roof with your wife"—a stinging emphasis on the words—"if you asked me to do it ! There are reasons, though you've forgotten them, why I'd still do much for *you* ; yes, I would."

She was getting beyond her fear of self-betrayal; his contempt goaded her out of herself. "Do you think it was for simple revenge on her that I've told you of her doings with that young lord? Why, the best revenge I could have had would have been to let her go on to disgrace; but you care for her, and I care enough for you and your credit to know that you're much too good for her, and I'm sick of seeing you deceived through thick and thin. If you want to keep her, look after her."

Again Mr. Downes held his breath while he listened. What change had come over this silent, cowed woman!—a creature who had seemed always to be trying to shrink out of sight. What could she mean by this special interest in him? It seemed as if she pitied him; he began to think she was crazy.

"You may set your mind at rest"—his voice had softened a little. "I am quite satisfied with my wife, Miss Coppock, and I am not, as you imagine, blind to her faults; if she were faultless, she would be an angel, and I'm not aware any woman ever was an angel. You are angry now. You have said several very foolish, most unjustifiable things; but we won't talk about them. Now, be reasonable. Your interest for me shows itself in a strange way; I still think you had better leave us, but I should like you to beg Mrs. Downes's pardon, and get right with her, before you go away; it will be so much better, you know, for you to go on to Paris with us, and you can leave us there; I am sure, even if you have made Mrs. Downes angry, she will allow you to go on to Paris with us."

Mr. Downes shrank from a scandal, and he thought if Miss Coppock went off in her present over-wrought excited state, she might do mischief.

Miss Coppock's smile was more ghastly than her anger had been; she had grown pale while Mr. Downes spoke—

"I said I'd do anything for you." She looked into his eyes with a starved hope that even yet he might recognize her; "but I'll not ask *her* pardon, even for you. Her pardon!

if you only knew who and what she is!" She threw up her eyes, and clasped her hands with a violence that made Mr. Downes shrink away with disgust and dislike.

"The woman is either mad, or it is all acting and rhodomontade," he thought; "Elinor has offended her, and she'll say anything to poison me against her; her very pretence of liking me when she has taken every opportunity she could find of avoiding me, is enough to show that she'll say anything to serve her purpose."

"Miss Coppock, I must put an end to this," he said, firmly; "I should much prefer that you should control yourself, and stay until we reach Paris; but, of course, as you refuse to acknowledge yourself wrong, and persist in your offensive behaviour, this cannot be. Now remember," there was severe warning in his voice, "I can't permit another word about Mrs. Downes. Tell me what there is due to you, or, if you prefer it, I will send a cheque to any address you like; then you can go. Don't attempt to see Mrs. Downes again. I can't permit it; she is not used to vehemence like yours."

"How do you know what she's used to? What do you know about her at all? I've known her as many years as you've known her months." He put up his hand in protest, but no power of his could stop Patience now; she was roused to fury. "Did she tell you how she made my acquaintance, Mr. Downes? Did she say I wanted a new apprentice to the dress-making, and her pretty face took my fancy as I passed by her father's cottage? Her father, too—ask him if you like, ask Roger Westropp if my story's true or false; he told me once if she wasn't a good wife to you he'd go up to Park Lane himself, and tell you the truth, for all he'd promised her not. Ask her lover, Mr. Whitmore—ah! yes, Mr. Whitmore's best of all—ask him, he can tell you plenty about her. When I think of the lies she must have told you, I've hardly patience to speak at all."

"Silence!" Mr. Downes had found voice at last, and the stern sound hushed her. He was shocked, stupefied; but still, his love rose against the strong suspicions her words awakened. "You won't leave me, so I leave you. I tell you once, and always, that I refuse to listen to anything you have to say about Mrs. Downes, and I don't believe a word of this—this trumped-up story."

He left her so suddenly that she could not stop him.

#### CHAPTER LXIV.

##### A FRIEND IN NEED.

PATIENCE COPPOCK stood looking after him. All decision had left her face; her passion had gained such mastery, that it swayed her out of any set purpose.

"Money, money; yes, money is the salve for everything, isn't it? he offered me money that time in London. No, Maurice, no money shall buy my revenge now."

She stood there, white and trembling.

After a little she grew quiet; she went back into that part of the court-yard appropriated to the rougher vehicles—a kind of open shed. She was out of sight here, and thought came back with the freedom from restraint.

"I'm glad he didn't listen. I'll be calm next time I tell that story. I'll tell it in Park Lane, too, when there are others by to hear—Mrs. Winchester and plenty more, and I'll have old Roger by, that I will. I believe he'd do that much, to punish Patty when he finds it was her doing that took Mr. Whitmore away from his wife—and it was; I've listened and listened, and I'm sure of it; and she did it first from spite, for it's plain he don't care for her. No, I'll have my way; she shan't have everything, and me nothing."

She had spoken almost the same words at the news of Patty's marriage; but then, they had been sorrowfully

spoken; she said them now with hatred marked on her face.

Hatred had grown silently, until every thought had become subservient to the one resolve of revenging all her wrongs on Patty. Miss Coppock had watched quietly all through the journey for some pretext which would give her a right to speak to Mr. Downes, and now she had found it.

"I have ruined myself!"—The despair in her voice seemed exaggerated. "I am thrown on the world again, and I've done her no harm. As to going away from her, it's like leaving hell; but for him to have sneered at me—and oh! it was worse than sneering." She hid her face in her hands; the disgust and dislike she had seen in Mr. Downes's face burned in her brain.

A man in a blouse came up to where she was standing; he looked curiously at her.

Patience recovered herself at once.

The luggage still stood in the court-yard.

"I want you to bring this trunk to the railway station," she said. "Come as fast as you can." She went out through the grey-arched entrance of the court-yard.

The man scratched his head, but he did not touch the trunk.

"Dame, what extraordinary people are these English! see this one, she arrive, and she depart and all in half-an-hour; she is, perhaps, crazy."

He resolved to await further orders before he followed this very extraordinary Englishwoman.

Patience walked fast along the narrow street; she had no eyes for the quaint town with its Middle-age palaces of the wealthy burghers of Bourges. The rapid movement brought back all her passion.

"I wish I had struck her when she talked about my wages. She hasn't got the natural feelings of a woman; she's a smiling, sneering devil; she said her husband wouldn't listen, whatever I might say, and she was right. What a fool he is to love her! Well, he'll suffer for it by-and-by."

Again a torrent of rage and despair

swept over her; she had suffered all this defeat and bitter mortification to leave Bourges in disgrace, and Patty victorious.

She soon reached the station. She asked for a train for Paris; but she heard that there would not be one for two hours. A train from Paris was due, and, as she stood on the platform blind to all that passed round her, it rolled slowly up amid the vociferations of the porters.

The noise roused Patience. Mechanically she watched the passengers alight; some of them were trying to gain information from the guard, as he passed rapidly along the line of carriages.

Miss Coppock started at the sound of an English voice.

"Is there no cross road from here to Clermont?"

Miss Coppock turned round—it was Nuna Whitmore; she was still in the railway carriage, but she got out hastily when she recognized Patience. It seemed to her that she had found Paul, and that all her anxiety was over.

"My husband is here with you—is he not?"

Patience did not answer; here was her opportunity, her revenge need not be deferred; Nuna was just as good a witness as Roger Westropp, Mr. Downes must listen to Mrs. Whitmore.

"Is that all your luggage, Mrs. Whitmore?"—she pointed at the bag which Nuna had dragged out of the carriage. Nuna nodded.

"But is my husband here?" she repeated—

"Come along."

The firm tone reassured Nuna; habit helped the disorder of Miss Coppock's wits, she called a voiture, placed Nuna and her bag within it, and then she seated herself beside Mrs. Whitmore, and told the man to drive to the Croix d'Or.

"Is my husband there?—why don't you answer?"

She put her hand on Patience's arm and looked earnestly in the troubled face.

"No; but you will hear all about him

from Mr. Downes; he is not likely to be still at Clermont, but you will be sure to find him.

This came in answer to the sudden sadness in the large dark eyes fixed so wistfully on her face.

Nuna's heart sank—like lead in water.

"I don't understand; I thought you would be all together; how was it you came to the station to meet me? did you know I was coming? who told you to come?"

Patience had grown quiet; she was thinking how she could best make use of this strange chance; she smiled.

"I'll tell you that another time; I want to say several things to you before we get to the inn."

Spite of the confusion in her brain, Miss Coppock was too wary, too much controlled by the pure truthful face that looked so trustingly into hers, to tell Nuna at once the purpose for which she had interrupted her journey; she went off into a rambling narrative of Patty's conduct with Lord Charles Seton, and the deceit she had practised on Mr. Downes. Nuna begged her to keep silence.

"I can't listen to you if you talk in this way."

"You're mighty merciful!"—they had just rattled into the inn court-yard,—"yet I don't think *you've* much to thank Mrs. Downes for, somehow."

Nuna shuddered, and shrank from the bitterness with which she spoke; where was Paul? she asked herself, and how was her journey going to end?

## CHAPTER LXV.

### A HARD FIGHT.

PATTY knew that her husband would come to her when Patience left him; she knew, too, that she must have a hard battle to retain her hold on his love; but even then her self-reliance did not desert her. She saw Mr. Downes leave Patience abruptly, she thought angrily; and the terror which had mastered her vanished. Sure!

she was a match for Maurice. She smoothed the frown on her forehead, and went up to the looking-glass. She soon removed the look of fatigue from her hair and complexion, and then she gazed earnestly at the reflection of her fair face.

"Who can look at Patience, and then at me, and doubt which of us speaks the truth?" There was triumph in her voice; but still she was not quite at ease. Patience had been gone some time. Why did not Maurice come upstairs?

"The thing I have got to guard against is fear," Patty said, thoughtfully. "It hasn't often come to me in my life, but when it has I know I am the worst of cowards. If I go giving way to it, and pretending to be fond of Maurice and so on, he'll suspect directly, and then he'll never believe me again. I must be the injured person. I shan't forget that time when he told me he'd written to an artist of the name of Whitmore to paint my picture. Maurice looked quite puzzled at the fright I was in."

At last she heard steps coming slowly along the gallery.

"Now for it!" An uncontrollable spasm passed over her, and then she was outwardly calm. She sat down on the sofa just opposite the door.

Mr. Downes came in; he thought he was quite composed outwardly; but Patty saw that his face twitched.

"Elinor!" she made room for him beside her, but he stood erect; "perhaps you saw who was talking to me just now in the court-yard? I may as well say at once that you have chosen a most unfortunate time to quarrel with your companion. I don't say you are altogether to blame, for she certainly is a most violent woman; but I cannot imagine what has occurred to cause such a disturbance."

He had looked sternly at his wife as he began, but he seemed unable to sustain the frank, fearless glance of her blue eyes; but Patty trembled, spite of her unconscious looks. Maurice would not speak in that stern voice, with his eyes on the ground, if he had

not something much more unpleasant still to say.

Her knees began to shake as she sat.

"If I don't do something desperate it's all over with me." She threw back her head with the old saucy toss.

"Well, I don't know, Maurice. I had been thinking, while I looked out of window and saw how long you listened to Miss Coppock, that I had cause for complaint."

"I don't understand you, Elinor;" he looked at her in evident surprise.

"I don't see how you can understand till you know what has happened." Patty looked indignant—"that woman was very insolent just now, and I gave her her discharge. When she left me, she said she would have her revenge. As to quarrelling with her, really Maurice if you knew all I've had to bear, you would be quite vexed with me for submitting so long to her ill-temper." Her husband had given her her cue when he spoke of Patience's violence—"she said she could make Mr. Downes believe what she liked, and she muttered something that a woman who had no relatives to vouch for her might find it hard to contradict what was said: she did indeed, Maurice"—her husband was looking at her steadily now, and she affected to think he was taking Miss Coppock's part—"surely when a woman hints in that dreadful way, and then goes and talks privately to you for ever so long, I may feel hurt and shocked to see you listening. I shall be very glad to know what she really has been telling you."

She had talked tears into her eyes: she wiped them away as if she scorned to show them.

"If you watched me, Elinor, I'm sure you must have seen I listened against my will, and that I was very much displeased: certainly I will tell you; I never have kept anything from you, and I will be quite frank now. Miss Coppock spoke of a note from Lord Charles Seton to you."

Patty's eyes drooped, spite of her efforts.

"I'm ready to own to you," she said, "that I was very much annoyed about that note. I knew nothing about it till I found Miss Coppock reading it this morning before she started. I sent it back to Lord Charles at once; I thought it would be the best way to stop such boyish folly; but, Maurice, I meant to tell you this myself; surely there was no need for me to confess to Miss Coppock when she took upon herself to accuse me of all sorts of things. I dare say I was impulsive and foolish—I know I felt very angry, but the woman disgusted me by her low suspicions; you can't think what dreadful things she said, and I told her she must go. Her conduct grew outrageous then, such falsehoods I never listened to—"

Mr. Downes' face had cleared, but he looked uneasy still.

"Do you care to hear what else she said?" and as he looked at his wife, Miss Coppock's words seemed so wild and improbable that he felt ashamed to repeat them.

Patty put her hand on his arm.

"I dare say you think, Maurice, because I've none of the wheedling ways of some women about me, that I don't care for you. I never can show my feelings. Why, when I saw that woman with you—strong as I felt in my own innocence—I trembled, yes indeed, I did tremble after her threats. Who have I to stand up for me in the world but you? There's the French schoolmistress, of course, and my foster-father; but now old Mr. Parkins is dead, I have no one creditable witness to bring forward. Ah, Maurice, I little thought I should ever want justifying to you."

Her eyes were dry now, but she clasped her hands in mute appeal, and it seemed to her husband there was an unutterable sweetness in those soft heavy-lidded eyes.

He hesitated between his wish to believe his wife and a haunting memory of Miss Coppock's words. He had stood before Patty all this while—now he left her, and walked to the window.

A voiture was driving into the court-

yard of the Croix d'Or; but Mr. Downes had not remarked it till one of its occupants stepped on to the round paving-stones of the yard. It was Miss Coppock.

Mr. Downes started back. "Here again!" he said, and a cold chill of unbelief came over him.

Patty was beside him instantly. She looked down into the court-yard, and her eyes met those of Patience.

Mrs. Downes saw a determination fully equal to her own—and then she saw Nuna.

"Maurice!" she grasped his arm so convulsively that he looked at her in alarm—"keep that woman Patience away from me; I can't tell you how I feel now that I know she has tried to poison you against me. Let her say what she will, falsehood can harm no one, only keep her away from me; you don't know who she has brought with her; that's Mr. Whitmore's dear little wife—bring her to me, dear, at once; I have a message to her from her husband."

Mr. Downes was appeased.

Patty could not have appealed more effectually to her husband. His wife's manner towards the artist had often annoyed him at the outset of the journey; it was like a revelation to guess now that those long talks had been about Mr. Whitmore's wife—a wife too, who, from the glimpses he had caught of her, seemed attractive enough for any husband.

He kissed Patty.

"I'll keep Miss Coppock away, and send Mrs. Whitmore to you here."

## CHAPTER LXVI.

### "ONLY AN OLD LOVE-LETTER."

MR. DOWNES met Nuna on the stairs. "I believe you are Mrs. Whitmore. My wife has a message to you from your husband."

Nuna forgot Patty's letter, her conduct and all. She almost ran along the gallery till she reached the door to which Mr. Downes pointed.

Patty meantime had a sharp, brief

struggle. She had seen this trial far off, and now it had really come.

"I can't dare them both," she said, "I'm too hemmed in. I'd rather die than knock under to Patience; surely I can coax this weak, simple girl to stand by me if I only show her she needn't be jealous. She is a lady, simpleton as she is."

Nuna went straight up to Patty, her eyes full of question.

"You have a message for me from my husband. Do you know where he is?"

For just an instant the selfish heart stirred with pity, and then self swept away every feeling but intense desire for help. She looked at Nuna with keen, searching eyes.

"Mr. Downes misunderstood me. I have something to say about your husband, but I can only guess where he is. We will help you to find him, you may be sure we will, but I want you to help me first, Mrs. Whitmore."

A look of pitiful distress came into Nuna's face; it seemed as if she must break down; but she strove hard not to yield up her courage.

"First," said Patty, and a bright flush of real shame tinged her cheeks, "I can tell you what no one else can. You may quite trust your husband. I have tried him on this journey, and I don't believe a man would have been so indifferent if he had not dearly loved his wife."

She was forced to droop her eyes under Nuna's indignant glance.

"You're annoyed; well, you don't understand me; you don't seem to see how much it costs a vain woman like me to own that she can't charm a man who did admire her once."

Again Nuna's face warned her.

"What I want to know is whether you will forgive me for trying to make your husband flirt, or whether you mean to bear me a grudge for it?"

Nuna's resentment faded; it seemed to her that only Patty Westropp could so speak, and she excused her, she held out her hand, and Patty kept it in a soft warm clasp.

"Thank you, I'm in great, dreadful trouble, and only you can help me. Hush! what's that?" Such a change came in her face that Nuna was startled. The lovely colour faded. Patty grew whiter every moment, her lips were trembling, and her eyes had a scared terror in them.

"Sit down," said Nuna; she thought Mrs. Downes would faint where she stood.

"No." Patty shook her head. "Don't be frightened, I haven't got feeling enough to faint." She laughed at the look of distress in Nuna's face. "You needn't be sorry for me, either. I don't want pity, I hate it, and I'm sure women get along much easier if they haven't too much heart. I dare say you suffer for everyone's troubles as much as for your own. Well, I don't want you to be sorry for me, only help me. I don't profess to care for any one except myself. I know that woman Patience has been telling you all sorts of lies. Do you know why she brought you here?" She looked keenly into the agitated face before her. "No, of course you don't, you only came to see your husband." There was a touch of scorn in her voice, for Nuna's unconsciousness. "Miss Coppock brought you here to tell Mr. Downes all about me. She wants him to know I was Patty Westropp, her apprentice, a village girl at Ashton, everything—I saw it in her face just now. Mrs. Whitmore," Patty's voice grew passionate, "when you've worn out a gown you throw it aside don't you, you don't keep it by you for ever? That's what I've done. I've done with the old life, why should I tease my husband with it? You'll stand by me, won't you? you'll keep silent about your knowledge of me, you will I know. I'm sure you will."

Patty had meant to speak quite differently, to be calm and reasonable, and to treat of this as a mere matter of worldly wisdom; but nervous terror and excitement conquered, she took Nuna's hand in both hers, and pressed it, while her face was full of convulsive agitation.

"I can't tell a falsehood." Nuna spoke hesitatingly, and Patty's courage rose. It seemed to her, her strong will must conquer this timid, irresolute nature.

"I've not told you all yet. My husband's a proud man, he thinks low birth and vulgarity as bad as murder and stealing. He thinks I have always been Miss Latimer, a gentleman's child, brought up abroad. If he finds out he has been deceived he'll never forgive me, he'll cast me off. Look here, Mrs. Whitmore," she went on, vehemently, "I'm not a good woman like you, I find no comfort in church and prayers as you do; if my husband casts me off I can't be left alone in the world, I must go to some one else; I can't live without society and amusement, I must be worshipped in one way or another."

"Oh, hush! pray don't think of anything so dreadful."

Nuna laid her hand on Patty's arm, but Patty broke from her passionately.

"It's all very well for you to call it dreadful, but if I do it, remember you will have driven me to it, Nuna Beaufort—yes, you only, you are driving me to shame and destruction, and you're doing it to revenge yourself on me because you think I tried to steal your husband's love from you, and you set up for being good and religious! If I had got him away from you you would have had more right; but when I tell you I failed, what's all your goodness worth? You are as bad as I am after all."

She stopped, exhausted, panting, her words had poured out so rapidly that Nuna could not have been heard if she had spoken.

"Don't talk so madly, I will do anything I can to help you, indeed I will." There was a loving earnestness in her voice, which reached even through the passionate tumult that distracted Patty, "but, Mrs. Downes, you can help yourself best of all; there is only one thing for you to do"—Patty's eyes filled in an instant with despairing hope—"tell the truth; go to your husband, tell him your whole story, and ask him to forgive your deceit. I'm sure he loves you

very dearly, and he will forgive you. Love will forgive everything." She looked pleadingly at Patty. A dark sudden look came over the beautiful face.

"You say that because you love and you could forgive, if I could love my husband I might have a chance of his forgiving me. But I don't love him—I can't, I can't; I almost despise him. Could you be forgiven by a man you despise—a man who you feel you can do as you like with? I can only love what I fear: I can't be forgiven—taken into favour like a disgraced servant—by a man I've no respect for. Why, I should be watched at every turn, and never believed again. I know my husband—he would be ashamed of me for the rest of his life: and just because he'd never have had the wit to find it out for himself, once he knows it, he'll be finding out lowness and vulgar ways in all I do and all I say. I'd rather hang myself up to that pole, Mrs. Whitmore,"—she pointed to the bed—"than live with him on those terms. No, it's your doing now. Take your choice: I won't speak again till you've made it—whether I'm to go on Mrs. Downes to the end, or whether I'm to go off in an hour's time with some one else."

Nuna stood shocked and silent. Her shrinking from Patty was stronger than ever, and yet a spring of loving compassion was rising up in her heart for this wretched despairing woman.

Patty's eyes were devouring in their impatient expression, but Nuna still stood silent.

"If your husband questions me I must tell the truth," she said at last; "but surely I need not see Mr. Downes again. I tell you that your only chance for real happiness lies in openness to him. Oh, Mrs. Downes, what is it: just a little pain and humiliation soon over, and all that painful, shameful load of concealment gone for ever. Why,"—her large dark eyes grew so earnest that Patty quailed before them—"you can't die deceiving your husband. You could not—you must tell him: then why not give yourself happiness now? Ah, you don't know what happiness it is to

love your husband ! it is much happier to love than to be loved oneself." She had got Patty's hand in both her own.

Mr. Downes came in abruptly : he heard Nuna's last words, and he looked at her : he glanced on to his wife, but she drooped her head, sullenly silent.

"Mrs. Whitmore"—there was more sorrow than anger in his voice—"did you ever know Mrs. Downes as a girl called Patty Westropp?"

Neither of them saw Patty as she stood blanched, shaking with terror. Nuna looked frankly at Mr. Downes.

"If I did, what of it? I knew no harm of her—nothing that a man need be ashamed of in his wife : and how hard she must have striven to fit herself to be your wife. I am sure she is bitterly sorry for having kept her name from you : the concealment has brought its own punishment. Oh, Mr. Downes, we all make great mistakes in our lives : tell her you forgive her." There was almost a fervour of earnestness in Nuna's voice. She turned again to Patty, put her arm round her, and kissed her.

But Patty stood sullen, regardless of either Nuna or her husband.

Mr. Downes did not answer : he had kept stern and still while Nuna spoke : now he walked up and down the room with his hands behind him, his eyes bent on the ground. The silence was unbroken : the two women stood still while he walked up and down : Nuna wondered what would be the end.

He stopped short at last, and spoke to Nuna.

"Mrs. Whitmore, you are a noble woman : you have taught me a lesson to-day. If all I've been told is true, you have as much to forgive my wife as I have." Then he turned with a look of sudden appeal to Patty.

"Elinor, why don't you speak—why don't you make it easier for both of us? I am ready to forgive you if you will ask me : in return I ask you to try to love me."

"I don't want to be forgiven," she said haughtily.

The door was quietly opened, but

they were all too overwrought to notice it then.

"Don't harden yourself," he said. He looked at Nuna : he seemed to find hope and counsel too in those deep trusting eyes. "Elinor, why not trust me? Do you suppose I want to keep you with me except to make your life a happy one? I don't ask for any words : just give me your hand, and I will take the rest on trust."

Even then she hesitated ; but Nuna gently took the trembling, clammy fingers, and drew them towards her husband's hand.

The door shut suddenly—it seemed to break the spell that had held them.

"You do not want me any more?" Nuna looked at Mr. Downes. "I am on my way to my husband."

"You will never find him by yourself." He put his hand to his head and thought. "You must let me send my courier with you—indeed you must : he knows where the village is to which your husband was going when he left us:" then, seeing her unwillingness, he whispered, "Surely after what you have done for me to-day you will let me help you if I can ; you don't know how much you have helped me."

To his worldly notions it seemed marvellous that Nuna could so easily forgive his wife.

A thought came to Nuna while he spoke.

"Shall I take Miss Coppock with me, Mr. Downes? Your wife ought not to see her again."

Mr. Downes pressed her hand.

"Yes, a good plan. Thank you very much. I'll find her for you."

Mr. Downes went to look, but Patience was no longer in the courtyard : the garçon was coming downstairs.

"Where is the English lady?" said Mr. Downes.

The man looked surprised.

"She followed you up-stairs, Monsieur. I thought she was with you."

Mr. Downes was very angry with Patience Coppock : just then he would like to have inflicted any punishment on her.

"Some one went up to the second story just now," said the garçon, "it is possible to have been Mademoiselle. No. 7 is the room of Mademoiselle; shall I tell her that Monsieur is waiting?"

"No." Mr. Downes gave his instructions to the courier about Nuna, and then hurried upstairs; he thought he should save time by going himself to Miss Coppock; he was very unhappy, it seemed to him that his wife was in a dangerous reckless temper; he did not want to lose sight of her till she softened.

No. 7 stood at the end of the gallery; he knocked sharply, but there was no answer.

"I have no time for ceremony," he said angrily; he opened the door and went in.

Miss Coppock was lying on her bed.

"Miss Coppock, I"—but the words stopped, and he stood still paralyzed.

An awful Presence filled the room, and drew his eyes to the upturned face lying there so dreadful in its stillness.

At first this Presence filled his eyes, his mind, so that he could not grasp objects distinctly, and then he saw a phial still held in one lifeless hand; close beside this hand was a paper, it looked like a letter.

Mr. Downes made a great effort to overcome his horror, he stretched out his hand and took this letter from the bed.

It was an old letter, soiled and much worn by folding and refolding; it was written in a boyish crabbed hand—in it was a lock of chestnut hair.

"My darling Patience," was at the top.

"Only an old love-letter;—poor creature," and then he looked on to the signature—"Maurice Downes."

"Oh, my God!" he fell on his knees, his head nearly touching the dead woman. Who shall describe the utter horror and confusion of thought that came upon him in those awful moments, while he knelt beside the dead body of his old love?

All the bitter upbraidings he had given way to during these last weeks, while he had watched the smiles and looks he most coveted denied to himself

and lavished on others, seemed to fall on his heart like stripes; punishment, dealt justly to him in retribution.

He rose feebly from his knees and staggered to a chair. Clearly, as before the mental sight of one drowning, was the memory of that unexpected return to his father's house and his meeting with Patience Clayton—he shuddered as her fresh young beauty came in one vivid glance; and then more slowly, because harder to the belief of the world-hardened conscience, came back those hours of boyish love, of mornings spent in a sort of hungering longing and unrest till he was sure of finding her alone in her little school-room.

How vehemently he had resented his stepmother's conduct; he knew without looking at it again, that the crumpled letter, so carefully treasured, was full of passionate love and trust; in it he had vowed to be always true to Patience.

Why was all this so terribly real and present now, and why had it all been so vague and far off and lost out of memory, when he saw her again a friendless girl in London? For a moment it seemed to Maurice Downes, in the terrible remorse that makes any effort, however unreal, possible and needful, that if he had married the girl whose love he had won, it would have been just and righteous. She loved him truly; had any woman ever loved him so well, with so little requital?

And then came back those words spoken to him in the court-yard so short a while ago—words which he had despised her for uttering, because he disbelieved in them. "There are reasons why I'd still do much for you." And she, with all her wrongs, despised, neglected, had loved him to the end—had lived beside him all these months and seen his love lavished on Patty.

A feeling of deep indignation rose against his wife.

"She must hear it all. If I confess to her, it may bend her pride."

He got up and forced himself to take one long, fixed look at the poor pale face; then he went downstairs slowly and heavily to the room where he had left Patty.

## CHAPTER LXVII.

## A CONFESSION.

PATTY kept aloof from Nuna in sullen, determined silence, and Nuna judged it better to leave her to her husband than to try any outward means of softening this miserable mood. Only while she stood seemingly bent on watching the courier's movements in the court-yard below, as he hurried the stableman's operations, Nuna's lips moved in silent, prayer, that Patty might be saved from the fate she seemed to be tempting.

How long Mr. Downes was away! would he never come? He came at last, came slowly and heavily, and Nuna started at the sight of his face—it was so white and rigid.

"You must not wait any longer, Mrs. Whitmore." Then he whispered, "Will you start now, and will you say good-bye to me here? I don't want to leave my wife alone; I have told Louis everything, and he will go on with you till you are with Mr. Whitmore. God bless you." He wrung Nuna's hand hard, and his eyes filled with tears; Mr. Downes resolved that she should know nothing of the awful story that had acted itself out so near them all; it was among the few unselfish acts of his life towards anyone but Patty.

Nuna looked at Patty, but there was no movement.

"Good-bye," she said shyly.

Patty gave one hurried, scared look at her: "Good-bye," but she turned away as Nuna made a forward movement.

"I had best go," Nuna whispered to Mr. Downes; "good-bye."

Mr. Downes looked after her as she went down the gallery. Till now he had been too much absorbed to realize Nuna's trouble, but it took a new, serious aspect.

"Poor thing; I hope she will find her husband, but who can say? he may fall ill and die; and be buried next day in one of those out-of-the-way Cévenol villages, and none of us any the wiser. Poor

thing, I wish I could have gone on with her."

He went back into the room. Patty still stood where he had left her; defiant and gloomy.

"Come up stairs with me, Elinor," he said, "only for a few minutes."

His love for her guided him rightly so far; nothing but strength of will could have kept her from an outbreak of passion.

He took her hand and kept it firmly clasped while they went up stairs together; and as he felt how unwillingly it rested in his, his heart grew heavier, and sterner thoughts mingled with his desire to keep his wife beside him. But he was too merciful to let her go into the room without a warning.

"Stay a minute, I want to tell you something, Elinor." He did not look at her while he spoke. "I had a most awful shock when I left you just now. Some years ago, a young man and a girl were in love with each other; he forgot his love and the promises he had made to keep true to it—worse than that, he was rich and the girl poor, and when he met her afterwards alone in London, he broke away from her with a few cold words and an offer of money instead of love." Patty raised her head at last and began to listen. "I was that youth, Elinor, but the girl loved on to the end." He stopped, Patty's eyes were fixed on him; something in the solemnity of his tone and look frightened her. "Elinor, all this time she has been living with us, and I never once recognized her."

"Was it Patience?" she whispered, and then she drew away from the door. Instinct and the look in his face told her he was seeking to prepare her for something from which she should shrink.

But he drew her on; they went in hand-in-hand—these two sinners; for it is sin, though the world may not call it so, to win affection, and then to leave it to wither unrequited—both gazing on the awful wreck of passion lying there so still.

For an instant Patty stood white and dumb; then she shrieked out in loud terror, and clung to her husband.

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice, have mercy ! Take me away—for God's sake, take me, or I shall die—I shall die." She laid her face on his shoulder, but he made no answer ; it was only fear, he thought—not love—that had worked this sudden change.

She shivered and left off screaming ; then she glanced up in his face, and the fixed, rigid look she saw there awed her as much as her fear.

"Elinor,"—he spoke so coldly, so sadly, that all passion seemed hushed at the sound—"we have both helped to do this, to drive her to madness ; but it is easier for me than for you to know how she suffered—from loving so well, so truly."

He stopped. Patty's bosom heaved tumultuously ; with a sudden cry, she flung herself at his feet, and clasped her arms round him.

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice ! for God's sake forgive me—if you can."

It seemed to Nuna as if that weary day would never end, and yet, as if she would give much to lengthen it. It was getting dusk when they at length reached the village to which the courier said he had directed the English gentleman when they parted at Clermont. Louis had shrugged his shoulders at the notion of still finding Mr. Whitmore there ; but he agreed that it was the only way of getting a clue to his further movements.

He left Nuna sitting in the jolting vehicle in which they had come out from Clermont, while he got down to make inquiries at the cabaret. A dirty woman came to the door ; Nuna bent forward to listen, but the patois sounded unintelligible.

The look of sudden concern in the courier's face startled her ; she scrambled out of the high, clumsy carriage.

"What is it ?" she asked ; "have you heard anything ?"

The man looked frightened. "What is it ?" said Nuna to the woman ; "has an English gentleman been here ? tell me—I'm his wife."

The courier had recovered his wits.

"Madame, the gentleman has been here ; he is first very ill and then he gets better—but before he is recovered he again falls into the same malady, and, Madame, he will perhaps not recover."

A superhuman strength seemed to come to Nuna while she listened.

"He will recover when he sees me ; take me where he is," she said to the woman.

The woman stared, but she understood the lady's looks better than her words.

Nuna followed her through the dirty mud-floored kitchen, where a wretched animal, more like a jackal than a dog, and some tall lean fowls were feeding together. At the back of this came a close, dirty passage, with a door on each side. One of the doors had a glass top, and this gave light to the passage. The woman opened this door and went in ; the glass was so smeared that Nuna could not distinguish anything ; she held her breath and listened. She looked so pale and worn, standing there—this last blow had been worse than all—but suddenly light sparkled in her eyes, a glow rose in her cheeks, her whole nature seemed kindling with a glory of hope. It was Paul's voice. Nuna fell on her knees in the dirty little passage.

"Oh ! spare him to me," she prayed, and then such an outspring of thanksgiving that tears came along with it.

She rose up and went gently into the room. Paul lay on a wretched little bed, so pale, so haggard, so unlike her own darling husband, that Nuna's heart swelled in anguish ; but the eyes were there unchanged, the eyes that sought hers with a wistful, longing tenderness she had never till now seen in them, and that drew her swiftly on till her arms were round him and her tears falling fast on the pillow on which he lay.

The woman stared a minute and went away. She thought this husband and wife a strange pair ; after so long a parting, not to have one word for each other. She listened outside the

door, but she heard only some half-stifled sobs and a murmur of kisses.

"A dumb people, these English," she said; "she never asks him how he finds himself."

She came in again later on with some broth, and to tell the lady that the courier would stay, as it was too late to get back to Bourges that night.

"Comment, Madame," she said; and she looked in amazement at her patient. He was lying propped up, with a look of comfort and rest in his face that she had not seen there before.

"You shall speak when you've drunk this," said Nuna, smiling; and she kissed the hand she had been holding. "You don't know how I've been practising nursing, darling; you shall be well in a week," and she held the spoon to his lips.

Paul looked and listened in wonder. It seemed to him this could not be the careless, impulsive girl he had left in St. John Street. There was a subdued womanliness, mingled with such a glow of tenderness, it was as if Nuna's timid, shrinking love had suddenly blossomed into a full and perfect flower.

"My darling," he said presently, resting his head on her shoulder, with a blissful trust in his eyes that made Nuna's heart almost too full for happiness, "I didn't deserve ever to see you again. Do you really want me to get well?" He smiled into the tearful eyes.

That long look seemed to tell Nuna something had gone away out of her love for ever. No more trying to find out what would please or displease her husband. She was in his heart, and she knew for evermore every thought and every wish of the life bound up in her own.

A radiance like sunshine filled her eyes.

"I suppose, if I were quite to tell the truth," she smiled mischievously, "I would like to keep you always as you are now; you are obliged to be good and obedient, and I'm not going to let you speak another word to-night."

## CHAPTER THE LAST.

TIME has been merciful to Dennis Fagg. Only a year since we saw him helpless; now he can limp about without crutches, and his words come easily.

"Kitty," he calls, "come out in the garden, do, old woman, and leave Bobby to fry his supper himself."

Bobby is a good-sized schoolboy now, with redder hair than ever. He has been out catching fish, and objects to trust his precious victims to any cookery but his mother's.

"Well"—Mrs. Fagg looks lovingly at her greedy darling; his holidays are so near ended that it is necessary he should have his own way in all things—"perhaps, Bob, dear, you've had as many of them perch as is wholesome at a sittin'; so I'll go to father." Then turning a sharp look towards the kitchen as she washes her hands, "Have a care, Bob, you don't go asking Anne to cook 'em, it 'ud be like whippin' a dead horse. Why, child, she'd as like as not fry 'em scales and all."

Mrs. Fagg finds Dennis smoking, as he limped up and down the walk, between the espaliers, laden with their red and brown fruit.

"Kitty,"—he takes his pipe out of his mouth when she joins him,—“since you came back from London, I've heered nought of Miss Nuna's baby; all your talk has runned on Mr. Whitmore. I mind when he usen't to be such a favourite."

"A favourite! not he; he's not one of my sort, Dennis; he keeps his talk too much to himself—not but what he's a deal altered for the better. I'm real pleased, that I am, to see the care he takes of Miss Nuna, and the store he sets by her; she deserves it every bit—but then we don't always get what we deserve, whether for praise or blame—do us, old man?"

Mr. Fagg had gone on smoking. He takes his pipe out again, and gives a little dry cough, shy of what he is going to say.

"You're right, Kitty; but listen here. Don't you mind you never liked me to

think well of Patty Westropp?" Mrs. Fagg turns her head and makes a sudden swoop with her apron on the jackdaw pecking at the fast-ripening apples.

"Well, Dennis,"—she sets her apron straight—"of course I didn't like it; it weren't in nature that I should."

Mr. Fagg had raised his fat forefinger as he began, and he holds it so raised during his wife's interruption. He brings it down emphatically on her arm.

"The day after Mr. Whitmore sends for you, Kitty, Mrs. Bright, she drives over to see Bobby; that's how she got the news of Miss Nuna's baby so soon. Between ourselves, Kitty, she were a bit huffed she warn't sent for in your place, that she were—no, no; Mr. Whitmore knew what he was about, I'm thinking"—Mrs. Fagg's lips twitched with impatience; but she held her tongue,—“and, says she,—mind you, Kitty, it mustn't be mentioned to a soul, Mrs. Bright let it out quite unawares,—but Patty have done well, after all; she have gone and married some grand gentleman up in Scotland.”

A movement in Mrs. Fagg, as if her cap and the rest of her apparel bristled like the crest of an angry dog.

"Who told Mrs. Bright?"

Dennis sniggers most ungratefully at her sharp question.

"Don't excite yourself, old woman, there's no mistake. Mr. Will found out Roger in London, that time he went to take care of Miss Nuna, and the old man told him all about Patty. Roger died quite lately, so Mrs. Bright says, and he's left all he's got to Miss Nuna."

"And did you hear the name of the gentleman as have married *that* girl?"

"No;"—Dennis looks disappointed—"she don't know it. Mr. Will won't tell, she says; any way, Patty's a grand lady, and lives in the Highlands of Scotland."

"Well,"—Mrs. Fagg gives a little gasp;

"I'm glad to hear she's so far off, and I hope she's got some conduct along with her grandeur. Poor soul," she goes on presently, "she won't come to much, let her be where she will; Patty Westropp ain't one as 'ud ever like to be guided: she'd bite against any curb but her own will."

Maurice Downes has taken his wife to his home in Scotland; his hope is that, severed from all outward temptations to frivolity, Patty may be brought to love him truly; but it is for him a weary waiting, and at times he feels how doubtful is the end.

It is past sunset; soft wreaths of mist float up to the terrace of a gray old-fashioned dwelling, float up till the pine-trees in the steep valley below loom through it like grey phantoms. Before the mist rose there had been the glimmer of a tarn among the monotonous, blue verdure; but that is veiled by the soft wreaths rising higher and higher towards the granite mountain beyond.

Its summit is reddened with a faint glow of sunset, and between this and the wreathing mist, the rugged granite is awful in dark, stupendous grandeur.

Patty paces up and down the long terrace; the glow does not reach her face; it is pale and sad. Her black velvet gown trails as she walks, and she has drawn her black lace shawl over her head, for the air grows chill.

"How will it end?" she says,—her under-lip droops more heavily than it did three years ago. "Maurice says good people are always happy. I'm sure trying to be what he calls good makes me miserable."

Courage, Patty; the glow is on the summit of the mountain—the troubled mists, the rugged cliffs, come first—but, these once past—there is the soft warm light above!

## THE EARLY HISTORY OF OXFORD.

BY J. R. GREEN.

## II.—TOWN AND GOWN.

IN the good days when George the Third was king, and the course of academical study was still theoretically co-extensive with the bounds of human knowledge, Lord Eldon used to amuse his friends by the tale of his Oxford examination in history. It consisted of a single question, "Who was the founder of the University?" to which the orthodox answer was, "King Alfred." Recent changes have somewhat enlarged the amount of historical information which is now required by an Oxford examiner, but the Chancellor's question and answer still sum up pretty accurately the knowledge of their own academic history which is actually possessed by Oxford men. A stranger can hardly realize the utter indifference to its past which prevails among the learned persons who inhabit one of the most historic cities in the world. It is certainly not the fault of the place itself. The most entertaining among the art-critics of France has found in the picturesqueness and variety of its monuments the only parallel to the glories of Venice; but the life of Venice has ebbed away from its palaces, while the life of Oxford still beats fresh and vigorous round the relics of its earliest origin. The scholar of to-day can look back along a line of historical memorials to the scholar who sat at the feet of Vacarius or listened to Master Gerald's amusing itinerary. As one wanders down "the sinuous windings of that glorious street," or plunges into the meanest of her suburbs, Oxford fronts the most careless of observers with traces of each age of her history. The spire of the Cathedral still marks the site of the little minster of St. Frideswide round

which its first settlers grouped themselves in the darkness of the eighth century. The tower of the Norman conquerors still frowns over the waters of the mill. The suburb of the Friars recalls the genius of Roger Bacon, and the new intellectual life of the England that sprung from the Great Charter. College after college marks step after step in the long struggle between mediæval faith and modern inquiry; the grandeur of the church of Wykeham and Waynflete is stamped upon New College and Magdalen, the figure of Wycliffe starts into memory at the sight of Queen's, Corpus recalls Erasmus and the New Learning, Christ Church is the memorial of the Reformation. The great civil strife which followed still lives in Oxford tradition; the ghost of Laud haunts the library of St. John's, the great quadrangle of All Souls has not forgotten the tread of Jeremy Taylor, or the hall of Wolsey the presence of a Parliament; while the two buildings of Ashmole and Radcliffe preserve for us the scientific impulse which had its birth in the circle of Puritan scholars who gathered round Wilkins at Wadham to form in after years the Royal Society of the Restoration. To literature Oxford has given far less than her sister university, though the somewhat prim serenity of the finest of our essayists still lingers around Addison's Walk. But the two greatest movements of English religion have begun within her walls: the chapel bell of Lincoln recalls the ascetic fervour of Wesley, and the memory of John Henry Newman still flings its glory around Oriel.

But if the monuments of Oxford

illustrate every stage of its history, they throw little light on its academical origin. Nothing can be more obscure than the rise of the University. The first century of its existence has left little more than the name of a teacher, the visit of Gerald, and a squabble between the students and a cook. In the face of its claims to immemorial antiquity it is a little startling to have to date the first traces of university life at Oxford as late as the twelfth century. But venerable as it deems itself, the University is at least four hundred years younger than the town. No name of school or scholar can be found before the reign of Stephen; the lectures delivered by the Lombard teacher, Vacarius, under the patronage of Archbishop Theobald, are the first historic indications of any systematic instruction within its walls. But the supposition of an earlier date can only have sprung from an utter ignorance of the history of universities in the Middle Age. Their establishment was everywhere throughout Europe the special mark of the new impulse that Christendom had gained from the Crusades. A new fervour of study sprang up in the West from its contact with the more civilized East. Travellers like Adelard of Bath brought back the first rudiments of physical and mathematical science from the schools of Cordova or Bagdad. The earliest classical revival restored Cæsar and Virgil to the list of monastic studies, and left its stamp on the pedantic style, the profuse classical quotations, of writers like William of Malmesbury or John of Salisbury. The scholastic philosophy sprang up in the schools of Paris. The Roman law was revived by the Imperialist doctors of Bologna. The long mental inactivity of feudal Europe was broken up like ice before a summer's sun. Wandering teachers like Lanfranc or Anselm crossed sea and land to spread the new power of knowledge. The same spirit of restlessness, of inquiry, of impatience with the older traditions, either local or intellectual, of mankind that had hurried half Christendom to the tomb of its Lord, had crowded the

roads with thousands of young scholars hurrying to the chosen seats where teachers were gathered together. A new power sprang up in the midst of a world as yet under the rule of sheer brute force. Poor as they were, sometimes even of servile race, the wandering scholars who lectured in every cloister were hailed as "masters" by the crowds at their feet. Abelard was a foe worthy of the menaces of Councils, of the thunders of the Church. The teaching of a single Lombard was of note enough in England to draw down the prohibition of a king. Vacarius, probably a guest in the court of Archbishop Theobald, where Beket and John of Salisbury were already busy with the study of the Canon Law—the new weapon by which the Papacy met the revival of the Roman jurisprudence—opened lectures on it at Oxford. He was at once silenced by Stephen, then at feud with the Church, and jealous of the power which the wreck of royal authority and the anarchy of the baronage under his rule had already thrown into the hands of the bishops; but it is probable that here, as elsewhere, the new teacher had quickened older educational foundations into a fresh life, and that the cloisters of Osney and St. Frideswide preserved the fire that the Lombard had kindled.<sup>1</sup> As yet, however, the fortunes of the new school were obscured by the glories of Paris. English scholars gathered in thousands round the chairs of William of Champeaux or Abelard. The English took their place as one of the "nations" of the new university. John of Salisbury became famous as one of the Parisian teachers. Beket wandered to Paris from his school at Merton. But through the peaceful reign of Henry the Second Oxford was quietly increasing in numbers and repute. Forty years

<sup>1</sup> If we credit the statement of the *Annals of Osney*, that Robert Pulein read "*scriptores sacras*" at Oxford in 1123, its origins are carried a few years further back; but the later date of the completion of these annals hardly entitles the lectures of Pulein to the same credence as those of Vacarius, of which the record is almost contemporary.

later than the visit of Vacarius, its educational position was fully established. When Gerald of Wales read his amusing *Topography of Ireland* to its students, the most learned and famous of the English clergy were, he tells us, to be found within its walls. At the opening of the thirteenth century Oxford was without a rival in its own country, while in European celebrity it took rank with the greatest schools of the Western world.

But to realize this Oxford of the past we must dismiss from our minds all recollections of the Oxford of the present. In the outer aspect of the new University there was nothing of the pomp that overawes the freshman as he first paces the "High" or looks down from the gallery of St. Mary's. In the stead of long fronts of venerable colleges, of stately walks beneath immemorial elms, history plunges us into the mean and filthy lanes of a mediæval town. Thousands of boys, huddled in bare lodging-houses, clustering round teachers as poor as themselves, in church porch and house porch, drinking, quarrelling, dicing, begging at the corners of the streets, take the place of the brightly-coloured train of doctors and Heads. Mayor and Chancellor struggle in vain to enforce order or peace on this seething mass of turbulent life. The retainers who follow their young lords to the University fight out the feuds of their houses in the streets. Scholars from Kent and scholars from Scotland wage the bitter struggle of North and South. At nightfall roysterer and reveller roam with torches through the narrow lanes, defying bailiffs, and cutting down burghers at their doors. Now a mob of clerks plunges into the Jewry, and wipes off the memory of bills and duns by sacking a Hebrew house or two. Now a tavern row between student and townsman widens into a murderous broil, and the bells of St. Martin's and St. Mary's are clanging to arms. Every phase of ecclesiastical controversy, of political strife, is precluded by some fierce outbreak in this turbulent, seething mob. While England is still only growling at Romish

exactions, the students besiege a Legate in the Abbot's house at Osney. A murderous "town and gown" row precedes the opening of the Barons' War. "When Oxford draws knife, England's soon at strife," runs the popular rhyme.

But the stir, the turbulence, is a stir and turbulence of life. A keen thirst for knowledge, a passionate poetry of devotion, gather thousands round the poorest scholar, and welcome the bare-foot friar. Edmund—Archbishop of Canterbury, and saint in later days—comes a boy of twelve years old from the little lane at Abingdon that still bears his name. He finds his school in an inn that belongs to the Abbey of Eynsham, where his father has taken refuge from the world. His mother is a pious woman of her day, too poor to give her boy much outfit besides the hair shirt that he promises to wear every Wednesday. But Edmund is no poorer than his neighbours. He plunges at once into the nobler life of the place, its ardour for knowledge, its mystical piety. "Secretly," at eventide, perhaps, when the shadows are gathering in the church of St. Mary's and the crowd of teachers and students have left its aisles, the boy stands before an image of the Virgin, and, placing a ring of gold upon its finger, takes Mary for his bride. Years of study, broken by the fever that raged among the crowded, noisome streets, brought the time for completing his education at Paris, and Edmund, hand in hand with a brother Robert of his, begged his way, as poor scholars were wont, to the great school of Western Christendom. Here a damsel, heedless of his tonsure, so pertinaciously wooed him, that Edmund consented at last to an assignation; but when he appeared it was in company of grave academical officials, whose scourging was so effectual, that, as the maiden declared in the hour of penitence which followed, "the offending Eve was straightway whipped out of her." Still true to his Virgin-bridal, Edmund, on his return from Paris, became the most popular of Oxford teachers. We see him in the little room which he hired with the Virgin's chapel hard by, his grey gown

reaching to his feet, ascetic in his devotion, falling asleep in lecture time after a sleepless night of prayer, with a grace and cheerfulness of manner which told of his French training, and a chivalrous love of knowledge that let his pupils pay what they would. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the young tutor would say, a touch of scholarly pride perhaps mingling with his contempt of worldly things, as he threw down the fee on the dusty window ledge, where a thievish student would sometimes run off with it. But even knowledge brought its troubles: the Old Testament, which with a copy of the Decretals formed his sole library, frowned down upon a love of secular learning from which Edmund found it hard to wean himself. At last, in some hour of dream, the form of his dead mother floated into the room where the teacher stood among his mathematical diagrams. "What are these?" she seemed to say; and, seizing Edmund's right hand, she drew on the palm three circles interlaced, each of which bore the name of one of the Persons of the Christian Trinity. "Be these," she cried, as her figure faded away, "thy diagrams henceforth, my son."

The story admirably illustrates the real character of the new training, and the latent opposition between the spirit of the Universities and the spirit of the Church. The feudal and ecclesiastical order of the old mediæval world were both alike threatened by the power that had so strangely sprung up in the midst of them. Feudalism rested on local isolation, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom and barony from barony, on the distinction of blood and race, on the supremacy of material or brute force, or an allegiance determined by accidents of place and social position. The University, on the other hand, was a protest against this isolation of man from man. The smallest school was European and not local. Not merely every province of France, but every people of Christendom had its place among the "nations" of Paris or Padua. A common language, Latin, superseded within academical bounds the warring tongues of Europe.

A common intellectual kinship and rivalry superseded the petty strifes of country with country or realm with realm. What the Church and Empire had both aimed at and both failed in accomplishing, the knitting of Christian nations together into a vast commonwealth, the Universities for a time actually did. Dante was as little a stranger in the "Latin" quarter around Mont St. Geneviève as under the arches of Bologna. Wandering Oxford scholars carried the writings of Wiclif to the libraries of Prague. In England the work of provincial fusion was less difficult or important than elsewhere, but even in England work had to be done. The feuds of Northerner and Southerner which so long disturbed the discipline of Oxford witnessed at any rate to the fact that Northerner and Southerner had at last been brought face to face in its streets. And here as elsewhere the spirit of natural isolation was held in check by the larger comprehensiveness of the University. After the dissensions that threatened the prosperity of Paris in the thirteenth century, Norman and Gascon mingled with Englishmen in its lecture halls. The rebellion of Owen Glyndwyr found hundreds of Welsh scholars gathered round its teachers. And within this strangely mingled mass society and government rested on a purely democratic basis. The son of the noble stood on precisely the same footing with the poorest mendicant among Oxford scholars. Wealth, physical strength, skill in arms, pride of ancestry and blood, the very basis on which feudal society rested, went for nothing in Oxford lecture-rooms. The University was a state absolutely self-governed, whose citizens were admitted by a purely intellectual franchise. Knowledge made the "master." To know more than one's fellows was a man's sole claim to be a "ruler" in the schools; and within this intellectual aristocracy all were equal. The free commonwealth of the masters gathered in the aisles of St. Mary's as the free commonwealth of Florence gathered in Santa Maria Novella. All had an equal right to

counsel, all had an equal vote in the final decision. Treasury and library were at the complete disposal of the body of Masters. It was their voice that named every officer, that proposed and sanctioned every statute. Even the Chancellor, their head, who had at first been an officer of the Bishop, became an elected officer of their own.

If the democratic spirit of the Universities threatened feudalism, their spirit of intellectual inquiry threatened the Church. The sudden expansion of the field of education diminished the importance of those purely ecclesiastical and theological studies which had hitherto absorbed the whole intellectual energies of mankind. The revival of classical literature, the rediscovery as it were of an older and a greater world, the contact with a larger, freer life, whether in mind, in society, or in politics, introduced a spirit of scepticism, of doubt, of denial, into the realms of unquestioning belief. Abelard claimed for reason the supremacy over faith. The Florentine poets discussed with a smile the immortality of the soul. Even to Dante, while he censures them, Virgil is as sacred as Jeremiah. The imperial ruler in whom the new culture took its most notable form, Frederick the Second, the "World's Wonder" of his time, was regarded by half Europe as no better than an infidel. The faint revival of physical science, so long crushed as magic by the dominant ecclesiasticism, brought Christians into perilous contact with the Moslem and the Jew. The books of the Rabbis were no longer a mere accursed thing to Roger Bacon. The scholars of Cordova were no mere "Paynim swine" to Adelard of Bath. And while its exclusive possession of truth was thus doubted from without, and its possession of truth at all faintly denied from within, the secular pre-eminence of the Church was menaced by the universities of Italy. The legist of Bologna with the Code of Justinian in his hand saw the descendant of the Cæsars in Barbarossa, and degraded the Pope into a dependant of the Emperor. Against this tide of opposition the Church

fought fiercely and unscrupulously. It met the claims of the Civil Law by a rival code of the Canon Law, founded on the gigantic imposture of the False Decretals. It crushed the spirit of heresy by the sword of De Montfort and the Inquisition of St. Dominic. It availed itself of the patriotism of the Spaniard and the bigotry of the burgher to drive Jew and Mussulman, and physical science with them, out of the limits of Christendom.<sup>1</sup> But its chief field of action lay within the Universities themselves. The Friars wrested back the intellectual energy of their scholars to the barren fields of scholastic theology. In Oxford the spirit of independent thought was crushed out by the suppression of the Lollards. The secular freedom of the University disappeared as it died into a group of ecclesiastical colleges in whose government or training the clergy were supreme. Its popularity waned, its numbers decreased with the advent of persecution and the contraction of its studies, till the fifteenth century found it a mere theological seminary, a mere feeder to the religious benefices of the land. All danger to the Church was over, and the University was dead.

The first stage in this career of academical degradation was the result of the contest with the Town. In the long struggle with mayor and bailiff the University was forced to assume more and more an ecclesiastical position. The immunity of clerks from civil jurisdiction was its one claim to the long list of privileges and exemptions which it built up into a perfect supremacy over the burghers. The thunders and excommunications of the Church were the weapons with which it beat down civic resistance. We have already seen the prosperity and freedom of the town into which this turbulent mass of boyish life poured itself in the reigns of Stephen or Henry. At first sight the boy-scholar, poor, without

<sup>1</sup> Of course Hebrew settlements remained in Germany and Poland, and indeed in Rome itself. But all intellectual contact between them and the Christian world had been broken off by the fiery persecution which had fallen on their race.

corporate organization, unbacked as yet by royal charters or the sanctions of antiquity, seemed no match for the townsman proud of his municipal freedom, of his alliance with London, of the stately order of his trade guilds, of the power of his mayor. The burgher must have felt himself fronted by a mere mob of schoolboys, but behind the mob of schoolboys lay the power of the Church. The wide extension which mediæval usage gave to the word "orders" gathered the whole educated world within its pale. Whatever might be his age or proficiency, scholar and teacher were alike clerks, free from lay responsibilities or the control of civil tribunals, and amenable only to the rule of the Bishop and the sentence of his spiritual courts. This ecclesiastical character of the University revealed itself in that of its head. The Chancellor was at first no officer of the University itself, but of the ecclesiastical corporation under whose shadow it had sprung into life. At Oxford, where no great abbey afforded its shelter to the student as in the case of Paris, he was simply the local officer of the Bishop of Lincoln, within whose immense diocese the University was at that time situated. It was this identification in outer form with the Church, widely as the spirit of the University might part from it, that gave to the mob of boy-students a power with which the Oxford burgesses had no means of coping. The humblest and poorest clerk in these streets could bring on them the thunders of excommunication. Charters and privileges were waste-paper against closed churches and silenced bells. The secular touch of a town bailiff transformed a disorderly student into a vindicator of the liberties of the Church, and a mere street row became part of the great struggle which had driven Anselm into exile and brought Thomas to death.

The danger was all the more deadly that the new University entertained no deliberate purpose of destroying the franchises of the town. Against the violence of the baron beneath whose castle walls a little group of hovels had gathered, or the silent encroachments of

the lord abbot whose tenants had become freemen, the mediæval burgher stood jealously on his guard. But the encroachments of the University were purely involuntary results of social embarrassments which could hardly fail to arise from its mere presence within the walls of Oxford. The conflict of jurisdictions brought about the first encounter at a time which promised ill for the interests of the Church. The Papal Interdict had just fallen upon England, and John had replied by the confiscation of Church property and by the outlawry of the clergy. It was at this moment that the Mayor found a woman dying in the street of a blow inflicted by a student. He at once tracked the murderer to his lodgings, and on his flight arrested two clerks who shared the inn with him. John, who was at Woodstock, gave judgment a few days after in the cause, and by his order the two clerks were hung outside the town. Daring as was the violation of ecclesiastical privilege, it was without redress; the royal courts were closed against the clergy, the episcopal sentence of excommunication fell unheeded at a time when the mightier Interdict of the Papacy was already held in contempt. The great bulk of the three thousand scholars who had gathered there hurried indeed from the town, but many remained, and the secession produced no effect on the spirits of the townsmen. It was only when the submission of John to the Papacy left them without defence against the thunders of the Church that the burgesses flung themselves at the feet of the Legate Nicholas, as John had flung himself at the feet of the Legate Pandulf. Like the King, they had to expiate by an outward humiliation their defiance of Rome. Hard as the terms were, there was no room for resistance. The Mayor with fifty burgesses of the town swore to surrender all students, if arrested, to the Bishop, Chancellors or Archdeacon. The bodies of the two clerks were disinterred and transported by those of the townsmen who had borne a share in their condemnation, to hallowed ground. Once every ten years the

whole body of the burgesses were sentenced to visit the churches of the town with bare feet and shoulders, the scourge of humiliation in their hands, and to seek absolution from the parish priest.

Bitter as the humiliation was, the yearly renewal of this oath was only the first which Oxford was destined to undergo. Difficulties of less apparent moment, but destined to bring about a yet harder servitude, lay in the homely questions of food and lodging. The sudden influx of three or four thousand boys into the midst of a quiet country town would necessarily raise at once the scale of prices, as the licence of the new comers would tax severely the resources of the town police. To a scholar of the thirteenth century the rise of prices seemed extortion, and the intervention of the police sacrilege. New claims of immunity from civil jurisdiction, new tariffs of the price of lodgings and food, forged slowly but steadily a yoke of bondage for Oxford such as no other English town was to know. During the first half of the thirteenth century the process of aggression met with little or no resistance from the townsmen. In their penance for the murder of the clerks they had sworn to assess lodgings and victual at fair and reasonable rates. But the control of their markets, of their police, was soon taken quietly out of their hands. The rental of every lodging-house was assessed by University authorities, and by a gigantic stretch of power it was ruled that a house once used for lodging students could never be resumed into private uses. The jurisdiction of the Chancellor gradually superseded that of the Mayor in all cases where a student was concerned. It all but annihilated it when the privileges of the University were extended to the whole mob of retainers, servants, scribes, who hung upon the skirts of the academic body. Spasmodic struggles of resistance only bound the yoke of bondage closer on the town. The sympathies both of Church and State were naturally rather with the learned University which already rivalled the stories of

Paris, than with the obscure tradesmen who clung to the freedom of their fathers. Grosseteste, a name illustrious in the annals of national liberty, is famous in those of Oxford for the interdiction with which he avenged a quarrel with the scholars. The indignation with which the townsmen met the outbreaks of the new students who in the midst of the century came flocking over from France, brought down on their heads the censure of the Crown. But the courage of the burghers was unbroken by the thunders of either Church or State. A nominal submission satisfied the Bishop. The royal precepts were evaded or despised. A spirit of more active resistance was slowly aroused, and Oxford girded herself to the long, desperate struggle in which, through half a century, she strove to fling off the yoke of her new masters.

We can hardly err in tracing the sterner resolve of the townsmen to the new spirit of liberty which now pervaded the nation at large. The success of the Barons against Henry the Third, the victories of De Montfort, were followed in London, as in other towns, by revolutions which overthrew the aristocratic power of the wealthier burghers, and established a democratic government under the name of the "commune." In Oxford the result of the national struggle was to nerve the citizens to the recovery of their older freedom. The privileges of the University were roughly set aside. The control of its police, its houses, its markets, was again assumed by the magistrates of the town. A large number of the scholars retired in dudgeon to Northampton, but the secession failed in breaking the spirit of the burghers. Their adhesion to the popular side was rewarded by the friendship of the Barons into whose hands the power of the Crown had for a time passed. Royal precepts forced the Chancellor to revoke the excommunication with which he had visited the arrest of a scholar by the bailiffs; and the town showed its gratitude to De Montfort by closing its gates against

Edward on his march to join the forces of the King. The closing of the gates gave the signal for the first of a series of murderous struggles which lasted for a century. The rough verse of Robert of Gloucester tells the tale of this earliest "Town and Gown." The favourite playground of the scholars lay in the wide fields of Beaumont to the north, and a band of them, anxious for their sports, answered a rude rebuff from the bailiff in charge of the gate by hewing it down. The boys rushed out to their games with a mocking song of "*subvenite sancti*," the psalm that men sung at the burial of the dead; and the bailiff was forced to content himself with arresting some stragglers and plunging them into gaol. Both sides were now bitterly irritated and eager for a decisive conflict. The burgesses, mustering behind their banner in the fields without the gate, marched into the town, but the head of the column had hardly appeared in the High Street when the bell of St. Mary's swung out its alarm peal. It was the dinner hour, but the students flung down their meat, and, rushing to the fray, forced the citizens after a stout resistance to flight. A general pillage followed the victory: the scholars plundered the bowyers' shops, and, providing themselves with weapons, sacked Spicery and Vintnery, and house after house throughout the town. The townsmen fell back on the protection of the Crown, and the decision of the King, now again in the power of the Barons, went against the scholars. They were expelled from Oxford, and for a year the town was its own master.

Perilous, however, as the presence of the University might be, it was profitable to the townsmen, and it was at the request of the burgesses that the scholars a year after were recalled. They returned on the distinct pledge that mediators should be appointed on either side, and all things brought to a perfect peace. But peace was as far off as ever. The claims of the University remained as oppressive as before, and they were met by the same steady opposition. Robert Welles, the new head of the

townsmen, seems to have goaded the scholars to despair. The University prevailed on the Crown to remove him from his office as steward of the manor of Beaumont without the gates, and its Masters vowed that, were he again invested with authority, all lectures should cease till he were again removed. Nine years' later, in 1297, the weary struggle broke out anew into open conflict, the one mediæval "Town and Gown" of which we possess an account from each of the combatants. This time, however, fresh actors appeared on the scene. Though the bell of St. Martin's was rung and ox-horns sounded through the streets to summon citizens round their Mayor, the townsmen now felt themselves too weak for an encounter with the mob of students whose arrows and sling-stones cleared the High. A body of rustics from the country were summoned to their rescue, and suddenly rushed with wild outeries through the streets. The scholars fled in disorder, inns were plundered, books trodden in the mire. Again the Royal Council intervened. But the tendencies of Edward the First were everywhere aristocratic, and the liberties of the town found this time little favour. The Crown returned to its old support of the scholars; thirteen of the citizens were expelled, the bailiffs turned out of office, and the town forced to renew its oath of submission to the claims of the University.

From any real submission, however, it was as far off as ever. The troubles of Edward the Second's reign enabled the townsmen to evade with security the repeated precepts of the Royal Council, and to retain steadily their own control of justice and trade. At no time was the attitude of English boroughs more independent, or their resistance to the combination of the royal power with the aristocratic reaction within their walls more independent. It was at this moment that Bristol, driven to rebellion by the oppression of the Castellan and the Berkeleys, held out for four years against successive armies, and made pursuivant after pursuivant eat the royal mandates which he brought. A yet

more terrible agitation was rousing to life the inert masses of the rural population—a resentment against feudal tyranny which broke out at last in the communism of the Lollards, in the servile insurrections of Wat Tyler and Jack Cade. Already in the riot of 1297 the union of the two spirits of discontent had been partially announced; but half a century passed before the new alliance showed itself in all its terrors. The conflict of 1354 was not merely the last and fiercest encounter of the two rivals; it was the direct predecessor of that outburst of national anarchy under Ball and Tyler which shook England to its base. A tavern quarrel ended in the usual scenes of disorder. On the morning of St. Scholastica's day the townsmen gathered with targets at their church, while the scholars seized two of the town gates in the hope of intercepting the dreaded aid from without. At vespers, however, two thousand rustics entered the town from the west, a black flag was borne at the head of this column, and cries of "Slay, slay—let none escape—smite fast; give good knocks," spread panic through the ranks of the scholars. They fled to their inns, listening through the night to the shouts of "Havock, havock," from the crowd which filled the streets, while the Chancellor hurried to the King at Woodstock. Pillage began at dawn. Fourteen inns were forced open; some clerks and chaplains who stood on their defence were killed and their bodies flung on dunghills, while the bulk of the students fled into the country. Already the bitter hatred and scorn of the clergy which was to give strength to Lollardry made its appearance in the outrages of this Oxford mob. It was in vain that the Host was carried in procession; the crosses of the Friars were flung into the gutter; the crowns of the chaplains who fell were flayed off "in scorn of their clergy." It was doubtless this feature of the outbreak that told most heavily against the citizens in the proceedings before the royal commission which was immediately issued. Both bodies resigned all charters and rights

into the King's hand, and the final decision of Edward the Third was a death-blow to the liberties of the town. The King's Charter not only confirmed but enlarged the privileges of the University, it even stripped the citizens of the share which had as yet been left to them in the control of their trade or the retainers of the scholars. The Church contented itself with a galling penance. Each year the Mayor and chief burgesses were bound to appear at St. Mary's on the anniversary of the riot, and celebrate mass for the souls of the slain.

With this famous St. Scholastica's day the struggle virtually ended. The town was left prostrate at its adversary's feet. While the rest of the boroughs of England had been winning privilege after privilege from baron or king, Oxford had been reduced from a free city to the powerless vassal of its University. Its ruin had in great measure been wrought by the claims and the thunders of the Church, but the fall of the Church at the Reformation, while it released every abbey town from its bondage, left that of Oxford unbroken. It was in vain that its citizens refused for years their oath to the Vice-Chancellor, and appealed for the restitution of their rights to the justice of Elizabeth. Even the triumph of the Long Parliament, though the grammar-school of Alderman Nixon recalls the sympathy of the citizens with the Puritans, did nothing for Oxford. It has been reserved for our own day to see it raised again to its old rank among the free cities of England, and restored to the control of its own markets and its own police. The exemption of students from the common justice of the realm remains unaltered in spite of the example of the Scotch universities and the concessions of Cambridge. But it is likely that this last relic of a great struggle will soon pass away. What cannot pass away is the dependence on the mere traffic of the University, to which in the suppression of commercial life the town has been reduced, and the stamp of clericalism which the contest has impressed upon the University itself.

## THE HISTORY OF A SUPPOSED CLASSICAL FRAGMENT.

BY ROBINSON ELLIS, M.A.

To signalize the detection of falsehood is a duty in literature as in science: it is on this account that these pages are written. They profess to be little more than an abstract of a *brochure* by M. Quicherat, which every scholar would do well to read, "Sur le prétendu Fragment d'une Satire du poète Turnus," Paris, 1869.

In a work called "Les Entretiens," by Jean Louis Guez Balzac, published posthumously in 1657, and subsequently (my copy is dated 1659, and was printed at Rouen), the following lines, taken, as Balzac professes, from a parchment in many places decayed and half eaten away by age, are quoted as an ancient fragment, written by an author of the age of Nero:—

"Ergo famem miseram, aut epulis infusa  
venena,  
Et populum exanguem, pinguesque in funus  
amicos,  
Et molle imperii senium sub nomine pacis,  
Et quodecumque illis nunc aurea dicitur ætas,  
Marmoræque canent lacrymosa incendia  
Romæ,  
Vt formosum aliquid nigrae & solatia Noctis?  
Ergo re benè gesta, & leto Matris ovantem,  
Maternisque canent cupidum concurrere  
Diris,  
Et Diras alias opponere, & anguibus angues,  
Atque novos gladios peiusque ostendere  
letum?  
Sæva canent, obscena canent fœdosque  
hymenæos  
Vxoris pueri, Veneris monumenta nefandæ.

Nil Musas cecinisse pudet, nec nominis olim  
Virginei, fœmæque iuuat meminisse prioris.  
Ah! pudor extinctus, doctæque infamia  
turbæ,  
Sub titulo prostant; & queis genus ab Iove  
summo,  
Res hominū supra evectæ & nullius egentes,  
Asse merent vili, ac sancto se corpore fœdant.  
Scilicet aut Menæ faciles parere superbo,  
Aut nutu Polycleti, & parca laude beatæ,  
Usque adeo maculas ardent in fronte re-  
centes,  
Hesternique Getæ vincla & vestigia flagri.  
Quin etiam patrem oblitæ & cognata  
Deorum.

Numina, & antiquum castæ pietatis honorem  
Proh! Furias & Monstra colunt, impuraque  
Turpis  
Fata vocant Titii mandata, & quicquid  
Olympi est  
Transcribere Erebo. Iamque impia ponere  
Templa,  
Sacrilegasque audent Aras, Cœloque repulsos  
Quondam Terrigenas, superis imponere  
regnis,  
Qua licet, & stolido verbis illuditur Orbi."

*Entretiens* iv. chap. iv. pp. 54-56  
(ed. Rouen, 1659).

The two parts of this fragment, which I have distinguished by a space, 1—12, 13—30, are separated by Balzac, who prefixes to each a commentary.

After the lapse of a century, the supposed fragment was included by Peter Burmann the younger in his "Anthologia Latina," vol. ii. p. 645; he was followed by Wernsdorf, who ascribed them to Turnus, a satirist mentioned by Martial, xi. 10. 1, vii. 97. 8, and classed by Rutilius Numatianus and Joannes Lydus with Juvenal. Two undoubted lines by Turnus have been preserved by a scholiast on Juvenal i. 71, unfortunately too corrupt to allow us to judge of his style. Boissonade, in an article in the *Journal de l'Empire*, 11 Janvier, 1813, accepted, with some reserve, the opinion of Wernsdorf; Ruperti (Pref. to Juvenal, lxxi.) and Meyer (Anthol. ii. p. 83), say nothing against it; Bähr, in his history of Roman literature, thought it genuine; even Bernhardt, in 1857, though believing it to be the work of Balzac, speaks doubtfully (*Geschichte der Röm. Literatur*, p. 564). The discovery of the truth seems to date from 1837, when an anonymous writer stated the facts in a pamphlet entitled "Lettres suivies de Notes sur des Riens philologiques," and the forgery has been recently admitted by O. Iahn, Teuffel, and Riese.

This supposed fragment of a Neronian

poet was in truth part of a Latin poem by Balzac. In 1650 Ménage published Balzac's Latin verses in three books, followed by some letters of the same author, also in Latin. The last part of the third book is called "*Ficta pro antiquis*," a short series of poems in hexameters or elegiacs, mostly on subjects connected with the Roman emperors. Of these the fifth is entitled "*Indignatio in poetas Neronianorum temporum. Ad nobilissimum Sammauranum Montoserii Marchionem*."<sup>1</sup> *Maiores operis fragmentum.*" It begins in a fragmentary way with the last five feet of a hexameter. Then follow eleven more; then our fragment as far as "*Noctis*;" then four verses not in the fragment, followed by

"*Ergo Deum torpore et fato matris ovantem  
Maternisque paratum ultro concurrere Diris  
Atque alios angues, peiusque ostendere letum,  
Horrendasque canent, sancta ut connubia,  
Tædas ?*"

which appear in the fragment as

"*Ergo re benè gesta, & leto Matris ovantem,  
Maternisque canent cupidum concurrere  
Diris,  
Et Diras alias opponere, & anguibus angues,  
Atque novos gladios peiusque ostendere  
letum ?*"

an improvement which greatly affects the impression of the whole. The two lines beginning "*Sæva canent*" and "*Vxoris pueri*" are omitted in the "*Carmina*," and the concluding line of the fragment,

"*Qua licet, & stolido verbis illuditur Orbi,*"

is followed by thirty more.

Balzac is a very careless quoter, as may be seen in other passages. In this chapter he quotes Petronius very loosely, but with the reservation, "*si ma mémoire ne me trompe*"; in *Entretien xxvii.*, an epigram given by Meyer (1072) and Riese (877) as follows:

"*Cæsar ad valvas sedeo sto nocte dieque,  
Nec datur ingressus quo mea fata loquar.  
Ite deæ faciles et nostro nomine saltem  
Dicite divini Cæsar (præsidis, Riese) ante  
pedes:*

*Si nequeo placidas affari Cæsaris aures,  
Saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi dicat, abi."*

is quoted by him with the following variations:—1. "*vigilans sto*;" 2. "*facta*;"

<sup>1</sup> Duc de Montausier.

3. "*Ite bonæ Charites et vestro numine tectæ Ferte hæc verba pii Principis ante pedes,*" variations mostly of his own, though for some he had the support of previous editors. But carelessness will not account for the story of the supposed fragment, though it is probable that Balzac affected a general carelessness to veil his intentional deceit. Intentional deceit, I say, confidently; only so can we account for the ambiguous manner in which he launches the fragment into notice. "*Le fragment qui est après l'épigramme, a esté tiré d'un parchemin pourry en plusieurs endroits, & demy mangé de vieillesse*;" words which might easily suggest to any but a careful reader that the fragment, like the epigram on Xerxes (Riese, 239), of which Balzac had just before spoken (*Entret. iv. c. 3*), but of which he is careful to present only the two last lines, thus making detection more difficult, was part of the same manuscript. As a fact, this *was* the conclusion at which Burmann arrived. Burmann knew (*Anthol. Lat.*, vol. ii. p. 645) not only the "*Entretiens*," but the "*Carmina*" and "*Epistolæ*," of Balzac. Now, in one of these *Epistolæ*, written to J. Costard, Balzac says, p. 459, "*Sed en tibi promissa epigrammata, quæ debemus codici Salmasiano,*" and he there quotes the five hexameters on roses, "*Venerunt aliquando rosæ*," ascribed to Florus in the famous *Codex Salmasianus*, now 10318 of the Imperial Library at Paris, from which they have recently been again edited by Riese (*Anthol. Lat.*, i. p. 101); and the epigram on Xerxes of eight lines, "*Xerxes magnus adest*," of which he cites the last two lines in the "*Entretiens*." To this same epigram on roses he seems to allude again in the first chapter of *Entretien iv.*, which would appear to have been written to the same Costard;<sup>1</sup> and, if we may believe the

<sup>1</sup> This is nearly certain from *Entretien v.*, *au même*, in which Balzac dilates on roses in the same manner and with the same allusions, as in the Latin letter to Costard. Cf. especially, "*Je dis seulement que la Rose est mon inclination. . . Cui non dicta rosa est ?*" &c. (p. 84); and "*Que dites-vous, Monsieur, de la vision des Arabes qui ont osté la Rose*

"Entretiens" to be printed in the order of their composition, either in 1650, the year when the "Carmina" appeared, or a little later. As then in *Entretien* iv. he passes from the epigram on roses to the epigram on Xerxes, and from this to the supposed Neronian fragment, Burmann concluded that all three were found in the same MS.,—the Codex Salmasianus. It is true that Burmann must have been a most superficial reader, if, acquainted as he professes to be with the Latin letters of Balzac, he did not discover in the very same volume the poem containing the forged fragment. I believe that, incredible as it may seem, this was the case; though from the loose style in which he speaks of that volume (ii. 645, and preface, p. xlvii.), it is possible that he speaks at second-hand. Possible, but barely; else why particularize the pages, as in both cases he has done? Perhaps he was misled as to the fragment by Balzac himself; for, in the sixth chapter of the same *Entretien* iv., Balzac mentions, *d-propos* of another epigram on a beauty losing a lock of her hair, one of his own Latin poems contained in the identical volume of "Carmina" which gives the first draft of the supposed fragment: This fact might be thought to prove that Balzac did not intend to deceive. I have come to a different conclusion; he meant to deceive, but to deceive with an appearance of honesty. His plan is sufficiently dexterous; very few readers in that age were likely to have both the "Entretiens" and the "Carmina," to test the truth of each by the other; and, without such a test, the natural inference from the mention of his own poems in the second case would be that they had nothing to do with the first, in which they were not mentioned. Moreover, there is a circumstantiality in Balzac's way of speaking, not only of the lines as a whole, but of particular expressions and à la Déesse Vénus, pour la donner au prophète Mahomet, et qui tiennent (c'est Busbequius qui le dit dans ses Relations) que les premières Roses sont nées de la sueur de ce grand Prophète?" (p. 86.)

allusions in them, which must have been meant to deceive. M. Quicherat has called attention to the fact that some of these explanations differ from those of subsequent commentators, particularly Wernsdorf; and it had occurred to me that the occasional extravagance of the commentary was designed to react in favour of the genuineness of the text, as, for instance, when *Titii* is supposed by Balzac to allude to the "Tityon Terræ omniparentis alumnus" of Virgil. But, be this as it may, the two pages of commentary devoted to the illustration of the poems are incompatible with a belief in Balzac's honesty. Men do not generally take the trouble to explain or quote passages to illustrate what they know to be a forgery; if they do take the trouble, it is because they wish the forgery to be thought true. M. Quicherat endeavours to defend his countryman on the plea that the chapter in the "Entretiens" is a mere *jeu d'esprit*. Unfortunately, it is a *jeu d'esprit* which deceived a century of scholars. Vanity may have had something to do with this "assuredly reprehensible pleasantry." The "Entretiens" were published posthumously; and this piece, as put forth during his own lifetime in the "Carmina," is signed with his name, and could not impose upon anybody. But then the "Entretiens" is a work which he was known to be preparing some years before his death, and which he mentions in his letters as forthcoming. The way in which the fragment is there introduced, is deliberately calculated to deceive; there is nothing to show that he thought of suppressing the work; he has imposed upon posterity.

The cleverness of the imposition is acknowledged; we will do our French neighbours the justice of confessing that the Latin verses of this Neronian of the seventeenth century would, in our judgment, have been no discredit to the period to which they profess to belong. They might have been written, we think, by many Englishmen; they are better than most Latin verses of German composition with which we are acquainted.

## KHISMET.

ONE evening between five and six years ago I was engaged in that very unpalatable occupation called chewing the cud of bitter fancy, and had just come to the conclusion that, if I had not reached the nadir of human misery, I must at least have got pretty near it, when a circumstance occurred quite suddenly and unexpectedly, which not only at once infused a certain amount of sweetness into my unpleasant ruminations, but had the effect of tinging and altering the whole course of my after-life as well.

During the three months which immediately preceded the time of which I write, almost every conceivable species of misfortune had befallen me. My losses on the turf had been considerable; my beautiful yacht had been wrecked; my favourite mare had gone dead lame; the girl to whom I was engaged had jilted me, and eloped with that personage popularly known as Another; and, worse than all, I had just made the startling discovery that I was terribly involved, so deeply dipped in that *mare profundum* called debt, that I could see no chance, either proximate or remote, of ever being able to extricate myself from my difficulties. Under these circumstances it will occasion no surprise if I add that I was wont at this period to look at life somewhat darkly; but on the evening in question I felt so peculiarly wretched that I had just begun to think that if I could hit upon any easy, speedy way of making my exit from the stage of existence—I objected to shooting myself, because it made so much noise, and to prussic acid, because it was so painful—I should be a fool if I did not avail myself of the discovery, when the door opened, and my cousin Mrs. Wynne entered the room, and thus addressed me:—

“Do you know, Charley, thinking of

you and your affairs deprived me of several hours of my natural rest last night, and considerably impaired my appetite for breakfast this morning; but to-day, thank goodness, I see my way to helping you out of your difficulties, and I’ve come down to impart the suggestion to you;—you must marry an heiress!”

“Thanks!” I replied; “the suggestion is good, but, I fear, purely chimerical. Unless I were to evolve an heiress out of my inner consciousness, as the Germans say, I really do not see where one is to come from.”

“Not so fast, Charley,” returned my cousin. “Leslie Foster has come to town; and I saw her to-day, and from what transpired during that interview I *know* that you can have her for the asking.”

“Impossible!” I exclaimed, and true to the habits and instincts of my class, notwithstanding the golden vista opened before me, I shrank with a feeling very nearly akin to repugnance from the idea of linking myself to a woman who could thus suffer herself to be won unsought. “It is not to be done, Alice, not even for the money,” I went on; “and even if it were, I am sure that either you are mistaken, or there must be a screw loose somewhere.”

“Wrong in both surmises, Charley. I *know* what I have told you to be the case; and for the rest, Leslie, though not handsome, is one of the best and nicest girls possible. But you know her, do you not?”

“That is to say, I have met her in society, but I am bound to add I never noticed her, and no more did she me, I’ll swear.”

“There you err again. She admires you particularly, and thinks you so handsome; not as young as you might be, perhaps, and rather too apt to look

as though everything bored you, but all the same, a very nice-looking fellow, and she knows from me that you are a very good one."

"Well, it's the strangest thing I ever heard of," I was beginning, but my cousin interrupted me by saying, "Not so strange at all, if you knew the whole story. The fact is, she, like yourself, was going to be married, but at the eleventh hour the match was broken off, and I do believe it is a feeling of *pique* which makes her anxious to marry now. But as she is all I have represented her to be, and you will have full control over her fortune if you take her, I do not see what there is to prevent its being a very happy *ménage*, after all; for you know you were not touched in the other quarter, and have therefore a free and unoccupied heart to offer her."

"Yes," I replied, "that is quite true; but——"

But at the sound of that disagreeable little conjunction my cousin lost patience, and as she rose to leave the room she said, "Well, Charley, if you choose to be a fool I can't help you. However, Leslie is coming here to-morrow to spend some weeks with me, so you can make up your mind between this and then; and as she is not to arrive until evening, you'll have plenty of time to think the matter over."

Of course I did think the matter over; and as an inevitable logical sequence, I also *of course* came finally to the conclusion, that, though I had no vocation for marriage in the abstract, and an especial distaste for it in this particular instance, as beggars cannot be choosers, it would be utter madness for a poor devil in my position to throw away such a chance, and that it was therefore my bounden duty to go in for the heiress, and win her if I could. This was the decision I came to; and in the solitude of my own room, as I was a tolerably cool hand on most occasions, I fancied that I should be able not only to meet her, but also to carry out my intentions with a calm, unblushing front. But when the next

evening came, bringing her with it, and I actually found myself in her presence, I felt my heart beating vigorously against my waistcoat as I stood taking stock of her charms and countercharms, and trying to realize that the woman was before me with whom, as it appeared, I was destined to spend the rest of my natural life. Luckily, however, I was on the whole favourably impressed. She had that indispensable requisite in a nice woman, a very soft, sweet voice; besides which her tongue was an organ which discoursed most excellent music; and when upon dinner being announced she rose like Venus from the foam—of a sea of white muslin—I was obliged to admit, that though not exactly pretty, she was certainly very pleasant to look at, as well as to listen to.

The dinner, during which she sat opposite me—a grace before meat—passed off very well; partly because we were a *partie carrée*, a circumstance which generally makes everything pretty square, but more particularly because the conversation was general, and all contributed their quota to it. But when we returned to the drawing-room, I had a different story to tell; for shortly after we got there, Mr. Wynne having fallen asleep behind his newspaper, and his wife having pointedly left the room, my position became such an awkward one, that I began to feel quite put out and embarrassed; and in my abortive efforts to appear the reverse, I felt painfully conscious that I was both looking and acting like a fool.

Now before I go further, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I was *not* a fool by any means. On the contrary, my advice was constantly and eagerly sought for—so was my money too, unfortunately—and at school and in college I was considered a regular sap. However, though I might be quite at home in tracing Cæsar through the mazes of an extinct topography—though the unknown quantities of algebra were by no means unknown to me—though I could get "Old Mother Hubbard" to hobble, or rather, I should say, to glide most gracefully into Greek iambs—and

though the "calculus" was mere sport to me, I was not at all equal to the emergency of making small talk as became an officer and a gentleman for this one little woman—because I knew that her bright eyes were fixed upon me scrutinizingly, as though she would fain read me through and through, and I felt that in her secret soul she was enjoying my confusion, and laughing at me all the time.

But indeed it was not surprising that she should have felt amused; for as soon as my cousin had taken her departure, this was how we comported ourselves:—

After an oppressive silence of several minutes' duration, Miss Foster at length exclaimed, "Do please say *something*, Colonel Blayne!"

"Ahem!" said I.

"Oh, that is nothing!" said she.

I coughed nervously.

"Worse and worse!" she cried.

"It's very hot!" was my next attempt.

"I know it is; but I have heard that said so often to-day that the remark seems now to have quite a weather-beaten aspect. Cannot you think of something fresher and less meteorological to tell me?"

"Are you fond of gardening?" I asked in despair—for at that moment my unlucky eye chanced to light on some flowers, which suggested the question.

"Uncommonly. But let me remind you that the responsibility of entertaining me has been laid upon you, so I expect you to be very brilliant. Please say something witty or funny; or if you haven't anything of your own, you can tell me some nice little historiette or clever anecdote. I'm so fond of good stories of all kinds."

I saw she was chaffing me to the top of her bent; and I was just about to tell her so; but before I had time to carry out my intention, our host, having burst the chain of slumber by which he had been bound, suddenly roused up and petitioned for some music, adding, that he hoped she would give him a

great deal, as it was a long time since he had heard her sing. Of course she was obliged to comply with his request; and once he got her to the piano, not being in league with his wife, he kept her there—asking for song after song, until it was time to retire. So the evening ended sweetly, if not harmoniously, after all; and while listening to the music, which was really exquisite of its kind, my temporary irritation passed away, and I almost forgot that, instead of being amusing, I must have appeared to her a very heavy dragoon indeed.

The next afternoon we went out to ride, and for many succeeding days we did the same thing. But my cousin always accompanied us, and never again absented herself in the evening either, which was a much better arrangement, seeing that we had not a word to say to each other which the whole world might not hear, and her presence prevented the awkwardness of a *tête-à-tête*. This state of things lasted for ten days, but at the expiration of that time Miss Foster got a telegram one morning, to say that an aunt of hers, to whom she was very much attached, was dangerously ill; and as she had consequently to hasten off at once, any chance that might have existed of my getting smitten with her was thus nipped in the bud. But the worst feature in the case was, that she did not come back. Days passed away and merged into weeks, but still she said nothing about returning. And, meanwhile, the state of my affairs was becoming more desperate each day; so desperate indeed that I was at last obliged to speak seriously to my cousin, and beg of her to try and discover at once whether the heiress would honour me with her hand or not. To my no small relief, however, the young lady wrote by return of post to accept my proposal, and furthermore signified her willingness to be married the following month! But she added that she did not like lovemaking; and as her aunt still required her care, she would not return until the day before the wedding,

which she wished should take place at the Wynnes.

Now I will not deny that this strange mode of procedure astonished me so much, that my fears about the loose screw returned in full force; and had my position been less critical, I do believe I should have been inclined to draw back, even at the eleventh hour. As it was, however, I was obliged to let matters take their course. But when the day drew near on which I was to sign the death-warrant of my freedom, my spirits were by no means exuberant, and I was filled with that sort of pity for myself which all men feel—except, of course, those who are desperately in love—at the thought of bidding adieu to their bachelor days for ever, and making that terrible promise to forsake all others and keep only unto one as long as they shall live. All I can say of my marriage is that it duly came off on the day appointed, and that immediately after the ceremony we started for Foster Hall, where I found Leslie's invalid aunt installed, and was informed that she was not only to spend the honeymoon with us—just fancy a honeymoon with a third party!—but was to live with us altogether. This was startling, and not particularly agreeable; but what struck me as more strange than anything else was the change which had taken place in my bride. The mocking light had left her eyes, she no longer chafed me, and the gaiety and brightness of her manner had given place to a sort of grave earnestness for which I was quite at a loss to account. I fancied, too, several times during the day, that she was anxious to speak to me on some important subject, but could not pluck up courage to do so; and that my surmise was correct events abundantly proved, for about an hour after we reached our destination I was sitting alone in the drawing-room, gazing out on the fair domain now all my own, when she entered the room very softly, and coming up quite close to where I was seated, she said, "I have been wishing so much to speak to you all

day, and now I *must* do so. I know, of course, that you married me merely to extricate yourself from your embarrassments; but as you broke no troth, and did not deceive me, and as you knew I was not an objectionable person in any way, I think you were perfectly justifiable in doing so. I had my own reasons for marrying you too; but, as you are aware, affection had nothing to do with my motives any more than it had with yours. However, we will let that pass; what I want to say to you now is that my fortune, being for the most part at your disposal, I hope you will at once pay all your debts with it, and make yourself as happy as possible in every respect. But under the circumstances, though we can be the best of friends, we must both go our separate ways in life. I have my own pursuits—you have yours; and we can follow them without interfering with each other in any way, and that is what I wish should be the case."

She held down her head as she ceased speaking, and I did not answer at first, because, for some moments, I did not exactly know what she meant. But when her meaning did dawn upon me, it was in the very coldest of tones that I replied, "Of course it shall be just as you please!" And before I had time to add another word, she had quitted the room. Well, time passed on, and I am bound to say the chariot-wheels did not drive heavily either. Once my debts were all paid, I felt as light as a bird; and having always believed that if wealth does not bring happiness, it at least brings an exceedingly good imitation of it, I had no reason to change my opinion then, when I found myself the possessor of a charming house in town, ditto in the country, with as many horses as I liked to keep, and, above all, the power of having my friends with me whenever and wherever I wished. Meanwhile my little wife remained just the same as she had been at the commencement of our married life, and was ever kind, but ever cold. She seemed anxious to please me in all things, and not only consulted my wishes, but on

every possible occasion apparently tried hard to anticipate them. We never had even a word of dissension either; for whenever our tastes and opinions differed on any subject, she invariably insisted on yielding in my favour, and obliged me to have my own way. But further than this we never got. I never saw her eye brighten at my approach, or heard her voice take a tenderer tone when she addressed me; there was no caress in her manner towards me, and she seemed perfectly indifferent as to whether I was with her or not. Like two parallel lines we moved along, ever together, but ever apart—always near, but never approximating; and, beyond knowing that she had the sweetest and most amiable disposition in the world, I knew no more of the inner life of thought and feeling of my own wife than if she had been a thousand miles away from me.

"Strangers yet" we indeed were, even after having been a year together; but how completely so the relation of a little incident, which occurred at this period, will best show. I had occasion to go up to town on business, for a week, one time; and on the day of my departure, after having shaken hands with the old lady and Mrs. Wynne, who was then staying with us, I was just taking my wife's hand also, when Alice called out:

"Oh, Charley, I'm really ashamed of you! to think of bidding your wife good-bye for a whole week in that cold fashion! Give her a parting kiss, sir, or I shall never think well of you again as long as I live."

I must confess that I felt myself growing most uncomfortably red when my cousin said this; but I at once bent my head to act upon her suggestion, and would have given the kiss, had not my wife divined my intention and coldly turned her cheek to me. Now I am sure that, had she known what it would cost me, she would not have given me this rebuff, for she was kindness itself; but as it was, so deeply was I hurt and wounded by it, that I swear I never felt a keener or sharper pang, even when the Russians amused

themselves by peppering me in the Crimea.

"Dans l'amour il y a toujours l'un qui baise et l'un qui tend la joue," says a French writer, and he is quite right; no two people are ever equally fond of each other—there must always be an excess of affection on one side or the other. But I think the remark might be supplemented by saying that no two married people ever continued very long equally indifferent to each other either—the feeling being certain, in one of the parties, eventually to change into love or hatred. As a case in point: for some time I used to think that our indifference was perfectly well matched; but after a while, when the gloss of novelty wore off, the feeling of delight with which I entered on my fair possessions, I used to wonder, though by no means of an introspective habit, or given to self-analysis, why it was that I was not happier, why I experienced such a feeling of dissatisfaction at everything, and why I felt as though I were hungry and thirsty, nay, starving in the midst of plenty, and when I had apparently all that heart could desire. But as time wore on, and I found myself trembling at the sound of a certain light footfall, and blushing like a schoolboy if by chance my hand came in contact with a certain small white one, say in assisting its owner in or out of the carriage, &c., I at last awoke to the startling and painful conviction that I was deeply, irrevocably, *passionately* in love with my own wife. I have used the words "startling and painful," because I had never previously experienced a stronger affection for anything feminine than that with which my favourite mare had inspired me, and because I was so bitterly conscious of my wife's indifference. Indeed, as I was thus fully persuaded of her coldness, and too proud to beg for her love, this state of things might have gone on for ever, had not an event at length occurred which not only interrupted the even tenor of our way, but at once changed the whole aspect of affairs; and it happened in this wise: One day, while out

riding, I was thrown from my horse, and so severely hurt that my recovery was very slow indeed ; so slow that, as I had not been in good health previously, the doctors began to fear the worst, and at last informed me that if I wished my days to be long in the land, I must go to a milder climate before the winter set in. I shall never forget my sensations when these tidings were communicated to me. Like Hezekiah of old, I turned my face to the wall, and mourned sore ; for I knew, of course, that there was no chance of my wife accompanying me, and the thought of leaving her was worse than death to me. You see I was under no misconception regarding my feelings then ; by that time I was only too fully aware that for me the world was but divided into two parts : where she was, and that dreary waste where she was not.

For some time after the fiat had gone forth for me I lay on the couch in my sanctum, as it were, stunned and speechless from grief ; but I was at last aroused from the painful reverie into which I had fallen by hearing some one enter the room, and on turning round and looking up, I saw my wife bending over me.

"Good heavens, Leslie !" I exclaimed involuntarily, "you here! Do you know, for a moment I fancied I must have been dreaming."

She looked at me searchingly for a few seconds, and then said softly—

"I am so sorry to hear you are not getting better, and the doctor says you must go abroad !"

"Yes ; it appears I have only the alternative of going away for a time or for ever."

"And whom should you like to go with you ?" she asked.

"Oh, I shall take Johnson, of course," I replied.

"But you will be lonely, will you not?"

"Perhaps ; but I am accustomed to being lonely. There's such a thing as being alone in a crowd, you know, Leslie," I added, sadly, "and I've felt what that is."

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She hesitated a second, and then said timidly—

"If you think you'd be lonely with no one but Johnson, and would like me to go with you, I will do so."

It was the old story ; I knew it quite well. She was as willing to practise self-denial in great things as in small ; but I was determined to be firm on this occasion, and resist the sweet temptation of letting her come with me against her will. So I answered promptly and decidedly—

"Not for the world."

And before I had time to explain my reasons, as I had intended doing, she had quitted the room, and I was once more left alone with my sad thoughts.

Well, the day came round only too quickly on which I was to bid adieu to my home and all that was dearest to me on earth ; and when I saw the carriage drive up in which I was to go to Southampton—I was too ill to travel by rail—I felt almost broken-hearted ; for a terrible presentiment had seized me that I was about to look upon my wife for the last time. She was alone in the library when I went to bid her good-bye, and I remarked that she looked paler than usual, and as if she had been weeping : I therefore ventured to draw her towards me, and as I bent over her I said, earnestly—

"Leslie, my wife, I may never see you again ; have some pity, and do not turn away *this* time."

She did *not* turn away ; and, for the first time in my life I pressed my lips to hers. But directly afterwards, being afraid to trust myself to say more lest I should break down altogether, I left the room, and in a few minutes more I was driving down the avenue, weak and ill in body, and with such despair in my heart that I did not care what became of me.

It was a singularly sweet day ; the sky was blue and smiling, all nature seemed to rejoice, and the scenes through which I passed were beautiful exceedingly. But what did it matter to me ? For me the world was fair in vain.

I could not divest myself of the idea that my end was approaching, and, in the bitterness of my soul, I asked myself why I was not suffered to die in peace at home, instead of being sent forth to perish, alone and deserted, in a foreign land? Meanwhile, on I went, until, after a very tedious journey, I at length arrived at Southampton. When I got there I was obliged to go to an hotel, as the vessel was not to start for some hours; but directly I entered the room which had been engaged for me, I started back, thinking I had made some mistake, for I saw that it was already occupied by a lady, who was standing in the window. She turned round, however, as soon as she heard me coming in, and, in doing so, disclosed to my almost unbelieving gaze, the features of—my wife!

"I could not let you go alone!" she said, as she advanced to meet me; "so you must let me go with you. I waited to the last, thinking you might retract and ask me; but as you did not do so I came down by rail, and arrived half an hour ago; and now my place is taken, and my maid is here, and everything is ready, and—and—it's too late to demur now, for I'm determined to go, even though you may not like it."

"Like it!" I exclaimed fervently; "oh, Leslie!" but then, fearing if I said too much I might frighten her back into her former coldness, I checked myself abruptly, and proceeded to tell her that I really could not accept such a sacrifice at her hands; that I knew she was coming against her will, and that that thought would make me miserable, &c. &c. But she combated all my arguments, and overruled all my objections, and in the end she had her way. When I sailed I did not go forth alone; my wife was with me.

That evening I was too much overcome by the combined effects of fatigue and excitement to leave my berth; but the next morning as I lay on the deck, with Leslie seated close beside me, and felt the vessel bounding over the glad bright waters, the sensations I experienced

were pleasant beyond description. The ozone in the air was so exhilarating that I felt better with every breath I drew; and besides that, there was such a glory of sunshine abroad that it fell on the blue waves with a sort of dazzling sheen—lighting up both sea and sky with an intensity of radiance that I never saw equalled, and rendering the elastic atmosphere so sparkling and brilliant that the mere fact of existence under such circumstances was a pleasure in itself. Then, too, there was the charm of being alone with *her*; at home she always seemed in a crowd, but now we two were isolated, so to speak, from the rest of the world, sailing over the wide ocean together away and away, and she was so constantly by my side that I could gaze all day long into that sweet face which had for many months past become the one face in all the world for me.

Hence at this period, if I was not altogether happy, I at least enjoyed tranquillity and peace. But I did not get well. On the contrary, I grew gradually so much weaker, that at last I was unable to walk without help, and I could see that others besides myself were of opinion that my race was nearly run. Thus time went on, until we had nearly reached our destination; but the very night before our expected arrival I was suddenly awoke from my sleep by hearing a terrible commotion on deck, and a few moments afterwards Leslie rushed into my cabin, exclaiming breathlessly, "Oh, Charley!"—it was the first time she had ever called me so—"the ship has sprung a leak and is sinking fast, and they are all making for the boats! For God's sake get up as fast as you can, or we shall be too late!"

Alas! she might as well have asked a blind man to see as me to hasten. I tried to do so, of course, but it was all in vain. My servant was not to be seen anywhere, and there was no one at hand to help me, *sauf qui peut* being the order of the night; and having only the very small assistance which poor Leslie could render me, so many precious moments

were wasted, that by the time I had succeeded in crawling up on deck all the boats had put off except one, which they said was too full to admit of their taking any more in her. However, as Leslie was a woman, and a very light weight, I knew they would not refuse her, if she persisted and consented to go alone; so I implored her to go and leave me to my fate, and try and save herself; but instead of complying she turned to me with a look in her white face which I shall never forget to my dying day, and said, "No, *nothing* could induce me. If you must die, I will die with you. You are my husband—in life or in death I will never leave you again!"

O strange union of two hearts so long divided! O strange destiny, only to lift the veil from those hearts when life was over, and the surging sea yawning to engulf them!

These were the thoughts which passed through my mind as she spoke, for there was that in her voice and manner which even in those dread moments filled me with wild, unutterable rapture. And when I put my arm round her and drew her closer to me—I had sunk exhausted on my sofa, which still remained on deck, and she was kneeling beside me—and looked into her face, dim as the light was, I read such a revelation there, that for an instant I felt as if heaven had been suddenly opened to me, and I gasped rather than said, "Oh, Leslie, my love, my dearest! is it—oh, is it true? have you at last learnt to care for me?"

"Care for you!" she repeated; "that is not the word. I—I—but I need not mind telling you all now. My husband, I *love* you—have long loved you with my whole heart; but because I knew you did not care for me I was too proud to let you see it, or——"

"Oh, my darling!" I cried in despair; "why did you not tell me this before? and how could you be so blind as not to see that it is love for you, or rather the fear of never being able to win yours, which has been killing me? And now it is all too late—too late!"

I folded her to my heart as I spoke; and so absorbed in each other had we become, that for some time we did not perceive that we were now quite alone on the deserted wreck, round which an ominous silence reigned, for the last boat had departed, and the fog was so thick that it was out of sight as well as hearing. Indeed, it was owing to the denseness of the fog, and the fact that the helmsman could not see where he was going, that by a strange coincidence, almost simultaneously with the accident, the vessel ran upon a sort of sandbank, where the bow stuck fast and remained immoveable, while the rest filled and sank. To the bow we climbed, and though there was very little of it out of the water, there was yet sufficient for us to cling to, and thus enable us to keep our heads and shoulders above it. But it was both a painful and awful position, for every nerve was strained, and we expected that each moment would be our last; nevertheless, we were obliged to remain in it during all the long hours of that never-to-be-forgotten night—a night apparently so interminable that ages of time seemed to have passed over us ere it ended.

However, when the morning dawned, a joyful surprise awaited us. By some miscalculation—a most fortunate one for us—we had been much nearer land when the accident occurred than was thought; so near indeed that the people on shore could distinctly see the submerged wreck with their glasses; and as they did so as soon as it was daylight, and immediately sent over a boat for us, it thus came to pass that after all our pains and perils we got safe to land at last.

Once we got there, all was well; and before long, the danger through which we had passed, and the night of terror we had spent, seemed only like a frightful dream, from which we awoke to a delicious sense of peace and repose. I soon begun to feel better too. The secret sorrow which had been eating my heart away having been removed, my bodily health improved rapidly, and in

time I became quite myself again. Meanwhile, my wife's delight at my recovery was literally boundless ; and as she had also the discovery of my love for her to rejoice over, the joy-bells rang out such constant and merry peals in both our hearts at this period, that for some time I do believe neither of us had a wish ungratified.

Oh ! what pleasant days we spent together then, and what a bright world we lived in ! What long walks we had, too, when I became equal to so much exertion ; and what endless *talks* about the birth and growth of that feeling which had sprung up so mysteriously in the breast of each, unknown to the other, and which was now shedding such sweet influence over our lives that earth appeared, suddenly transformed into a fairer place, and no element seemed wanting to render our happiness perfect !

Never was there a more prosaic or less romantic fellow than I had been previously ; but every man has his day—that day which comes no more than once to any of us—and this was mine, wherein I was enabled to enjoy life and its pleasures with such a keen and superadded zest, that it appeared as though I had all at once acquired a new sense by means of which the others were quickened and intensified. But then, in addition to our new-found treasure, there was much in our position and surroundings to make us feel uncommonly jolly at this juncture also. For as I always maintain that love in a large handsome house is a far pleasanter sort of thing than love in a cottage, so am I likewise of opinion that happiness is doubly happiness when experienced beneath cloudless skies, and in such rich and glowing scenes as those amid which we then found ourselves. We had ample means ; we were comparatively young ; life extended in a long vista far and fair before us ; we had pitched our tent in a most lovely spot ; and above all, we were enjoying such a perfect climate that I have really seen days there when, so to speak, abstractions seemed to be-

come sensuous, and thoughts so palpable and tangible, as it were, that I almost fancied I could see into the very heart of things, and hear the voice of Nature as she chanted her low, soft hymn. And when the beauty of surrounding objects, from being seen with such marvellous clearness and distinctness, affected me so powerfully, and all around, above, and beneath, was pervaded by such a subtle charm, I felt as if I had only existed before, and was now *living* for the first time and in the fullest acceptance of that word.

But such a state of things did not last, of course. Long before my cure was perfected, I one day received a letter from England, which contained such disastrous tidings, that for some time I could hardly realize the extent of the misfortune which had befallen us. It was from my man of business, who informed me that we not only had been living too fast, but that the Australian firm, in which most of my wife's money was invested, having failed, we were consequently reduced from affluence to comparative poverty ! This was a sad blow to me, I must confess ; but indeed it was chiefly on Leslie's account that I felt it to be so. I could not bear to think that she should be deprived of the comforts and luxuries to which she was accustomed ; and what added poignancy to my distress of mind was, that I had at least been partly instrumental in bringing about her ruin. But when she looked up smiling into my face, and assured me both with tongue and eyes, that so long as we were left together nothing could seem an evil to her, I took comfort ; and, though I still suffered horribly from the thought that this calamity might have been averted had I been at the trouble of investigating into the state of affairs for her sake I hid my trouble far away out of sight, and, with every appearance of cheerfulness, set about making plans for the future, and regarding the very different life we should have to lead when we returned home.

I need hardly add that this crash obliged us at once to hasten back to

England. And it also almost goes without saying, that when we got there I took care to chaff my cousin about having inveigled me into marrying for a fortune which, like Fairy money, had crumbled into nothingness in my grasp. *She* said it was very strange, and admitted that it was most provoking—but *I* knew it

was all “khismet.” I had married for dross and lost it; but I found in its stead the pure gold of affection, and in the unspeakable happiness which it brought me, I was enabled to look upon my loss as a gain, and to bless the fate which had given me my little wife, even though she was not an heiress.

## TWO HOMES.

*To a young English lady in a military Hospital at Carlsruhe. Sept. 1870.*

WHAT do the dark eyes of the dying find  
 To waken dream or memory, seeing you?  
 In your sweet eyes what other eyes are blue,  
 And in your hair what gold hair on the wind  
 Floats of the days gone almost out of mind?  
 In deep green valleys of the Father-land  
 He may remember girls with locks like thine;  
 May guess how, where the waiting angels stand,  
 Some lost love's eyes grow dim before they shine  
 With welcome:—so past homes, or homes to be,  
 He sees a moment, ere, a moment blind,  
 He crosses Death's inhospitable sea,  
 And with brief passage of those barren lands  
 Comes to the home that is not made with hands.

A. L.

## AMERICAN EXPERIENCE IN THE RELIEF OF THE POOR.

BY JAMES BRYCE.

It is at first sight surprising that there should be anything for Englishmen to learn from Americans in the matter of the relief of the poor. One is accustomed to think of the United States as the paradise of the poor, the land of plenty, comfort, and contentment; and this notion is so far a true one that pauperism is an infinitely smaller and less threatening phenomenon there than it is here. Everywhere in the Northern and Western States the great bulk of the land is in the hands of those who till it, so that there is no class corresponding to the wretched agricultural labourers of our English counties. In all but perhaps half-a-dozen of the cities, as well as in the manufacturing and mining districts of New England and Pennsylvania, work is usually abundant, wages are everywhere high, and the existence of great tracts of unoccupied land and of rising towns all round the great lakes and in the Mississippi basin, makes it easy for any working man who does not prosper at home to move off to a more promising field, travelling being both cheap and easy. Of the diffusion of education and its effects there is no need to speak. Pauperism, therefore, is comparatively limited in its area, and does not, as in England, menace the stability of the political fabric; it is not a "question" in American politics; but for the rapid influx of Irish immigrants it would be altogether insignificant. But at present, though virtually limited to the great cities of the Atlantic seaboard, it is not insignificant. For there exists in these cities a genuine permanent pauper class, the same in kind as, although of course incomparably less numerous than, that which we have learnt to know and dread in England—a class which does not want to work, does not care to emigrate to regions

where work is hard, though abundant and well paid, and which, if it did migrate, would be found too weak, physically and morally, either for severe labour or for the exigencies of an isolated life in forest or prairie. So far as can be made out this class does not increase, but its mere existence is a dangerous symptom, a symptom which the Americans however, filled with confidence in the resources of their country, think lightly of, and are therefore somewhat less concerned to extirpate than one could wish. In this matter, as in many others, one is greatly struck by the way in which our descendants in the United States have preserved one of the most characteristic bits of English character, while yet avoiding, it must be confessed, some of its least happy results. Like the English, they have a dislike to all abstract reasonings, and to all presentations of what may be called the theory, the broad, leading principles, of a practical subject. For the so-called "*wissenschaftlicher Geist*" they have little sympathy. That frequently over-formal process of systematic investigation in which a German delights is to them not merely wearisome, but positively offensive: even political declaimers recur far less frequently to general principles, and when they do are less able to deal effectively with them, than the like declaimers would in France or Italy. But they are much quicker and smarter in getting rid of a practical inconvenience than we in England are, make less account of traditions, established rules, vested interests; and when a particular arrangement or project has been shown to be promising, they go straight at it, sweeping away intermediate difficulties, and not stopping to inquire whether or no it can be made part of a general scheme,

or is conformable to any comprehensive principles. No doubt the circumstances, economical and political, of the United States, make it easier to introduce obvious practical reforms there than it is here, but something must also be set down to the more agile and enterprising spirit of the people. Thus it happens that although the great doctrines of political economy are most imperfectly understood in America, and though the subject of pauperism and the expediency of having any Poor-law whatever, has been scarcely discussed, certainly very much less discussed than in England, as great or greater progress has been made in the way of dealing practically with the pauper class. The area in which the experiments in this matter have been tried is indeed limited, but their conditions are so similar in many respects to our own, that the method and the results attained are almost as full of instruction for us as if the trial had been made at home. In this, as in most other things, America is far nearer to us than either she or we to the nations of the European continent; and we may profit much better by her example in the way either of imitation or avoidance than we can by theirs. There is no great difference in the law of the two nations, and still less in their religion; the social instincts, sympathies, and prejudices of the people are substantially the same; both alike are possessed by a belief in the principle of *laissez faire*; dislike State interference, even when the State is their own creation; have little taste for uniformity of method, or logical consistency of principle, and great confidence in the possibility of putting everything straight by the action of vigorous individuals.

Pauperism, as has been said, is at present virtually confined to the great Atlantic cities. It is of two only of these, though both important, and both in different ways typical, that the present writer can undertake to speak.

Massachusetts is often described as the model State of the Union, and Boston as the model city. Although

now left behind other districts in respect of wealth and population, and losing her once prominent position in politics, New England, along with the intellectual leadership of the nation, preserves a higher tone and a higher moral practice than can easily be found elsewhere. The primitive manners of the country are said to be vanishing with its primitive beliefs, but the people uphold its traditional reputation for sobriety, purity, orderliness, industry, firmness of character and purpose. Massachusetts is in all respects confessedly at the head of New England, and is probably the best governed and best regulated community beyond the Atlantic. Nowhere in the world, except perhaps in Switzerland, does one find so perfect an accord between the laws and the sentiments of the people, and so hearty a co-operation on the part of the people with those who are appointed to administer the laws. Self-government appears in its most attractive form, everyone feels that in obeying and aiding the law he is serving his own ends. One is prepared therefore to find in Boston not only judicious legislation on the subject of pauperism, but an active interest on the part of private citizens in its suppression, and a combination of private with official agencies for this object. And this is the point in the Boston system to which it is chiefly desirable to call attention.

The provisions of the Massachusetts Poor-law do not seem to differ much, in essentials, from those of our English law. Persons having a legal settlement are entitled to relief in the place where the settlement has been acquired, out of the funds raised by local taxation; the care of the unsettled poor devolves on the State. Hence, in Boston (population 250,526, of whom 172,450 were born in the United States), the city, represented by the Overseers of the poor, undertakes to provide only for the poor having a legal settlement, and for the sick poor, who cannot well be removed to their place of settlement. The unsettled poor, including, of course, the bulk of the Irish, are left to the State

officials, who receive them in the almshouse or the (almost penal) workhouse, and to private charity. Persons who have settlements elsewhere in the State are, however, frequently, perhaps usually, relieved by the Overseers, but at the charge of the town where they have their settlement. The number of the unsettled poor being large, and the distress among them, especially among the friendless and improvident immigrants, being often great (the terrors of an American winter can hardly be realized here), societies sprang up, which endeavoured, by means of voluntary subscriptions, to aid these unfortunates, giving out-door relief and medical attendance, or trying to find work for them. In course of time it was perceived that the action of these societies, unconnected with one another, involved great waste of money and pains, and even encouraged idleness, by giving opportunities of relief in several quarters. All the evils which a melancholy experience has made so familiar in London, the evils of lax and unorganized charity, appeared in Boston, though, indeed, in far less grave proportions. At last the brilliant idea, as simple as brilliant, occurred to some of the workers, that most of this waste and mischief might be avoided by establishing closer relations between the different charitable agencies, legal and voluntary, and that the first step to this was the bringing them into local proximity. A pretty large building was accordingly erected by the municipality in a central position, to which the office of the Overseers of the poor was transferred, and in other rooms of which free accommodation was offered to various charitable societies. In the basement was placed the dispensary, and the room of the city physician; on the ground floor (which the Americans call the first floor) the apartments on the left hand as one enters belong to the Overseers of the poor, those on the right hand to the Industrial Aid Society, of which more anon. Upstairs, on the first floor, accommodation is given to the Boston Provident Association, the great charitable society of the city, to the

Boston Ladies' City Relief Agency, and to the Boston Ladies' Sewing Circle. Rooms have also been allotted to the Boston Soldier's Fund, the Massachusetts Soldiers' Fund, and the Young Men's Benevolent Society. Several others remain still unoccupied, and in these it is proposed to receive any other societies which may desire to have a place, and are important enough to deserve it. Each society sits rent free, but defrays the expenses of cleaning, lighting, and firing the room or rooms allotted to it. A few yards off is the Temporary Home, an institution under the management of the Overseers of the poor, of which I shall speak presently.

The distinguishing feature and merit of this Boston system is the intimate communication maintained between these different centres of charitable action, and the co-operation which is thereby secured. How the whole organization works will be best understood by showing the function of each member.

The Overseers of the poor, established on the ground floor of the Charity Building, are charged by law with the relief of the poor who have a settlement in Boston, and of the unsettled sick poor. The mode of relief, and the quantity, is practically left to their discretion.<sup>1</sup> Their officers distribute out-door relief in the form of food and fuel sparingly, and never to the able-bodied; a strict record being kept of all persons aided, and of the circumstances under which aid is given. As respects in-door relief, the city maintains an almshouse, into which the aged and permanently infirm are admitted; and also a house called the Temporary Home, where women and children only may be received for a few days, until work can be found for them, or some arrangement made for sending them to the locality where they may happen to have a settlement. In the year 1870-71, there were ad-

<sup>1</sup> 1,750 families were aided in Boston by the Overseers in the year 1870-71, besides 122 aided in other parts of the State, for whom Boston paid. Total expenditure for the year, \$68,874 (£13,932).

mitted to it 1,333 persons, 211 of whom were natives, 645 foreigners, and 477 children ; total expenditure, 8,113 dols. As the Home is intended for occasional applicants only, the permanently infirm are sent to the almshouse, and professional beggars rejected altogether. It is, therefore, anything but a "casual ward."

Able-bodied paupers, vagrants, and the whole class whom our old laws describe as "sturdy beggars," are refused all out-door relief, and if they insist on being supported are sent, under sentence for a fixed term, to the workhouse on Deer Island (an island at the mouth of Boston Harbour), where they are kept at work, and subject to an almost penal discipline. By thus pointedly separating the four classes of poor, the aged and infirm, the sick, women and children left temporarily helpless, and the able-bodied, and dealing with each on different principles, pauperism, say the Bostonians, is kept down, and the legal claims on the public purse reduced to the lowest point.

Next in importance to the Overseers of the poor stands the Boston Provident Association. As the Overseers deal with the settled poor, so this association, which depends entirely on voluntary contributions, makes the unsettled its special care, although it will sometimes also aid those who have a settlement, if the case seems a suitable one, and has not been already undertaken by the Overseers. Its organization is simple and effective, and consists of a central office, established in the Charity Building, and a staff of district visitors, unpaid volunteers. The city is mapped out into twelve districts, each placed under the charge of a committee of three persons, and each subdivided into sections, 167 in all. Every section has its visitor, who acts under the general directions of the district committee, and makes a monthly report to the central office of the visits he has paid and the relief he has distributed. His duty is to visit at his dwelling every poor person in his section who is either sent to him by a member

of the association (or, indeed, by any other person) or whose case is reported to him from the central office, to inquire into the history and present condition of the applicant for relief, record what he hears and sees in his book, and, if he thinks the case a proper one, give the applicant an order on one of the tradesmen employed by the Association for articles of food and fuel, and an order on the central office for articles of clothing. Money is in no case to be given, except under the special authorization of the district committee ; no person is ever to be relieved, except in the section where he lives, and by its visitor or his deputy ; assistance is to be withheld, except in cases of the extremest need, not only from the drunken, but even from their families, rules whose wisdom both English and American experience are sufficient to approve. This staff of committees and visitors are all directed by and in close communication with the central office, presided over by a paid secretary, called the General Agent. His duties are to advise the visitors, and supply them with any information which the office may possess respecting the applicants, to receive and preserve their monthly reports, to superintend the distribution of the clothes and food which may be applied for under the order of a visitor. He also sees those indigent persons who come directly for relief to the Charity Building, referring those who appear deserving to the visitor in whose section they reside, repelling the professional vagrants, and turning over able-bodied men who are willing to work to the officers of the Industrial Aid Society. Thus he holds in his hands the threads of the whole organization, and is able to discover and correct irregularities in its working.<sup>1</sup>

The Industrial Aid Society, as has been said, has rooms in the Charity Building on the ground floor, opposite

<sup>1</sup> In 1869-70 the expenditure of the Association was \$17,600 (£3,667), its visitors paid 7,500 visits to 2,627 families, containing 8,098 persons. 1,654 applications at the central office were recorded.

those of the Overseers. Its function is to find work for those who are willing to work, thus relieving the Overseers and the Provident Association of a serious task, and enabling them at once to test the good faith of those who apply to them for relief. Its aim, an aim as yet of course only partially realized, is the establishment of a comprehensive labour agency; and in this view it relies not only on employers in Boston and the neighbouring towns, but keeps up communication with the North and West, ascertaining by its agents there in what localities there is a demand for labour, and for what kinds of labour, and directing the unemployed in Boston to the most promising field. Its expenses are defrayed partly by subscriptions, partly by a small fee charged on those employers, not being subscribers, who seek through it to obtain workmen. Its officials listen to all applicants, by whomsoever sent. But they are in a special manner serviceable to their neighbours the Overseers and the Provident Association, who can at once get rid of able-bodied paupers by sending them across the passage or down stairs to the Industrial Aid rooms, and can ascertain from its records whether or no such an applicant was offered work before and refused to take it. In the eighteen months preceding May 1871, 9,683 persons applied at the office of the Society; places were found for 3,288 of these, and assistance was given in other ways to others. The Society has lately started a scheme for the importation of Swedish domestics and labourers. Good female domestic servants are greatly wanted in America.

Of the minor charitable societies accommodated in the Charity Building, and of the other benevolent institutions of the city, little need be said: they seem to be relatively less important than the two above mentioned, and I am not able to give many facts about them. Of the so-called Sewing Circles, which are numerous in the city, many of them being connected with particular congregations, one has a place of meeting

on the first floor, opposite the rooms of the Provident Association; and is found useful in the way of providing clothes for distribution to the poor. A sewing circle is a society of ladies who not only do something themselves in the way of making articles of clothing, but give out sewing to poor women, paying them for what they do, and then giving away the made-up things, or, which is found to answer better, handing them over to the Provident Association to be distributed to deserving persons. As usually happens when there are several independent organizations at work, one hears of some waste and some mischief caused by the minor societies, the poor receiving aid from more than one society at the same time. It is agreed, however, that these evils are lessening under the system of joint action just described. Charitable people are beginning to feel the duty of strict investigation; and the habit which the citizens are forming of coming to the Charity Building for information respecting any case of distress makes imposture more easily detected than heretofore.

Pauperism is a much more serious matter in New York than in Boston, not only because the former city is so much the larger, and grows so much more swiftly, but also because the proportion of indigent immigrants is incomparably greater. Nearly all the European emigration enters the United States at New York, and a considerable part of it, to wit, the more helpless and ignorant of the Irish, get no further, but sink into a condition not unlike that of their compatriots in Liverpool or Glasgow—a condition of squalor, misery, and vice. New York is moreover a great seaport, with a large fluctuating population, among whom crime is more readily committed and more easily escapes detection than in the settled society of an inland town, or of a comparatively quiet place like Boston. Nowhere is a wise, vigorous, and upright municipal administration more needed than in New York, and nowhere is the want of it so conspicuous an evil. According to the evidence of

nearly every moderate and sensible American one meets, New York is beyond all comparison the worst governed city in the States, probably one of the worst, that is to say, most corruptly, governed in the civilized world.<sup>1</sup> Fortunately, it is quite exceptional in America, as the conditions which have made it what it is are quite exceptional. It is, so to speak, a foul, stagnant pond, into which all the drains and polluted streams of Europe and America have been discharging themselves, the rascaldom of all the eastern half of the States as well as the ignorance and wretchedness of Ireland and our own cities. New York, moreover, wants civic character, wants the permanent element which exists in Boston and Philadelphia: it is a huge, fluctuating mass of human beings, gathered on one spot for the sake of gain, but with no local patriotic feeling, no municipal sympathies. It is, in fact, exposed to all the evils of London added to all the evils of Liverpool; and has others of its own, arising from the peculiar form of government which prevails there, and which might almost be described as the rule of the worst—the most ignorant, most rude, most easily misguided part of the population. And this again is quite peculiar to New York, and is to be charged not on universal suffrage, which in many parts of the States works so well, much less on democracy, but on the application of universal suffrage to a set of conditions for which it is quite unfit.

To explain more fully the causes of the corruption and misgovernment of the city would be beside the purpose of the present paper, and I mention it only for the sake of showing, firstly, how grave is the form which pauperism takes in such a city, where the power that ought to restrain and correct is itself immoral, where criminals leagued with men in office frequently escape punishment, where physical distress existing in a turbulent and ill-compacted population may easily break

out into riots and plunderings; and secondly, how much more difficult it is here than in Boston to establish a close and harmonious co-operation between the municipal authorities, who are charged with the relief of the poor, and the voluntary organizations which exist for the same object. It is indeed true that the departments of the city government which are concerned with education and with the criminal and pauper population are managed with much more purity and efficiency than the other departments are said to be; but a suspicion seems to have attached itself to everything which is under party management, and respectable citizens do not and will not identify themselves with the administration as they do in Massachusetts.

New York City does not, even in common speech, much less in official strictness, include that mass of houses which surrounds the point where the Hudson, or North River, as the natives call it, meets the Sound, or East River. Brooklyn, on Long Island, Jersey City, in the State of New Jersey, Harlem and Hoboken, on the mainland to the north-east, are all quite distinct from the city proper, which occupies the southern part of Manhattan Island, and has a population of 942,292, the total population of all the towns put together being something over a million and a half. What follows must be understood to refer to the city proper. The public body, to which is entrusted the care not only of its poor, but also of the prisons, hospitals, asylums, and other similar institutions, goes by the name of the Board of Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, and is composed of four members, who report annually to the Legislature of the State. The law under which the indigent can claim relief is in substance similar to that which prevails in Massachusetts; indeed, the Poor-laws do not seem to vary greatly over the whole of the Republic. In-door relief is given partly in the almshouse, where the aged and infirm are received and supported (number in the institution on the 1st Jan.

<sup>1</sup> This was written before the recent disclosures, which confirm only too completely what had long been suspected.

1870, 1,114; expenditure for the year 1869, \$63,541 or £13,233 and partly in the workhouse, a sort of penal institution, to which vagrants may be committed for short periods, and where they, as well as able-bodied applicants for help, against whom the almshouse is strictly closed, are kept constantly at work. The total number of admissions here during the year 1869 was 16,139, most of them of course for short periods, the total nett expenses \$50,470, or £10,514. Many of the worst cases admitted at the workhouse are passed on to the Inebriate Asylum, an establishment where persons of intemperate habits are placed under a strict discipline, kept to work, and, as far as possible, restored to health. As to the success of the plan, opinions differ; it is, however, an undoubted gain to have these unhappy beings subjected to a special and curative treatment. For the purposes of out-door relief the city is divided into eleven districts, to each of which a paid visitor is allotted, whose duty it is to make a personal examination into the condition of every applicant for relief resident in the district, and report thereon to the general superintendent. Applications are addressed to, and relief granted by, this superintendent at the central office. Assistance is, as much as possible, confined to the sick, and to those whose misfortunes seem due to some temporary and unavoidable cause; it is usually refused to the able-bodied. One of the most striking natural advantages of New York has been judiciously turned to account in the management of its correctional system. In the East River, the channel which leads into Long Island Sound, there lie a number of islands, some mere rocks, others some acres in extent; and on several of these various public institutions have been placed. Thus Blackwell's Island contains the almshouse and workhouse, lunatic asylum, a penitentiary, and hospitals. Randall's Island has other hospitals, and the nurseries, where children abandoned by their parents are placed; Ward's Island, the Inebriate Asylum and Soldiers' Retreat; Hart's Island, the

Industrial School. The isolation thus secured is found beneficial in many ways: escape becomes more difficult; infection is more easily checked; fresh air and room for exercise and out-door work are secured; while the proximity to one another of the several institutions makes it comparatively easy to work them as component and necessary members of one comprehensive organization.

The voluntary charitable agencies of New York are far too numerous and important to be described here; I shall be content with a short account of that one which has most influence on the condition of the pauper class,—I mean the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, formed in 1843, and incorporated in 1848. Its system of action is, in general, similar to that of the Boston Provident Association; though the sphere of its operations, including all New York City (*i.e.* the city on Manhattan Island), is greatly larger. It divides this area into twenty-two districts (the city wards), and these again into sections, three hundred and seventy-three in all; each district has its advisory committee of five persons, and each section its (unpaid) visitor, under whose charge there are, on an average, some fifteen or twenty families. The leading principles on which the Association proceeds are these:—No relief is given except through the visitor of the section in which the applicant resides, nor by a visitor to any person resident out of his section. Relief is given only after a personal investigation of each case by visiting and inquiry; it is given in food, fuel, and clothing only, not in money, except with the express approval of the District Committee. It is refused to the able-bodied, and also to those who, from age or permanent infirmity, are likely to continue dependent; such cases are referred to the Commissioners of Public Charities, on whom they have a legal claim, the object of the Association being rather to give such temporary help to deserving persons as may enable them to recover their posi-

tion, and become again self-supporting. Abstinence from intoxicating liquors, unless ordered as a medicine, is strictly required from every person aided. Each visitor makes his report to the central office monthly. In the year 1870 the income of the Association, derived entirely from subscriptions, amounted to \$53,037 (£11,050); its disbursements were \$51,010 (£10,627); 22,671 visits were paid; and 22,120 persons relieved, more than seventy per cent of whom were persons of foreign birth, mostly, of course, Irish immigrants. The services of this Association appear to be very valuable, and its methods efficient; occasionally, perhaps, the unpaid visitor is too easy in dispensing relief, but the advantages of working by means of such visitors are so great, that this fault, which the permanent staff are always anxious to check, is comparatively slight. One hears it said, that in hard winters it is only the presence and help of the Association that prevent the outbreak of food riots.

There are of course many other charitable organizations in New York City, for an account of which there is no space here. Conspicuous among them is the Children's Aid Society, which devotes itself to the work of gathering into industrial schools, reading rooms, and lodging houses, the homeless children of the city, keeping them out of the worst temptations as they grow up, and sending off to the West those who are willing to accept situations there. Under its efforts vagrancy and juvenile crime have already sensibly diminished, and the spread of pauperism is indirectly checked. Where there are many agencies, there is of course a loss of power involved in the separate maintenance of a number of offices, each with its staff; and the absence of any regular concert between them, and between all of them and the public administration, is felt, one is told, to be a serious misfortune. Partly owing to a want of proper machinery, partly to want of confidence in some of its officials, the State has not succeeded in making the most of the philanthropic energy of private citizens, nowhere

more abundant or more earnest than it is in America.

The moral of the facts which I have tried thus briefly to sketch is not without value for us in England, and especially in London, where the difficulties of pauperism are beyond all comparison greater than anywhere else. The experience of America confirms with singular exactness all the main conclusions at which our economists and administrators have arrived, respecting the dangers necessarily incident to a system of legally claimable relief.<sup>1</sup> There, as here, it is found that the more easily relief is given, so much the greater is the demand for it; that the least indulgence or laxity, especially in the dispensation of out-door aid, is immediately followed by an alarming increase of indigence. There, as here, intemperance is the chief cause of misery, and the efforts of philanthropists are chiefly devoted to checking it, even by means which impose some little hardship on the temperate. There, as here, the result of the continued relief of pauperism is seen to be the creation of a definite pauper class which not only won't work, but really can't work, which is physically too weak and mentally too shiftless and dependent to undertake severe physical toil or grapple with the difficulties of a new Western settlement. There, as here, imposture raises its head wherever several charitable agencies are at work independently. Nor are facts wanting to show that there, as well as here, the existence of a legal provision has begun to demoralize those who can perfectly well support themselves, and to produce, even where work is abundant, a class of hereditary

<sup>1</sup> It need hardly be said that very similar, although perhaps not precisely the same, dangers attend a system of lax and indiscriminate relief managed by a private organization, or resting on casual almsgiving. In Australia (according to a statement which I find in Mr. Fawcett's valuable *Lectures on Pauperism*), the poor are aided by voluntary societies, largely subvented by the State, and pauperism is greatly on the increase, although work is abundant, wages high, and the country generally flourishing.

paupers. These conclusions are so abundantly clear upon the evidence which our own wretched condition furnishes, that no proof from abroad is wanted; the marvel is that the general public cannot be got to grasp reasonings so simple, or accept results established beyond all possibility of cavil. Here, as well as in America, sentiment—a sentiment which is often more allied to self-indulgence and laziness than to true charity—overpowers reason. We denounce Malthusianism as harsh and inhuman: we prefer the temporary relief of distress to the ultimate elevation of the labouring class: we strengthen and diffuse pauperism by the gifts that are meant to relieve it: we pump petroleum upon the flames. In America, however, the question is not as yet a grave one, and the attention of the nation has scarcely been called to it: here, where it is certainly the darkest cloud on our horizon, one may well be surprised that so little alarm is felt, and so little anxiety shown to ascertain and observe true principles of action.

It is more pleasant to call attention to the merits of the American system, and point out how distinctly the success of the expedients adopted there confirms the views which have been put forward by some of our most thoughtful publicists here in England. What has been done in Boston illustrates very forcibly the advantages of combining the action of the public office for relief with that of private charitable organizations. Each office renders incalculable services to the other in collecting information respecting the condition of the poor generally; as well as the characters and circumstances of individual applicants. All that the Overseers know is at the disposal of the Provident Association; all that has been collected and recorded by the visitors of the Association can at once be used by the Overseers. Both bodies therefore can feel more security that they are either relieving or refusing relief on adequate grounds; and there is little or no danger that both should be relieving the same person at the same time. It becomes possible for them to

make a division of labour, and to turn the efforts of each organization to the quarter where the need is for the time greatest. The citizens acquire confidence in bodies which work with so much regularity and in such clear light. Indiscriminate private almsgiving is repressed by the knowledge that the work of relief is in competent hands, and the zeal of individuals can be turned to account in the service of a Society whose accumulated experience and fixed principles of action enable it to direct such zeal wisely. Hardly less conspicuous is the gain of having the other minor charitable societies in such close local juxtaposition and familiar communication with the Overseers and the Provident Association. When an able-bodied man applies for relief to the Overseers, they have only to lead him across the passage to the rooms of the Industrial Aid Society, and his merits will there be at once tested by the offer of work. When a poor woman has been visited by one of the Provident visitors, he can send her to the general agent, suggesting that sewing might profitably be given her. The agent directs her to the room of the Ladies' Sewing Circle, also in the Charity Building, where her request for work will be attended to, or possibly commends her to the care of the Ladies' City Relief Agency, telling them whatever the visitor has ascertained. All this goes on under the roof of the Charity Building; and, as other benevolent societies are allowed to use its vacant rooms for their meetings, the members of all these get accustomed to look on the building as the centre of charitable action for all Boston; they group themselves more and more round the leading agencies which work from thence, and by degrees come to understand the principles on which relief ought to be conducted. Considering in how many ways co-operation increases the effectiveness of each body of workers, and how essential local contiguity is to co-operation, one is not surprised to find that the Bostonians look upon the establishment of the

Charity Building as the beginning of a new era in their municipal administration. The vast size of London, and the multifariousness of the benevolent agencies which must be kept on foot in it, would make it impossible for us to follow the example of Boston exactly in this matter; but the principle might well be applied both here and in the other great pauper-ridden cities of England and Scotland.

New York, although the management of all its public institutions, corrective as well as charitable, is fortunately vested in the same board, has no such system of combined voluntary and official action as that which has been described at Boston. But New York, not less than Boston, supplies very satisfactory evidence of the possibility of organizing district visiting on a great scale,<sup>1</sup> and of securing, by means of a trained staff of volunteers, the personal examination of every case in which relief is applied for, and the appointment of the kind of relief which is needed. The city on Manhattan Island has now nearly a million souls; it has grown with unexampled rapidity; its pauperism is of a bad type; its citizens are absorbed fully as much as ours in business and in social enjoyments. But the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has found no great difficulty in keeping abreast of the work to be done; its organization by districts and sections has been extended over the new quarters that have sprung up and has been strengthened in the old haunts of indigence; and the scantily manned central office seems able to hold all the strings in its hand, and direct the four hundred visitors on principles whose soundness is approved by their success in keeping pauperism in check. The tendency of the visitors, one hears, is towards a rather too liberal dispensation of help; but this error, which longer

experience constantly tends to correct, is no great price to pay for the services of so many private citizens—services which are of the utmost reflex benefit to themselves and the class they belong to.

In urging the importance of never giving relief except after an investigation into the applicant's circumstances and history, and the extreme care to be shown in making gifts of money, it is hardly necessary to appeal to American experience; our own is so ample. No maxims, however, are more earnestly insisted on by those who direct the Boston and New York Associations. They absolutely refuse to give relief, except by or on the specific report of the visitor for the district in which the applicant resides; and such visitor is bound to visit the house before he either relieves or reports. Both they and the official Overseers of the poor dilate in their reports on the dangers attending all out-door relief, and exhort the visitors and charitable citizens generally to be exceedingly cautious in giving any help except that which is obviously of a temporary character, sufficient to help a family, so to speak, over the stile, and set them again in the way to help themselves. In Boston, at least, public out-door relief seems to be entirely confined to the sick and to helpless women.

In the matter of in-door public relief, the Americans seem to effect a great deal of good by the marked distinction they draw between the almshouse and the workhouse. The former is in the towns fairly comfortable (in the country it is often very much the reverse<sup>1</sup>), and the infirm and aged admitted there are subjected to no hard discipline. But the workhouse, whither a man who can work and won't work finds himself despatched, is a very disagreeable place,

<sup>1</sup> In mentioning this, I cannot refrain from referring to Miss Stephen's admirable book, *The Service of the Poor*. Its immediate subject is the utility of Sisterhoods, but it abounds with thoughtful and judicious remarks which bear upon the general question.

<sup>1</sup> I saw only one country almshouse, the rather wretched one of Tomkins County, N.Y., a few miles from Ithaca; but it may be gathered from Professor Dwight's valuable paper in the Transactions of the American Social Science Association, that the condition of these establishments is generally unsatisfactory.

practically, in fact, a house of correction. Its discipline is uniform and stringent, and as its inmates are all of them persons of obviously undeserving character, vagrants, drunkards, sturdy beggars, people who come there not through misfortune, but in virtue of a judicial sentence, or because they persist in claiming relief from the Overseers after being warned to help themselves, this stringency can be justly and fairly maintained, without yielding to those gusts of popular sentiment that disturb the administration of our workhouses, which are places of refuge for the unfortunate as well as the culpably idle.

The Industrial Aid Society of Boston is an institution which well deserves to be imitated in our English towns. It furnishes the best means of discriminating the well-intentioned from the idle and worthless pauper; and succeeds in relieving a great deal of distress in the healthiest way, by simply directing labour to the place where it is wanted. Acting in conjunction with the Overseers and the Provident Association, it disburdens them to a great extent of the care of the able-bodied poor, and saves infinite vexation and waste to honest immigrants by informing them of the market in which there happens to be, at the moment, a demand for their kind of labour. This can be done rather more easily in America than in England, work is so much more abundant, and wages so much higher. On the other hand, the distances to which labourers would have to be sent are in England by no means so great, and the more complex variety of our industries makes some such agency even more needed than in the States.

America is a country full of good works and labours of love; and there is much that is cheering in the vigour and ingenuity, as well as in the benevolence with which indigence is relieved and crime grappled with in its great cities. In New York and Massachusetts, they are not only kept in check, but pauperism, at least, is being reduced, relatively to the increase of population.

All this is cheering. But it is dis-

heartening to see pauperism at all in a new country, where it ought never to have been suffered to set its loathsome foot, and whence it might even now be expelled by the exercise of a little more foresight and resolution. The same indisposition to take a comprehensive survey of phenomena, to deal with the sources of a disease instead of its symptoms, which is so often remarked in English policy, is also strong among the Americans; partly from easy good nature, partly from not understanding the danger, they are suffering the evils of the Old World to strike such deep root that it will be hard ever after to eradicate them. Intoxicated with the greatness of their country, happy in dilating on its material resources and the swiftness with which these have been developed, seeing all around them the trophies of their own restless activity, they have acquired an unbounded confidence in the future of the nation, and are in some danger of forgetting that even these resources must find a limit, and that they cannot alone insure the well-being and grandeur of a people, whose moral and social tone may possibly suffer from a too rapid growth in material prosperity. The old diseases of politics and society are quick to show themselves, more or less disguised in form but substantially the same, in all our colonies, and spread not less swiftly than the community they infect. A time will come when the causes which have produced pauperism in Europe will operate with hardly less intensity in America, when the best lands in the Mississippi valley will have been occupied, when all necessary railways and other public works will have been executed, when the pressure of population will have become as great as it is now in England without the relief which in England emigration offers. If things are suffered to go on as now, and that incentive to sloth and vice, a Poor-law, is maintained, the pauperism which is said to be already beginning to exist in Chicago and St. Louis will have swelled to dangerous proportions in those splendid cities, and have found its way, draw-

ing a swarm of mischiefs in its train, to newer and as yet untouched centres of industry, to places like Dubuque and Minneapolis. American society is in many respects so much healthier, better, more stable than society in Europe, that one is loth to express anything but satisfaction in contemplating its future. Nevertheless, the question cannot but be asked, whether its merits are as great as they might have been and ought to have been, whether the most is being made of the unequalled advantages with which the nation started. In the North American colonies nature and history, so to speak, combined to offer to a vigorous race a golden opportunity of founding society on a new and sounder

basis, free from the inheritance of ancient misery and crime which clings to it in the States of Europe—an opportunity perhaps singular in the past annals of the world, an opportunity which assuredly can never recur. Proportionately great will be the disappointment if such an opportunity should prove to have been in a measure neglected or misused, if from the want of a little judgment and foresight at a critical moment the evils and follies which in Europe have grown to be almost part of its people should be suffered to spring up anew in America, to spread as only evil can spread, and poison the life of our remote descendants.

# PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS' RESIDENCE IN IRELAND.

BY JOHN HAMILTON OF ST. ERNAN'S.

## V.

### A STRANGER IN TROUBLE.

At a time when Daniel O'Connell and Mr. Lawless, commonly called Jack Lawless, were agitating in the north of Ireland (especially Lawless), I was travelling with my wife and two children between Londonderry and Coleraine. The evening was closing in, when, going up a tolerably steep ascent, one of the carriage-horses refused to pull, and all the efforts and contrivances of the coachman could not induce him to do his duty. We coaxed and we whipped, we changed sides, all in vain; and it seemed a hopeless case, and a very disagreeable one.

However, some men harvesting on a hillside a quarter of a mile off saw our distress, and came quickly to the rescue. A score of stout fellows with hearty goodwill, and hardly giving an opportunity to ask their aid, shoved and dragged the carriage, in spite of some opposition on the part of the culprit-horse, to the top of the hill, where there appeared a gentle slope downwards for a mile, and they left us with the assurance that the rogue, as they designated the horse, would warm to the collar before we reached the ascent of the mountain road that lay between us and our journey's end.

A wayside carman's inn offered the means of giving my friends a glass of beer, which they proposed to accept after refusing a present of money.

We went spinning along for the favourable mile, and for about half a mile of the up-hill road too, till we got into the moors, and came to a steeper pinch, and there *the rogue* began his tricks again, and proved as untractable as before.

Our condition, too, was much worse, for there was neither house nor cultivated field near us, and the darkness was approaching.

When we had spent a quarter of an hour with no more success than having prevented the carriage from being driven by the rogue into the ditch and upset, we heard a shout, and looking back, we saw a large party of men running towards us, and soon recognized our late helpers, with a dozen recruits added.

"Ogh, then," said a prominent individual among them, "I tould them how it would be like to be with yees, when ye'd come to the mountain; and so we watched till we saw ye sticking like a fly on a wall, and when you made no hand of getting up this pinch, we ran to give ye a help."

They had thoughtfully brought ropes. They took the horses out of the traces, and gave them to one of their party to lead. They made me get into the rumble behind, and the coachman up on the box, and drew us up the steep for half a mile, to the top of that hill. They halted, and I got down and thanked them.

"Ogh, then, it's small thanks ye'd need to give us, as if we'd be after laving ye here. Sure the roguish rascal of a baste would be at his villiantry at the next pull, and no help there. No, no, sir, we won't lave the lady and the children till you have falling ground before ye into Coleraine."

So they set to again, and lustily they pulled, sometimes shouting, and sometimes singing. I walked beside them part of the way, and while they did not perceive me in the dusk, I overheard a conversation.

One of them said to his companion, on pulling alongside :

"Do ye know who it is we've got in the carriage?"

"Not a know I know. Do you?"

"I don't know neither; but I guess they're the *wrong* sort."

"Why? What do you mane?"

"Don't you see it's a *green* carriage, and he's got a *green* coat on him. They're in the wrong colour for us."

"Well, who do you think they are?"

"I can't tell that, but it would be a pretty thing for us, a set of true Orange boys, to be making ourselves horses for maybe some——"

Before he could finish his sentence, his companion, without letting go his hold on the rope, drove his elbow into the speaker's ribs with such force as to compel him to groan, saying, "And if it was Jack Lawless himself, would we lave his lady and the children here in trouble, and we able to help them?"

Then with a shout—"Hurrah for the glorious memory of King William!" he pulled with all his might, and was applauded by all who heard him.

They drew us fully three (Irish) miles up the mountain, and set us where there was, as they had promised, falling ground into Coleraine.

A public-house gave again an opportunity for a drink, but all who had had it before declined, saying it was not for that they had done the job. "Sure," said one, "sir, we'd have no pleasure in life after it, if we were to impose ourselves on a gentleman that way." And bowing to the lady, they wished us good night, and a prosperous journey.

## VI.

### A TWELFTH OF JULY.

DARK and disagreeable adventures sometimes best bring out bright and pleasing traits, as was the case on the 12th of July, 183—.

Notwithstanding a proclamation under Royal authority, along with the earnest advice of their Grand-master and other high authorities, the Orangemen could not be persuaded that it was illegal or wrong to have their party processions with music, flags, and arms.

In a particular district it was so managed that the magistrates were led to believe that an Orange demonstration would be made at a certain place, and that an intended counter-demonstration at the same place would certainly lead to a serious collision, unless a strong force were there to keep the peace.

The magistrates, therefore, congregated where the danger was expected, and the principal part of the police, as well as a company of infantry, were brought there too.

The dangerous illness of one of my family kept me at home.

On the 12th of July, at daybreak, a policeman from the neighbouring small town came to me with information that the Orangemen were assembling in force there instead of at B——, where it had been expected they would meet; and that they expressed their determination to have their procession with flags, emblems, music, and arms, in defiance of the Royal proclamation.

I was quickly on my horse, and at the town, about two miles off, I found it as the policeman had reported. I had visited the masters of the Orange lodges a few days before, and laid before them two letters which I had received from their Grand-master, and the Grand-master for Ireland, desiring them to be obedient to the proclamation, and they had promised to follow this advice; but, except one lodge, they seemed to glory in having deceived the magistrates, and knowing that I had very little force at hand, they thought themselves sure of being able to have their own way.

I sent more than one messenger to B—— to let the magistrates know the truth, but they were waylaid and turned back.

However, by sending to a neighbouring village and requiring the attendance of a party of revenue police—partly mounted—which was stationed there, and adding them to the few police in the place, we made a tolerable show of strength. And the people, though acting now wrong, and under bad advisers, are thereabouts a very orderly, peaceable folk, and not at all used to deeds of violence,

so that I felt confident, with the disciplined few I had to depend on, I could keep them from their intention without resorting to violence, and made my dispositions accordingly, assuring the Orangemen that the first appearance of even a few forming a procession should be the signal to the police to arrest them every one. None of them chose to be the first to be taken, and so all remained quiet till about 9 o'clock.

At this time an express came into the town, where I remained on my horse with one mounted man at my back, to say the opposite party were assembling to the sound of horns about a mile and a half from the town.

Leaving the town in charge of a clever sergeant, I galloped alone to the place and saw a considerable assemblage on a hill-side, and small parties from all sides advancing to join them, while signals by blowing horns were heard among the hills.

On returning to the town and telling what was going on, and appealing to the Orangemen to leave me at liberty to go and disperse this gathering, they replied that they knew it was arranged, and only waited for the police to leave the town to disperse them, in order to hoist their flags and have their procession.

But they were disappointed when they were told that the police were brought, in the first instance, to prevent the Orangemen from breaking the law and the peace, and that this was to be their first, even if their only duty.

On going a second time to the other assembly, I found them now drawn up in ranks, and coming near enough I could count about three hundred with firearms, and several hundreds with such weapons as they could extemporize with poles and scythes and such like.

Seeing but one chance to prevent a collision, I rode nearer; the road was lined with old men and women, chiefly on their knees crying and praying. Near the place where the men were drawn up was a hedge with a gap built up with loose stones. An old man knelt beside it, and as my horse leaped the low wall, he cried out :

"God Almighty bless your soul, for it's all that'll be of you in about three minutes."

However, knowing the character of the people, I was of a different opinion, and felt confident, although it was certain they were led by strangers.

On coming close to them a man with a double-barrelled gun stepped out, and pointing it at me, asked who I was, and what I wanted; but he got his answer from an unexpected quarter, being seized by one of his own men and brought to the ground, while a voice accompanied the act, "Don't you touch that man."

Another stranger then came forward—a tall, red-headed, good-looking fellow—also armed with a double gun. He did not point it at me, nor did he speak uncivilly, but said if I had anything to say, I was to say it to him.

Without directly replying, I took him by surprise, and quickly read the Riot Act.

And then addressing the crowd, I said, "Neighbours, after what I have said, any of you caught assembled together will be put in prison and severely punished. You know me, and that I should be sorry for that; so take advice from one you know, rather than from strangers. Go home as quickly as you can, and if you do so at once I will not have you pursued or punished."

Some cried out, "Yes, yes, we will go home!"

The stranger leaders ran among them; but the evident feeling was to go home, and their efforts were in vain.

One man shouted, "A cheer for Mr. Hamilton," which was responded to, and the field was mine.

I only added, "Neighbours, I have trusted myself unarmed among your pikes and guns because I know you. I now trust you to do as an old friend counsels you: do not delay, but go home at once."

I left them dispersing.

It was now advancing in the afternoon. As I rode towards the town I met a score of men running towards me, and when they came near I recognized the members of the Orange lodge who had kept away according to their promise.

Their leader cried out, "Here we are, sir, every man of us. God be praised you're safe."

"Why," said I, "what is this? I thought I could depend upon you when all else failed."

"And so you might; a'n't we here to rescue you if you were still in the hands of a thousand murdering rebels. We came the moment we got your message that you were in danger and wanted us, and we will do your bidding if it is to fight the whole lot of them."

They had been deceived by a false message, as if from me, and showed themselves as brave and true in responding to it as they had been in refusing to join their brethren in breaking the law and their promise.

Their blood was up, and it was not the easiest task that day to send them home quietly.

On arriving in the town I found that at length the magistrates who had gone to B—— had heard how matters stood, and they arrived with a strong force of police and some soldiers on cars.

We went out in force to the place where the gathering had been, and saw the people going off in groups to the different parts of the country.

Returning to the town, there was a meeting of magistrates. I was now quite exhausted, having been on horse from 4 A.M. till 7 P.M., in double anxiety for my sick at home and my neighbours' dangers. A thunder-shower at six had also wetted me to the skin. I found my doings were not considered good. I ought to have made no terms, given no promise to those people.

Between bodily weariness and wet, mental anxiety and vexation, I sunk into a kind of stupor, and felt as if my very life was going, when a cry in the street aroused me.

"The rebels have reassembled at M——" (about three miles off), "and set the houses on fire."

"There," cried some one who had found fault with my day's work, "there, you see the sort of fellows that have been trusted."

I rushed into the inn yard; there

were several mounted police there. My horse was as tired as myself, and had not the excitement which now gave me life. A policeman's horse served me, and, with six or eight at my heels, I galloped to M——, but came back at a more moderate pace, having found all quiet and at rest there. It was only a trick of some of those whose plans for the day I had marred.

This ride, perhaps, saved my life by the stirring-up it gave to my blood, which seemed to have begun to stagnate after the over-anxiety and excessive exertions of the day.

When I returned to the town I found that my red-haired acquaintance of the double gun, relying on my word, had come into the place to see some friends; he had been recognized by some of the police, who told the magistrates that he was one of the leaders of that party, and he was brought before them. He pleaded my assurance of safety, which the others were not very willing to admit as a safeguard. I declared that it would be most unfair to take him while the armed leaders of the other party were left at large, who had set me at defiance, and persisted in breaking the law till a force came that could prevent them.

However, it was said that he had probably come as a spy, and had his men outside the town to act when unsuspected; so I assented to his being kept in custody till morning, while the police should make strict search to discover if any of his people were in the neighbourhood.

None were found. Nevertheless, when I came into the town next morning I found his committal made out, and heavy bail required to prevent his imprisonment.

I immediately put in the required bail, and sent him off, I admit, with small expectation of seeing that red head again.

The police who had been in the town were interrogated by the Government authorities as to what they had seen, and the result was that a dozen of the Orangemen were bound over to appear

at the next assizes, to answer for their breach of the law.

At the assizes those out on bail were called, and when the red-headed fellow's name was called I saw many an eye turned towards me, expressive of expectation that I should have to pay my forfeit. But no; a loud voice replied, "Here!"

And, thrusting aside the crowd, the red head showed itself; while, looking up at me, he cried out:

"Here I am, your honour; I am not going to act the blackguard when you acted the gentleman to me. Let them do what they like to me, I'll see your bail safe."

So into the dock went my Green man and the dozen Orangemen.

They were all found guilty.

It was my opinion, as well as that of the rest of the magistrates, that the Orangemen had really not thought the law so decidedly against them, and that, when they were aware of the fact, they would show themselves obedient to the law. So I was deputed to represent our view to the judge, and to suggest a nominal punishment and a solemn warning from the judge.

He quite agreed with us; and, in an excellent address, made the prisoners to know their fault, and then fined them a shilling, and discharged them.

They bowed, and thanked the judge and the magistrates.

Red-head then added, wittily enough, aloud, "Well! it's a fine thing to be in good company for once in a body's life!"

*To be continued.*

## THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES AND ARMY ORGANIZATION.

AMID the mass of criticism which followed the Autumn Manœuvres, it was only natural that a good many foolish things should be said, but perhaps the silliest of all has been the apocryphal judgment upon the appearance of our troops supposed to have been passed by the foreign officers present on the occasion. That any of these gentlemen who were asked for their opinion should have given a polite rejoinder to their hosts is likely enough, but the form in which their opinions have been reported is simply ridiculous. What probably happened was, that a perfectly irresponsible newspaper correspondent fell into conversation with one or more of the foreign officers present, whereupon it is reported that the whole of these gentlemen have collectively pronounced our artillery to be incomparable, our cavalry superb, and our infantry very good; and on this the statement is taken up by the leading newspaper as representing an unquestionable fact, and is henceforth dragged in whenever the British army is discussed, and no doubt accepted as an article of faith all over the country wherever that paper is read. From the sort of way in which the phrase has come to be bandied about, it might be supposed that the foreign officers in question had held a meeting to consider the matter, General Blumenthal in the chair, and had passed a resolution to the effect, "That, in the opinion of this meeting, the British artillery is unrivalled, the British cavalry superb, and the British infantry very good." The idea that the officers of any continental nation should consider our artillery to be more than a rival for their own is sufficiently absurd in itself. Whatever a foreigner may think of the British army, we may be sure that his own at any rate stands first in his estimation; but the proverbial vanity of the French, and their tendency to

take the merits of their army on trust, have at least been matched by the complacency with which this imaginary dictum of the foreign critics has been accepted through the length of the land at the bidding of the *Times*. The absurdity of the thing appears the greater if we consider that the vast majority of the people who have thus been satisfied to ticket off the attributes of our army in this fashion, have absolutely no better foundation for their belief than the remark of an anonymous newspaper correspondent.

Of a piece with this sort of criticism have been some of the lucubrations of the men who, describing their experiences of the manœuvres, protest against the want of reality displayed in them, because the troops exposed themselves to a degree that would have been very dangerous in actual war. That some instances of this sort occurred deserving to be characterized as blunders may be admitted. The cavalry frequently appeared in positions where they either effectually masked the fire of the infantry and guns of their own side, or would have been destroyed by the enemy's artillery; the infantry, too, manœuvred on occasions in a manner which would have been impracticable in actual warfare; and the guns were frequently employed at ranges within infantry fire, where the gunners would certainly not have been able to work them. Mistakes of this kind occurred, and autumn campaigns will be very useful if they serve to teach those who have the handling of troops to apprehend at once, when in the field, the common-sense principles which underlie military movements. But when it is gravely objected in the columns of a leading newspaper, that a general officer was seen standing on the top of an exposed railway embankment watching the enemy, whereas in fact he ought pro-

perly to have crept stealthily up the reverse side, and shown only the top of his nose over the summit, it seems sufficient to reply that there is already want enough of reality about these sham fights, and that if the education of the British officer is not to be completed until he has learned to play the fool in this way, it may be hoped the object will not soon be realized. Further, we would raise a protest against the assumption implied in much of what passes for criticism now-a-days, that the main object in fighting is to make use of cover. No doubt needless exposure of troops is to be deprecated; but, from the sort of stuff that has been written on this head, it might be supposed that battles are to be won by creeping from bank to bank like the North American Indians of Fenimore Cooper's novels. Modern arms carry far, but modern battles are not marked by heavier losses than those fought with muskets and smooth-bore cannon; and the last great war showed that bold attacks over open ground were not a bit less effective than they have ever been before, and, what is very much to the point, that in such cases the assailants have often suffered smaller loss than the antagonists they overthrew. Tactics are, no doubt, very proper things to study, and the scientific education of the army cannot be carried too far, but to the common soldier the interest of the day is centred in his immediate front, and the good old quality of courage is just as useful as ever it was. There seems some danger lest this truth should be forgotten; at any rate we hold it to be quite needless to indoctrinate men with the notion that the first object when under fire is to seek for cover; that lesson will be learnt quite soon enough without any teaching.

This, however, is a digression from the matter in hand, although we must add, as was well remarked the other day in our hearing, that, after all, these manœuvres left out the best side of the British soldier. Unless our foreign critics could see how he fights, they have not seen the best side of him, which view was fortunately here wanting. A

shrewd observer, who was present at the great review at Paris of the British army after Waterloo, and who had himself borne a gallant part in that battle says, in his diary, that the British troops, which were then at the summit of their reputation, were conspicuous for being the most undersized, ill-dressed, and generally mean-looking lot among all the armies assembled there; and the record may be grateful to those who fancy they see evidence of physical degeneracy in our present linesmen and militia.

We have here however to do with the results which can be exhibited by a Camp of Manœuvres, and of these there has been an abundance afforded for imparting useful experience. Not indeed that such proof was necessary in every case. There did not need a camp of exercise to tell any one who was acquainted with the subject that the Control Department would prove unequal to its duties: this was clearly foreseen by every one who understood the nature of its organization, although the general public may have needed the evidence of an actual breakdown, just as experiments serve to impress physical truths on the company at a popular lecture. For that the Control Department did break down we take to be quite established. Whether the troops were kept without food and fuel for the exact periods reported in the papers, appears immaterial; that the distribution of rations and forage was irregular and often tardy is an undoubted fact; and under the conditions of the case, where the troops were moving over a contracted area of ground, always within easy reach of Aldershot, and with abundant and generally good roads, any such irregularity is tantamount to failure, more particularly when the magnitude of the staff employed and the time allowed for preparation are considered. The Department will perhaps throw the blame on the hired carriage, which was certainly very defective, and as certainly was no creation of the executive officers, who no doubt would have much preferred their own waggons and horses; but the best use was not

made of the means at their disposal. There was throughout a want of understanding between the Department and the troops, and discipline was very imperfectly maintained among the hired transport. The straggling allowed was excessive, and in consequence the whole day was often needlessly consumed in making a perfectly insignificant march. Had the army corps been marching on in one line, instead of moving to and fro over a contracted space, its advance would have been retarded in a most pernicious way by the necessity of waiting for supplies. One small reform, therefore, that may be expected to follow the revelations of the campaign will be the establishment of a small reserve stock of waggons, sufficient, it may be presumed, for at least one army corps, although there is no need to keep up a supply of horses in peace time. A still more important reform is shadowed forth in the discovery now beginning to dawn on the mind of the British public, that the title "Control Department" is altogether inappropriate to the functions performed by the body now styled by that name. With the perception of this truth it is to be hoped we may arrive at sounder views of the proper organization of the Department, and consequently of the whole system of supply for the army. The business of the army naturally divides into two main branches—first, the supply of food, clothing, and arms; and secondly, the government of the troops: but why the duties involved in the one should be regarded as more in the nature of "control" than those of the other we fail to perceive, as must any one else who takes the trouble to think over the matter. The real "controller" of the army is he who controls it both in men and things; and if there is no one individual who unites both these functions, then there is no proper controller. But if the title is to be given to some one, it is more properly bestowed on the General commanding than on any civil subordinate in his division; it would be thought absurd to give the title, for example, to the

quartermaster or paymaster of a regiment, leaving the colonel out of sight. The fact is, the employment of this misleading title arose out of a hazy misconception that this Department was to be entrusted with some important financial functions which would conduce to economy in army expenditure; but a very slight acquaintance with the matter should make it evident that this idea was based on complete delusion. The civil branch of the army may be divided in a general way into two main branches, the first of these comprising the manufacturing departments, which fabricate the military stores of all kinds. Now, in the management of these great establishments there is room for an indefinite amount of financial manipulation, because it is here that the civil expenditure in the main takes place, and that economical management can produce sensible results; but with this great branch of expenditure the officers of the Control Department (if we except one or two of the head officials seated in the War Office) have nothing whatever to do. The Control Department is engaged for the most part in the mechanical business of issuing stores made elsewhere, and of paying the troops. Even in such matters as contracts for food and forage, the local officers have in reality no controlling authority; they are the mere agents of the army of officials sitting in Pall Mall, and their business is mainly to refer matters for the orders of the latter, and to act without question upon their instructions. As to the pay branch of the Control Department, it needs hardly be said that it is bound hard and fast by detailed rules, that its duties are purely mechanical, and that no cases ever arise in the discharge of those duties to call for the exercise of individual judgment.

While, however, the effect of creating this Department has not been in any sense to decentralize authority or to invest local officials with responsibility, the inappropriate title given to it has tended to create a false impression that its members possess an authority which really does not belong to them.

People are naturally misled by names, and those who do not go below the surface of things find it difficult to understand that an official with this high-sounding title has really no controlling authority whatever, but is a mere post-office for conveying references to the War Office, or at most is powerful only for obstruction. This fact has, however, now been forced on the attention of the public, and it is to be hoped that, the imposture once detected, there is still a sufficiency of volition remaining in our administrative system to admit of the needful change being carried out. If there follow only this one result from the manœuvres, that the Control Department comes to be recognized as what it really is, a cumbrous and over-centralized store and pay agency, and its title adjusted to coincide with its functions, the Autumn Camp will not have been established in vain.

As regards the course of the manœuvres also, a good deal of the criticism so freely offered appears to us to have been wide of the mark, the small errors of subordinates having been dwelt upon for the most part, instead of the large ones of superiors. This is like blaming the crew instead of the pilot for running on the rock. No doubt all that has been said about these blunders is quite true. Infantry advanced over open ground swept by artillery, when they might have moved up under cover on the right or left; cavalry rode about in all sorts of positions where they ought not to have been, masking the fire of their own side, or exposing themselves to utter annihilation; artillery plied their guns at ranges where not a gunner could have lived,—all this and more happened; but to recount these things is merely to say that the troops were not properly handled, and about this there can be little doubt. In the first place, when the second and third divisions were operating against the first, they had no head, and the two divisions worked in consequence without any unity, and might have been crushed any number of times over in detail, if the defending

force, instead of passively retreating, had turned vigorously upon either; while the defending force often made no real defence at all, strong positions being repeatedly given up before they were seriously pressed, without attempting at any rate to offer that best of defences, an offensive one. In this respect the operations truly deserved the name of a sham fight. In the affair of the last great day, the perfect helplessness exhibited on one side was sufficiently evident without commentary. And there is nothing to prevent the same sort of thing recurring on future occasions. However carefully the programme may be drawn up, and whatever may be the degree of excellence eventually arrived at in feeding troops in the neighbourhood of London, such manœuvres can never be successful unless ably directed, and it is not necessary to have manœuvres at all in order to make the discovery that everybody does not possess the gift of handling troops well; for it is a natural quality, just as much as the power of speaking well. Some men, by dint of perseverance and practice, overcome the difficulty, and manage to become tolerable speakers although not possessing any natural aptitude for the art; but, as a rule, good speakers are good from the first, while those who are bad at the beginning continue to be incurable stammerers in public until the end of the chapter. It is just the same with tactical power, that is, the power of handling troops effectively in the field; it is an art for which many officers show a perfect inaptitude; and, moreover, there is not in this case anything like the same opportunity for overcoming natural defect by practice which occurs with regard to public speaking. We must remember that our generals, equally with all the junior ranks of the service, are almost wholly without experience in this branch of their business. The sort of conventional parade work which has hitherto done duty for tactical practice at every spot in the empire where British troops are stationed—when two or three battalions, with an occasional battery, are put

through a set of stock manœuvres on a piece of ground where every hillock has been shaved off, and every hole filled up—bears hardly the faintest resemblance to the problem which has to be performed in actual war, of bringing a body of troops through a variety of obstacles and under varying conditions of distance and ground up to a certain spot by a certain time. Nor is this branch of the art often to be learnt by actual practice in war, because the opportunities for practice on a campaign may occur but seldom. The public would be quite misled if they supposed that because a man has seen a great deal of service, as the phrase goes, he has therefore had much practice in the actual handling of troops in the presence of the enemy. Whole campaigns may pass away with scarcely an opportunity for such an operation; it occurred only once or twice, for example, in the whole Crimean war; and a man may have reached in appearance to the top of his profession, and have every possible decoration after his name, and yet be a perfect child in respect of tactical knowledge and skill.

Two important points, then, are to be borne in mind: the art is a difficult one, and not to be mastered by everyone; and the opportunities for acquiring it are only to be gained in peace. A person might as well expect to become a proficient in violin-playing by performing only in public at concerts, as to become an expert tactician by the amount of practice that will usually be offered on the battle-field. Yet the art is not the less important because so rarely acquired. The critical moment arrives once only perhaps in a man's lifetime, but yet come it may, when the fate of a campaign depends on the relative skill with which the opposing Generals shall bring their forces into action; but then will be reaped the reward of patient study or of natural genius, and then too we may be sure that men who have always blundered will blunder again. Looking therefore at the insufficiency of practical training usually afforded, either by war or peace under ordinary conditions, we may appre-

ciate the value for tactical purposes of a camp of exercise, and the importance of turning it to the best account. How far this was done on the late occasion, those present can judge. Certainly, a sure way towards nullifying its value is to appoint to leading posts men of whom it is perfectly well known beforehand that this sort of thing is not in their line.

In another and extremely important respect the want of resemblance to the conditions of a real campaign was very strikingly apparent. In real warfare all authority is centred in the General commanding, and the whole business of the army is conducted by his staff. This peace campaign was conducted entirely by the War Office. Our army is perhaps the most department-ridden army in the world, and the extent to which centralization is carried was never more conspicuous than on the present occasion. The arrangements for feeding the troops, for hiring transport, for employing artillery to aid the controllers, for settling what lands should be occupied and what respected—all these details were arranged entirely in Pall Mall, and the Generals had nothing to do but to receive charge of the troops they found placed under their orders. We doubt if from first to last the military authorities, most of whom, as well as their staff, only took up their appointments when the manœuvres commenced, had more than the vaguest notion of the cost of the performance. Their functions were limited to simply knocking the troops about after they and their appliances were collected on the ground. Is it surprising if our Generals, accustomed to be kept thus in leading-strings, and invested with only the merest shadow of responsibility, should so often exhibit perfect helplessness when called into the field? To the ordinary looker-on a General may perhaps appear a very imposing functionary, but in most respects he is merely the channel of communication between the representatives of the different departments nominally under his orders and the office in Pall Mall; and it would be difficult to specify a single point in which he possesses any

real power, except that perhaps of fixing the hour at which his brigade or division shall parade. But does a force proceed on active service, the General becomes at once transformed from an imposing nobody in a red coat into a great personage charged with the most responsible functions which it can fall to man to perform. Suddenly invested with real instead of nominal command, the dispenser of patronage and promotion, he now holds the power of life and death over his troops. And this is perhaps the smallest part of the change. When the army lands on a foreign shore, the whole system of supply also undergoes a complete transformation; the Treasury and War Office clerks, who up to this moment have centralized all authority and power in everything down to the minutest trifles in their own hands, retire at once into their proper insignificance, and the whole burden of moving, feeding, and housing, possibly of clothing the army, as well as of leading it against the enemy, falls on the shoulders of the commanding General. Every reader of the Wellington or Napoleon despatches must have observed that this business of transport and supply occupies the commander's time and attention in a much greater degree than any other part of his duties, and what happened in their case occurs in every campaign; but for efficiently dealing with it our Generals are in most cases utterly unfitted by previous training and occupation, while the subordinate departmental officials who have to carry out their orders, brought up as they have been in War Office leading-strings, and accustomed to act in a narrow circle hedged in by routine, are seldom fit to run alone. Here and there a General may have learned business habits, in Parliament or in the management of private property; but in the case of commanders who have shown a capacity for organizing as well as fighting, we shall generally find that they have been something besides mere soldiers. Not to mention Wellington and Napoleon as examples of men whose training was quite as much in politics and administration as in war,

we may cite the march to Magdala as an instance where success was probably in great measure due to the fact that the commander of the expedition had passed a large part of his life in other than military pursuits, and had been accustomed to public affairs on a large scale. So it will always be found to be the case. The efficiency of the British Navy, and the readiness and resource which naval commanders are accustomed to exhibit, are probably due in great measure to the fact that the captain commands the ship as well as her crew, and has constantly to exercise a varied responsibility both in peace and war. And this is what we have to aim at in our military administration, if it is ever to become effective. Our Generals must be practised in something more than moving their men about a given piece of ground two or three days in the year, if they are not to prove helpless in the business of organization when placed in the field.

This, then, is the further direction which should be given to our camps of exercise, if they are to become really useful schools for the business of war. Nor should there be any real difficulty in effecting such a development of the scheme. There is no reason, to name one point for example, why the grant of public money for the camp of exercise should not be placed at the disposal of the General commanding, to be laid out by the local staff under his direction for the needful carriage and supplies, without the intervention of any War Office officials. The operations would then, as regards the commissariat at any rate, resemble the course of an actual campaign; and we may be pretty sure that under such a plan the troops would at least get their meals with regularity.

Of course it will be objected that this suggestion for placing money credits at the disposal of military officials, and thus investing them with a certain amount of financial responsibility, is opposed to the cardinal rule that the finance of the army should be controlled by civil authority; and should such a measure be proposed, we must be pre-

pared to hear an outburst of solemn platitudes about the violation of constitutional principles involved. We may, therefore, raise a protest beforehand against the attribution of any weight to what, if looked into, will be found sheer nonsense. No one, we presume, is silly enough to suppose that if the General commanding at Aldershot or Dover were authorized to spend fifty thousand pounds, any danger would arise of a *coup d'état*, of an Aldershot Monk marching upon London with the money in his pocket, to trample down the British Constitution. The danger to England is no longer that armies or governments should be too powerful for its liberties; we now seem to be falling into quite another form of danger, that of breaking down from sheer inaptitude on the part of anybody to do anything more than talk. The utmost danger that the greatest stickler for tradition and principle could foresee, would be, we may suppose, that more money might be spent than was sanctioned. But the assumption implied in this tall talk about constitutional principles, that soldier-officials always want to be spending money, and that civil officials ought to be employed to prevent them, we take leave to say is a perfect delusion. In India, where army finance is on a much more simple and effective system than here, the controllers of the military expenditure, the rigidity of whose audit has become proverbial, have always been military men. And here too they would be found quite as careful guardians of the public purse, if placed in charge of it. After all, it must be remembered that the object of maintaining an army in peace time is to prepare it for undertaking war with efficiency; and even if the sort of plan we have hinted at were to be attended with some direct loss of economy, the indirect saving would be great, if it released our Generals from the childish state of department-ridden tutelage in which they are now retained. But, in fact, the presumption is all the other way. The present system, under which the War Office controls itself, is unquestionably quite opposed to sound

economical principles. There is, indeed, the vague and imperfect check exercised by the Comptroller-General of the Exchequer, and ultimately the review of all expenditure by parliamentary committees; but these checks on financial irregularity would remain in force in any case; and it is not in the final audit, but in the check on the first application of the different sums voted for the army, that the present system is really weak. The War Office consists of a huge congeries of departments, the heads of which transact all business in the name of the Secretary of State; so that if any irregularity be committed the offence is already condoned, since the fiction is always maintained that it has been done by order of the very authority who should properly control such proceedings. But if the spending took place outside the office, and that overgrown establishment were reduced to manageable dimensions, of a size sufficient merely for supervision of those entrusted with executive functions, then executive responsibility and administrative control would occupy their proper relative positions; and so far from any loss of financial control accruing, it would be much more efficiently exercised than at present. It is well understood, for example, that the expenditure incurred for the late manœuvres has largely exceeded the sum voted by Parliament for the purpose. This excess may have been incurred beneficially, but that is beside the present question; what we are now concerned to observe is, that there has been no financial control exercised in the matter; whereas if the grant had been made over to any specific general officer to spend, with a superintending, and not, as now, an executive War Office to watch him, we may be sure it would not have been exceeded without at any rate the matter coming formally under review of the controlling authority. As matters now stand, the Secretary of State will probably find that he has sanctioned a great deal of expenditure in one way and another without any specific or formal sanction by proper authority.

But the case goes much beyond camps of exercise. If ever the British Army is to be organized on an efficient and yet economical footing, it must be by a radical process of decentralization. Some War Minister must be found with sense and firmness enough to carry out a self-denying ordinance, and to transform the overgrown department he rules over, from an office overburdened with executive details, to one of manageable dimensions, charged only with duties of supervision. We pride ourselves on being a practical nation and adepts at business, but our army administration, when contrasted with what has been accomplished in other countries, may well tempt us to ask whether our common sense and aptitude for business have not passed over to some other nation. Seventeen years have gone by since the Crimean war, and we are really no nearer than we were then towards proper military organization; the first principles of the art have yet to be introduced. And it is curious to remark that while army affairs have been criticised to weariness in Parliament, and reforms of all kinds propounded, the greatest defect of all has remained almost unnoticed. The cost of the household cavalry, the bloated list of Generals, the wrongs of the artillery—these and other defects are dwelt on with nauseating frequency; but, strangely enough, no reformer has raised the cry for that decentralization which is the real want of the army. Merchants and manufacturers accustomed to do business on the principle of employing good agents and then trusting them, have probably no conception of the degree to which over-centralization has been carried in the British Army. Engineers can hardly drive in a nail, nor commissaries issue a wisp of straw, Generals can scarcely move a corporal's guard, without previous reference to the rabbit-warren in Pall Mall; quires of foolscap may be expended in discussing the momentous question, whether a brigadier is entitled to an extra barrack-table for his office; every voucher recorded for payment throughout the empire is passed

on to the same central destination, to form part of an audit ineffective because distant from the scene of outlay. And all this is not to satisfy the demands of some great administrator with an unlimited capacity for governing, some Napoleon or Frederick who holds all the business of the army in his grasp, for whom no combination is too large, and no detail too small. Our army is governed by a civilian generally of commonplace ability, who comes and goes as the exigencies of party determine, who never understands and seldom pretends to concern himself with details; all this controlling and centralizing and over-governing is to satisfy the demands of a number of irresponsible officials, who never issue an order in their own name, and are, as often as not, at loggerheads with each other. And all this waste of power and waste of money—for the cost of the controlling departments is out of all proportion to the size of the army they have to deal with—are merely for administration during peace. Let war break out, and the army be despatched to foreign soil, and all this cumbrous machine at once collapses. The War Office officials sink into obscurity; the Generals emerge from their bondage to the exercise of an unlimited power and responsibility for which their antecedents and training render them wholly unprepared; rules and regulations are thrown to the winds; and unless a Wellington or a Marlborough comes on the scene, the confusion and mismanagement which arise are even worse than the circumlocution which they succeed. This is what happened in 1854; there is little reason to hope that it would not occur again.

The true aim of army reformers should be, then, we conceive, to secure a thorough decentralization of our military system; and, paradoxical as it may appear, we believe that if an Act of Parliament were passed to limit the War Office establishment to a couple of dozen clerks, the first step would be taken towards effective army reform. But this is not the place to indicate the exact mode in which reforms may

best be effected ; it is sufficient here to indicate the want ; and provided the true principle be distinctly kept in view, and all detailed arrangement made subordinate to it, the result cannot be otherwise than satisfactory. We may just notice that the Prussians have hit upon a system in which the principle contended for may be discerned at every point. The system may not be applicable to us, but the leading idea should be the same. In Prussia, side by side with the principle of decentralization is that of maintaining a complete chain of responsibility throughout all grades. The corps commander has his specific powers, which are not encroached upon by his superiors, and so on with the division and brigade generals. Even the captain of a company in Prussia possesses a degree of independence in his command which is quite unknown in our service. The chain of responsibility extends throughout the army, from the Emperor at the head down to the subaltern with his company-section. With us the only chain recognized is of a sort of which all the links are fastened to one staple.

Everybody has heard how Von Roon, the Prussian War Minister, was found smoking a leisurely cigar the day after war was declared, because, as he explained, all necessary orders had been given, and everybody throughout the army knew what had to be done. The story embodies in epigrammatic fashion the success of a thoroughly decentralized organization ; and as another illustration of the sort of difference produced by working an army on common-sense principles in peace time, we may cite the account given by an officer, himself distinguished in arms, and a most competent judge, who was present with the German army at the outbreak of the late war. What most struck him, he said, was the entire absence of fuss. He joined the troops just after the battle of Spicheren, when they were hurrying through Saarbrücken, pressing on to the front, flushed with the exciting news of a first victory. If ever there be a time when a certain amount of over-activity would be natural and excusable, it

would be under such conditions, before an army has settled down to the realities of campaigning, and when the attention is strained to catch every indication of coming events. But nothing of the kind was visible here. Our informant occupied the same room in which the commander of the army corps marching through Saarbrücken was taking his luncheon, and the old gentleman was seated there quietly discussing his meal, as if there were no thought of the largest army the world has ever seen moving on outside. Officers came in and made their reports, and the General now and then wrote a brief pencil-note in reply, but the whole proceeding was done in as calm a fashion as if he were answering a dinner invitation. Outside it was just the same. There was little or no galloping about of staff officers, no shouting of orders ; everybody seemed to know what his orders were, and how to carry them out without interference from any one else. Contrast such a picture with the scene presented by our late manœuvres, ushered in by the pompous announcement that the War Department officials were working night and day upon the preparations—preparations with which properly they should have had no concern ; officers arriving from all parts of the kingdom to take up some duty, the very nature of which was unknown either to themselves or the troops they were associated with ; still more, contrast it with the state of things when the manœuvres commenced, the transport department not knowing from one hour to another what they meant to do or how they meant to do it, the troops always holding well-justified doubts whether at the end of a few miles' march there would be anything available to eat ; still more again, the spectacle presented by staff officers riding about in a helpless state, inquiring of every passing stranger where their General was to be found—the General himself, on one notable day, riding about in an equally helpless state, asking where was to be found the enemy. The cause of the difference is plain : in the one case people were acting with the coolness that is born of habit ; in the

other everyone was under the exciting influence of novelty. And if it be said that the comparison is not a fair one, because the Prussian army corps are permanent organizations, and General, staff, and troops are all well acquainted and accustomed to work with each other, whereas in our case, staff, regiments, and departments were all brought hurriedly together—this admission is just the very point contended for. The scene lately enacted round Aldershot faithfully represents what would take place on a larger scale were the army suddenly called on to take part in a European war—an impossible contingency, according to our present Premier, but still one which the rest of the nation are resolved should be worth providing against; and the confusion which occurred at Aldershot, the want of mutual understanding between the staff and the troops, and, above all, the inefficiency of the great civil department without which the fighting part is helpless, show with perfect significance that the real work of organization has yet to be undertaken. We cannot, and need not, imitate servilely the Prussian system, which is unsuitable to the conditions involved in our Colonial and Indian service, but the principles which underlie it are applicable to all armies. Meanwhile, till some radical change is made, our military administration must be regarded as on its trial, and it remains to be seen whether the nation still possesses force enough to carry out a plain reform essential for the maintenance of its position among the great European Powers, or whether, as some declare, our efforts can only culminate in talk, and we are good only for spending money blindly, without knowing how to get a return for it.

We have made no reference here to the question of reserves, and to the fusion of the militia with the line, because, although these are matters of great importance, they are still, in truth, matters of detail, which will not be difficult of settlement when once army administration has been established

upon sound principles. Indeed, that sort of localization of all branches of our forces which is involved in any comprehensive system for forming army reserves, would naturally flow out of any thorough plan of administrative decentralization.

We would add one word more. Any one who watched the troops under canvas during this late exercise might have satisfied himself, had he any doubts on the subject before, that whatever may be our faults of organization, the military unit—the regiment—and the fighting elements are as sound as ever; and those who watched how the troops were cared for by their officers will probably have discovered that in the British regimental officer the nation has got an uncommonly good article for its money. Even in the matter of education, which is supposed to be their main deficiency, we believe our officers have kept more abreast with the times than people generally give them credit for. Indeed in some most important respects it has gone further than most armies. In all physical respects—in the use of their eyesight and limbs, as riders across country, we venture to believe that the officers of the British Army are unrivalled, while for gaining knowledge of country there is no training equal to fox-hunting. Depressed and superseded by the relative rank so profusely bestowed on the non-combatant branches, the British captain and subaltern, although reduced to comparative nobodies, perform their duties, often tedious and always monotonous, with a zeal and thoroughness that leave nothing to be desired. It is this high standard of duty, extending through every part of the regimental system, which renders our battalions model units, and the only complete specimens of good organization to be found in the army. What we now need is statesmanship adequate to do justice to the excellent materials at its disposal; sagacity and determination of a kind sufficient for welding them into one harmonious whole.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1871.

CHRISTINA NORTH.

BY E. M. ARCHER.

" His life is as a woven rope,  
A single strand may lightly part :  
Love's simple thread is all her hope,  
Which breaking, breaks her heart."

## CHAPTER I.

It was early in March, but the winter had been a mild one. The snows had melted, leaving the snowdrop and the crocus to show their heads above the soft, damp earth, and the lilac buds were growing larger every day. Even the White House was not unvisited by tokens of spring; there were a few daisies in the grass-plot before the windows, and the sunshine had crept into the darkened rooms. It was not a cheerful dwelling-place. The brown hills surrounded it on all sides but one; a stony, winding road in front divided it from the woods and park enclosures of Cranford Manor, and the wooded hill overshadowed it on the south, while to the north another hill rose up in the distance bounding the moor. The gate was swinging in the wind, for no one had cared to fasten it; and the creepers were hanging down from the wall, for no one had thought of nailing them up. Inside there were long stone passages, and large low rooms; a wainscotted study at the back of the house where old Mr. North sat with his books, the relics of happier days; and an old-

fashioned, whitewashed kitchen looking out on the road, where his granddaughter Christina was standing this afternoon, close by the window, with her knitting in her hands to catch the last gleam of sunlight; for the twilight was deepening in the further recesses of the room, and the glow of the fire was lost in the large grate and wide chimney-corner.

Even seen by the charm of the flickering, uncertain light, there was nothing picturesque or attractive in the bare red-tiled kitchen: nothing, except the figure of the girl; a tall, slight figure, in a dark blue gown, leaning against the side of the window.

Though her face was in shadow, you could see that she was very pretty; beautiful, some people would have said, if they had seen her in a passing flush of happiness or excitement. Her eyes were cast down at this moment, but they were dark, quick gleaming eyes, which could light up at times; and her mouth was grave, and her face had a cloud upon it; but it was a face across which smiles were driven with the suddenness and rapidity which belong only to the time when sorrow is a stranger and hope is young.

She lived in the midst of poverty and regret and disappointment, but as yet she had not by experience made these things her own. As to poverty, she had been used to it nearly all her life, and made no account of personal privations; she could not remember happier days, and hope was still strong within her; yet, insensibly, the atmosphere in which she lived oppressed her, and she grew sad and impatient at times, striving to free herself from the oppression, and believing, with the strange unquenchable ardour of youth, in something higher and more beautiful which she should find some day: looking to the future with that half-conscious longing after change and happiness which belongs to a life spent as hers had been, in solitude and narrowness and petty cares.

Her grandfather spoke with a lingering regret, and yet with pride and pleasure, of his earlier days; days when he was the Squire of "the Park;" when his son had not deceived him and squandered his property; when his friends had not turned from him and his servants deserted him. Her mother, too, lived in the remembrance of what had been. Her husband had reduced her to poverty, and died miserably in a foreign land; but she could still look back to the time when she had believed in him, when he had been kind and loving, and she had thought him heroic; when his pride in his little daughter had called out all the softness of his nature; when she had leant upon his strength and thought him true. Yes, these were memories even for her, though life had taught her a hard lesson, and she had not learnt peace or submission. Now she was a middle-aged, discontented woman, and could no longer hope either for herself or for her child. She had seen Christina grow up free and frank, and beautiful and happy, even in her unsatisfied longing for the glories which must await her somewhere; and the mother knew, or thought she knew, that disappointment and sorrow, and death in life, were creeping over her girlhood. Hope had died within herself, and she would have liked that it should have

died within Christina. Sooner or later all must end in misery or disappointment. Hope was a snare, a folly, a vision to be thrust aside;—so she went on singing its dirge, singing it in Christina's ears; but Christina laughed, and shook her head, and would not listen.

She would not listen even this afternoon, when there seemed to be no escape from the vexations and household cares: though bitterness and anger were surging up in her heart, she would not acquiesce.

"There is no end to it, Christina," her mother had said; "why will you expect anything else? Our life must be a struggle,—it is always so in this world. Everything ends in disappointment. Be thankful that you have a home, and that nothing worse is likely to befall you: you have much to be thankful for."

Then she had answered that she would not believe it—that a change *must* come some day—that it could not be always the same succession of small duties and grievances—that there must be something higher and happier and more exciting in store for her. What it should be she did not know, she did not even care to imagine; but she knew that it would come.

"I cannot grow old like this, and never have anything, and never see anything, and never know anything. I must do something else before I grow into a sad woman like you, mother, who think only of what is past: and even *you* have something to look back to."

So Christina had said; and her mother had only sighed in answer, and then she had gone back to her account-books; and Christina had snatched up her knitting, and was hanging her head discontentedly over it, impatiently moving her needles, as she stood by the window in the twilight.

Suddenly she looked up at the sound of a footstep on the pebbled garden path, and saw a young man coming towards the house with a basket slung over his shoulder. This was Bernard Oswestry, her cousin, a near neighbour and constant visitor at the house. People said

he was very like his uncle, Christina's father; if so, Richard North must have been a very handsome man. Bernard was hardly a handsome man as yet; you would rather have called him a beautiful boy, though he was one-and-twenty, three years older than his cousin, and, like her, tall, though slight. He was fairer than she was, with sunnier hair, and a more ready smile; altogether, the family likeness was more apparent in the freedom of carriage and general bearing, than in the minuter details of feature and expression.

Christina had looked up at the sound of his footstep, but her face did not brighten, nor did she turn to meet him, when he came in flinging down his cap upon the table, and setting down his basket. He had come in bringing a breath of freshness, health, and happiness, with the rush of the outer air; but Christina was not ready to be touched by it.

"Why, Christina," he said, "what are you doing? you must be putting out your eyes."

"I can see quite well," said Christina pettishly, and gave a little wilful pull at her worsted, and the needles slipped in her hands, and the stocking unravelled itself so fast that the stitches ran after each other, and the ball rolled on to the floor.

"How tiresome you are! it is all your fault," said Christina; "I wish you had to pick those stitches up again."

She turned from the window, threw down her work, and, going to the fire, lighted one of the high candlesticks which stood on the chimney-piece. When she returned for her work it was in Bernard's hands, and he was patiently doing his best to repair the mischief. His mother sometimes said that his dexterous fingers were as useful as a girl's, and if he had not so much experience as Christina, he had far more patience; so she stood by, and the cloud gradually cleared from her face as she watched him at his work. She had not welcomed him, nor did she thank him now; but she brightened and smiled, and began to talk.

"What have you got in your basket?"

Fish—oh, how charming! Really, Bernard, you are delightful. It is just what I wanted. Janet, here is some fish for your master's dinner. Janet!" and she danced over the stone floor and along the passage into some remote region where Janet was busy at her work.

When she returned her cousin had laid aside the stocking, and was shaping something out of a piece of wood with his knife as he sat in the chimney-corner. Christina's good humour was quite restored, and she, too, sat down, disposed to be gracious, at the other side of the hearth. After all, here was some one quite ready to sympathize with her and think her right; and that in itself was a soothing thought. She would never have complained to a stranger, her pride and her loyalty to her grandfather would alike have made it impossible; but as to Bernard, he was different, and was as nearly related to him as she was herself.

"Mother says we shall be ruined: I am sure I wish we could and have done with it!" she said, ending her story, and then she laughed; but the laugh had something of bitterness in it.

As for Bernard, he did not either expostulate or reason; he was not even sorry for Christina. All this weariness and anger and impatience of her lot in life was tending in one direction; and although he did not exactly put it to himself in words, he knew it, and the knowledge was dear to him. It could not be *now*, of course, but some time or another, some time he would be able to come forward as a deliverer. How the idea had first sprung up within him he did not know, nor did he care to inquire; it dated a long way back, he knew, back to the time when they went nutting together in the autumn woods, when they had gathered primroses in the valley, and when they had roasted chestnuts on the kitchen hearth; back to the time when they had been children together; back to the time when his schoolboy savings had been spent upon her first silver thimble. He could not give her wealth, perhaps; but what did it matter? at least she should have freedom and sunshine, and a happy home. Christina, too, was

content that it should be so. The idea did not dwell with her as it did with him—it did not mingle in her dreams by night or her thoughts by day; but when she was troubled and impatient, and weary of her life, then she too looked on to the time when she should escape from it all to the homestead on the hill, where peace reigned with all its pleasant sights and sounds; where, as she thought in her ignorance, murmuring and discontent and anger must be hushed. Then it was that she thought of that day when they had stood together on the moor a year ago; of his words, and of the promise that she had made, and of the spray of purple heather she had given him as a pledge. No one else had even guessed at it, unless, perhaps, his mother, and she had never spoken of it even to him. Perhaps she hoped that the boyish fancy might die out; and as for Christina, why should she care to speak of it? There was no sympathy to be had, even if she had wanted it, and, as a matter of fact, she did not want it. Besides, it was only in times of vexation, as I have said before, that she thought of it herself. This was the reason that at this moment it flashed across her mind, and for the time their thoughts were the same.

"It will come to an end some day, I suppose," said Christina; "but I don't know. So many things may happen, you know; you might change,—I might change. Many things might happen. I might die first."

"Why do you say that?" said Bernard. Her words had brought a passing cloud over his sunny face. Christina always gave way to her moods, and said what was in her mind, and he was used to it; but nevertheless, her speech gave him a slight shock. Why should she think of change or death just now, when only the present was pressing upon her, and to him at least the future was full of so bright a promise?

"Why do you talk of change?" he said again. "How can I change? What can happen?"

"I don't know. How can I tell? But I suppose things *may* happen, even

here!" said Christina, with a little shrug of her shoulders; and then she repented herself of having damped his spirits, and smiled at him affectionately. "But I have not changed yet, Bernard, not yet;" and if Bernard had any misgivings left, he put them aside for the time.

He walked home that evening, towards the quiet, grey house on the hill-side, where his mother was waiting for him, not thinking of the future with any apprehensions; indeed, he was not thinking of the future at all, but of Christina's looks and words as he had parted from her; of the light flickering upon her hair as she sat in the circle of fire-light, of the familiar places, of old times, and childish memories. He did not think that she was beautiful, or kind, or charming; she was simply Christina, and that was all, but she was everything to him.

It was a trifling incident which first interrupted his thoughts,—an ordinary sight which would have had little effect upon him at another time, perhaps, but which now breaking in upon his meditations, more or less jarred upon his mood of mind. It was simply that, through a gap in the trees of Cranford Park, he could see from the road, lights twinkling in the windows of the house which lay within.

"Then they have come back," he said to himself. "Christina was right; things happen even here."

And what did it matter to him? He would have said nothing, only he was dreaming dreams, and those shifting, restless lights disturbed him, and the moonlight would have been pleasanter without them.

## CHAPTER II.

WHEN Bernard was gone, Christina sat for a few minutes meditating; then she gave a little sigh, and, rousing herself, she too left the kitchen; but her sigh and her meditations had nothing to do with Bernard. He had been, and he had gone, and for the moment he had cheered her, but his visits could not

change the character of her life, or even make epochs in it. If her mother had been a little less sad, if her grandfather had been a little less bitter, it might have been different; then she might have spoken to them of her future, and of Bernard's hopes; but to speak now would only be to raise a storm of anger and incredulity. Perhaps after all they were right, and she was wrong; perhaps it might be true that happiness was a wandering, deceptive light; that it would always dance before her eyes, and never take a form. So she went down to the evening meal with still a little cloud hanging over her brow.

Old Mr. North never forgot that, as people say, "he had seen better days." He might be poverty-stricken, aged, and forsaken, but in his own eyes, at least, he was still Geoffrey North, the great man of the parish, the Squire to whom the Park belonged. He had had misfortunes, but he refused to recognize the fact. "Family reasons made it desirable for me to give up my establishment and come to live here," he was accustomed to say with an assumption of dignity which had something pathetic in it; "and this quiet life suits me in my old age." He seemed able to ignore the truth, so long as he had only himself to deceive, but dreaded to read it in strangers' eyes; and refusing to see those few friends who would have been glad to seek his society, he shut himself up with his books and his recollections, which sometimes must have been sad enough. He sat at the head of his table with his bottle of untouched port before him, and still talked of country business and foreign affairs, and the folly of men, as if his opinion was of the highest importance; but "nothing should tempt him back into active life," so he said with uncalled for determination.

Christina had smiled at it all sometimes, for she was not old enough to be touched by the piteousness of the mockery; but to-day she was simply indifferent, and leant back in her chair gazing at the reflection of her own cloudy face in the polished wood.

"Mr. Warde is coming to dinner to-

morrow," her mother was saying. "He wants more money for his school, I suppose; he is always wanting money."

"He does not want it for himself," said Christina, rousing herself a little indignantly.

"I suppose we all want money when we can get it," said her grandfather; and then silence fell upon them again.

Afterwards, when Christina went up the narrow stairs to her little room on the upper story, though she was fond of it in a way from habit and old association, she still looked with a sort of impatience at the familiar surroundings—the engraving of the Good Shepherd over the mantel-piece in the frame which Bernard had carved, the old panelled chest of drawers, the japanned dressing-table, the flower-pots in the window, and the little work-stand in the corner. There was no attempt at ornament, nor any of the little fanciful arrangements which girls are so fond of, but yet Christina was attached to the room, and would not have changed it, as her mother had often suggested, for a larger and more comfortable one.

Perhaps it was because she looked on it as a sort of refuge; *here*, at least, she could be quiet and alone. Not that solitude always suited her; it did not suit her this evening, and therefore it was that she put down her candle on the table, and went to the window, pushing back the curtain and looking out into the night.

It was a clear spring night, and she could see across the road, white in the moonlight, on to the dark line of the trees of the Park. She did not look in that direction, but, leaning out, cast her eyes over the moor, and the indistinctly shadowed hill, on the side of which stood the grey house to which Bernard had taught her to look as her future home. There, at least, she would find peace and love, and kind words. There was no hope or longing within her, but still she did look to that as the end which she desired. She turned, soothed and partly consoled; after all, some one there, she knew, was thinking of her, and looking forward to that time; and then, as she turned,

she caught sight of those lights twinkling in the upper windows of Cranford Manor, which had broken in upon Bernard's meditations. There was nothing magical in them; they were ordinary lights enough, giving evidence of human life within the house. And yet in Christina's eyes these were not ordinary, but as interesting and exciting as they were unexpected.

"They have come back," she said to herself, as Bernard had said it to himself, with another meaning, and in another mood.

There was nothing distinct or defined in the pleasure with which she looked once more at the distant lights before she lay down to rest.

The Park had been long shut up, and it was long—very long—since she had seen its owners, before the General fell ill, and they all went abroad; but nevertheless she was glad to know that they had come back.

"And Mr. Warde is coming to dinner,"—so Mrs. North sighed again the next morning, as she sat down with her work at the table in the front parlour, which lay on the opposite side of the passage from the kitchen, and was especially appropriated to her; for her father-in-law said he hated to have a woman rustling about the room.

"It fidgets me to death," said the hasty old gentleman; and so he had his way, and for the most part they left him to himself.

As to Christina, it did not much matter to her whether Mr. Warde came or stayed away. The sun had long ago melted the hoar-frost from off the grass, and everything was still and bright; even the heath was less desolate-looking in the morning sunshine, and for the first time Christina noticed the light green veil which spring had thrown over the trees of the Park.

"Did you see the lights in the windows last night?" she said, without noticing her mother's sigh. "The windows were all lighted up; they must have come back to the Park, I suppose. Did you not see the lights?"

"Yes, they have come back; but what

does it matter?" said Mrs. North, with a melancholy indifference which seemed strange to Christina. "The old man, the father, I mean, is dead at last, and so they have come back—Captain Cleasby and his sister—some one told me yesterday. Ah! Christina, how different it was when that was our home! Who would have foretold our coming down to this? It seemed all so secure and certain then."

"I don't remember it, at least hardly at all—not at all clearly—but I remember young Mr. Cleasby very well," said Christina. "He gave me a ride on his pony one day, and grandpapa was so angry when I told him about it. I was quite a little girl, but I remember it very well."

"They call him Captain Cleasby, now, though I believe he has left the army," said the mother. "Well, we have nothing to do with them, or with the Park; they are not even our tenants."

It was natural enough, poor woman, that she should sigh again as she took up her work. It was true that they had nothing to do either with the Park or with the Cleasbys, or with anything rich, or prosperous, or happy; but it was also quite natural that Christina, who was not faded, nor disappointed, nor tired, but, on the contrary, full of life and spirit, should not feel all this as her mother felt it.

"I shall go and tell grandpapa," she said; and before her mother could remonstrate, she had crossed the passage and knocked at the study door.

"Grandpapa," she exclaimed, as he put down his book, disturbed by her sudden entrance, and looked at her over his spectacles with more surprise than pleasure; "grandpapa, do you know the Cleasbys have come back?"

"No, I did not know it," said Mr. North. He was not indifferent, like her mother; on the contrary, he laid aside his book altogether, as if it had no longer any interest for him, and sank back wearily in his chair, almost as if he had received a shock.

"The old man is dead, grandpapa,

and his son and daughter have come back. We saw the lights in the windows, and we think they have come to stay."

"So Cleasby is dead!" said the old man. "I wonder why I am alive!" For a moment there was a plaintive surprise in his voice, and then it changed into a tone of irritation. "Why do you come to tell me about it, Christina? I am an old man; I came here to be quiet, and not to be troubled about my neighbours. What does it signify to me? I remember nothing about them."

"I remember quite well," said Christina under her breath; and she smiled to herself a little as she said it, and then she raised her voice and added, "and it does signify, for perhaps they may come to see us."

Mr. North laid his hands upon the arms of his chair, and slowly rose up to his full height before he answered, while Christina stood looking at him wondering and curious.

"They will not come here," said her grandfather; and his voice, still powerful at times, resounded in the little room. "I will have nothing to do with them. They will not come here. Is it not enough?"—he went on, gathering his breath by a painful effort, and locking his hands together behind his back,—"is it not enough that they are living in what should still be my house, dining at my table, shutting my doors upon me; and shall I invite them to come and see how I am changed, how everything is changed? They have what was once mine; but as to my acquaintance, they neither want it, nor shall they have it."

Then, as if putting a force upon himself, he sat down again in his chair, and took his book, though he could not see the letters. "Go, Christina, go; you interrupt me," he said, with something of the former sharpness in his tone: and Christina went. It was strange that this return, to her so welcome and exciting, should be indifferent to her mother, and stranger still that it should awaken an amount of

emotion in her grandfather which she was altogether unable to comprehend. To her the future was all in all, and no ghosts rose up from the past to frighten or perplex her.

It was of the future that she was dreaming, as she sat at dinner that evening, and the little conversation of trivialities, her grandfather's courtesy, her mother's laments, and the Rector's rather stern common sense made no impression upon her, until she was roused to sudden interest by a casual reference to the once more inhabited Park.

"We need some one to take an interest in the parish," Mr. Warde was saying; "but what can you expect of a young man brought up on the Continent? Still I do not despair: there may be some good to be got out of him." After ten years of hard work as a parish priest, Mr. Warde still took a cheerful view of human nature, and was not easily discouraged.

They were a strangely incongruous party,—gathered round the same table, yet mentally how far apart! The old man, smothering his pride and bitterness and sense of injury under his courteous and dignified exterior; the widow, for whom life had no longer any hopes or fears, or pressing anxieties—nothing but the recollection of a youth ending in disappointment; the Rector, in the prime of life and strength, putting his whole mind to grasp the present and grapple with the difficulties of the moment; and, lastly, the young girl, standing, as it were, upon the threshold of the world, and stretching out eager hands towards the coming years.

She looked up now, roused by the Rector's words, and saw with a return of her former wonder, that her grandfather's forehead contracted involuntarily for a moment, and that he made an effort to listen patiently. But Mr. Warde was not an observant man, and he did not notice it.

"I suppose I need not hesitate to ask them for money," he said; "a man who can afford to keep up that place

ought to be ready to do something for the parish. I think I have a right to expect it, and I need it much. I am not begging now, though, and I know, sir, you have done all you can."

"Yes, I have," said Mr. North, shortly. The Rector was a simple, kindly, straightforward man, but he was not sensitive, nor keenly alive to other people's sensibilities. Mr. North was poor, and he had done all he could, and all Mr. Warde expected of him. Why should he hesitate to say so? and why should it not be spoken of openly? But the acknowledgment was bitter to the old man. He could do nothing more, and he knew it well enough: but why should he be told so plainly that it was to young Cleasby and not to him that the Rector looked for support? What right had he to speak to him at all upon such a subject? So Mr. North thought; but the thought did not make him less courteous and hospitable in his manner, for Mr. Warde was his guest, and was to be treated with all deference. Nevertheless it rankled; and there was another reason which put a restraint upon their friendly intercourse, and deprived it of the cordiality which would have been most congenial to the Rector. The White House belonged to Mr. Warde, and had originally been intended for a parsonage, but Mr. Warde was unmarried, and lived in tiny apartments over the baker's, so he had let the house to the Norths, partly because he was glad to get rid of it with its long passages and big fireplaces, which were not adapted for bachelor comfort, and partly because it was a time when Mr. North was in trouble, and glad to find a house for which he was not required to pay down money at once; so they stood in relation of tenant and landlord, a relation which was galling to Mr. North's feelings, and which threw a deeper shade of formality over his manner to the clergyman, though, in his way, he both liked and respected him.

"Are you going to call at the Park?" asked Mr. Warde, in his direct matter-of-fact way, with no suspicion of the

conflict which he was raising up in his host's mind between his offended dignity and his courtesy.

And then both the women looked and waited for the answer; but while Christina's eyes were opened wide and fixed upon her grandfather, Mrs. North's were cast down and fixed upon the tablecloth.

"Why should I call?" said Mr. North. "No, I do not intend calling. Quiet, absolute quiet, is what suits me best in my old age; and I am not prepared to make new acquaintances. I am not good company for the rising generation."

Mr. Warde was still a young man in Mr. North's eyes, though he was thirty-five, or perhaps a little older; and though he knew that his host spoke with contempt of the rising generation when he said that he was not good company for them, he never thought of taking exception at anything Mr. North might say; indeed, he was a man that it was difficult for any one to offend.

"I cannot help thinking it would be better for you if you saw more of your neighbours," he said, as usual giving free expression to his thoughts; and although perhaps his advice was uncalled for in addressing a man so much his senior, it was not given with any arrogance or priestly superiority, but rather as the frank opinion of one unused to keep his sentiments to himself; nevertheless Mr. North, as might have been expected, was not pleased with the interference.

"Of that I must be the best judge," he said; and then he looked at his daughter-in-law in a way to intimate that it was time for her to leave the room.

For the time the subject was laid aside; but when, the long sitting over, the wine was ended, and the clergyman came into the front parlour, where Christina and her mother were sitting at work, it came into their talk, for Mr. North had gone into his study for a book.

"Why do you not persuade him to exert himself?" asked the Rector. "It

would be better for him and for you all. He should not shut himself up as he does."

"It suits him," said Christina; and though she sighed at the incomprehensibility of such a taste, she added, "I suppose he has a right to do as he pleases;" for Christina allowed no one but herself to blame her grandfather.

"Certainly not; we have all our duties to ourselves and to each other," said the clergyman: and this time there was something a little clerical in his tone which made Christina feel rebellious, and prompted her to answer, that "as to everyone having duties, it might be so, but she had never found hers out."

"Then you have never tried," said Mr. Warde: and soon after he went away to his night school.

And although Christina did not care for his opinion, she knew that he spoke sincerely. "He does not approve of me," she said to herself; "and though it does not matter, I dare say he is right, after all!"

### CHAPTER III.

For some days it seemed as if Mrs. North was quite right when she said that the Cleasbys' return could make no difference to them: the days passed as they had passed before, and the only witnesses to their existence were the lights which shone from their windows through the Park trees. Christina could not have told why every night she looked out at them before going to bed, and every night they seemed a little farther off; sometimes she thought she would cease to see them at all, and yet she looked, and wondered, and waited.

One day the gates were opened, and some one drove past in a dogcart, but she did not see who it was, and she even began to think that she did not care to know. The heath was only divided from the trees of the Park by the winding stony road; but it was a barrier which could not be passed by

her—so Christina thought; and after all it did not so much matter.

One afternoon she was sitting with her grandfather in the study, writing from his dictation a criticism upon a book he had been reading. "It is well to note down one's thoughts," he had said in his didactic way, and Christina had taken out pen and paper with a mental wonder that he should care to preserve what no one would ever care to know. Indeed, she wondered how he should find it worth while to think about such things at all; but of course this she did not say.

It was growing dusk, and the one candle gave but a feeble light; so she was kneeling by the table to catch the firelight upon her page; but the old man was long in collecting his thoughts, and it was only at intervals that he spoke, and Christina's eyes had wandered out into the darkness outside the window, and her thoughts were weaving themselves into a vague dream. Then suddenly, when all seemed most peaceful and ordinary; when the doors had, as it were, been shut upon the outer world; when even Bernard was not to be expected; when her mother was, as usual, working in the little parlour at the other side of the passage, and Janet was in the kitchen, and she and her grandfather were alone, he with pain and effort shaping his thoughts into words, she letting hers wander into a dreamland which had nothing definite about it,—at this moment, of all others, when the world seemed farthest off, the calm was broken by a citizen of that world.

He came as if his visit were the most commonplace thing in life, asked Janet if her master were in, with easy indifference, and followed her so closely along the passage that she had no opportunity to give warning of his advent, but had barely time to open the door and announce "Captain Cleasby," before he stood within the room.

He did not feel embarrassed, nor as if his visit had anything of special import in it; he did not feel that he was dining at Mr. North's table every night,

but, on the contrary, looked on that table as most peculiarly his own; and he had come to see Mr. North as a near neighbour, and an old acquaintance of his father's, without any thought of the circumstances which might make his visit a painful one; but yet he did not advance for a moment, not because he felt doubtful or shy, but because in the uncertain light he could not see clearly in whose presence he stood.

There was a pause, and Christina rose up hastily from her knees, suddenly awakened from her dreams and flushed at the unexpectedness of the entrance, and drew back a little and looked curiously at the stranger. Then Mr. North made an effort to rise, and yet he did not, and he knew that the young man had seen the effort when he came forward and held out his hand.

"Pray don't disturb yourself," he said, as he advanced into the light, and shook hands with Mr. North, and then for the first time saw Christina and bowed to her. "I hope I am not interrupting anything; I must apologize for calling so late, but I have been out all day. I hope I am not interrupting you?"

Christina was sitting quite in the shadow. Even the outline of her figure was undefined; but a little soft low laugh came out of the darkness as Captain Cleasby ended his apology, and a voice which seemed as if speaking to itself, "I think we can forgive the interruption."

"It is of no consequence," said Mr. North, and his tone was very stately; "my time is quite at your service."

Perhaps the magnificence of the speech was thrown away upon Captain Cleasby, who was not thinking of Geoffrey North as the man to whom the Park had belonged, but rather of his father's friend, who, poor old fellow, was sadly aged and altered. He had too much tact to betray this, or show any sense of the change. He drew forward a chair and sat down before the fire, and began to talk with a lazy ease which was new to Christina.

"I cannot expect you to remember

me, sir," he said; "I was quite a boy: but I remember you well, and everything about the place. We have been moving about ever since."

"You have been on the Continent, I understand," said Mr. North, stiffly.

"Yes, at one place or another. We are a migratory people, but at last we have come home."

He did not say it as if he were glad to be once more at the Park; and though he called it "home," there was ever so slight a touch of contempt in his voice.

It seemed as if Mr. North gathered up his breath to speak, and yet the remark he made was a difficult one for a stranger to answer.

"I was surprised and grieved to hear of Cleasby's death," he said.

It was only a month since it had happened, and all the agitations and incidents of the time were fresh in the young man's memory. After all, long habit and daily intercourse had created an affection which, though it had nothing in it of elevated sentiment or respect, had yet been that of a son for a father; and Mr. North's observation brought a shadow and a change over his face.

"Thank you," he said briefly. Then there was a silence, and again it was apparent to Christina that her grandfather made an effort to break it.

"Are you going to become a resident at the Park?" he said.

"I hardly know myself—we are very uncertain; but I dare say we shall be here for some time to come. It is only myself and my sister."

"You prefer the Continent?"

"Well, we know very little of English life as yet; of course it is rather strange to us at first, but I dare say we shall settle down in time."

He thought for a moment whether he should add anything more cordial, as would have seemed natural in speaking to his nearest neighbour and to his father's old friend; whether he should say anything of future intercourse, or ask whether he had any belonging who would care for his fishing or shooting; but the chilling dignity of Mr. North's

manner had repelled him, and soon after he took his leave. Christina had been in the background and dim shadow in the dusky twilight, and he had hardly noticed her, but he had been in the circle of firelight, and she had seen him clearly. Was it an omen of the future?

Well, after all he had crossed the road; the barrier which she thought impassable had been passed, but all the same she was further off than ever, and she felt it. There was no bond of union, his life had been so different from theirs, and what could they say to him? It was not so strange that Mr. North should find a difficulty in opening and sustaining a conversation, and Christina no longer wondered at his embarrassment, nor at his decision that the Cleasbys should not come to his house. It was quite true that they had nothing to do with them, that they had nothing in common with prosperity, riches, and people of the world; their way of thinking, their talk, their very manner was different: and Christina sighed a little as she leant back in her chair.

Her grandfather had forgotten his book, and he too leant back in his chair, lost in thought.

"Oh, Christina!" said her mother, "what are you doing there? And did Captain Cleasby find you like this, with only one candle, and the room all in disorder, and you in that old blue gown? Oh, dear! why did he come, and no one expecting him?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Christina; "but as to the room and my gown, I don't suppose that he even saw them:" and she laughed a little at the idea. It had never occurred to her to consider what Captain Cleasby would have thought of them or their surroundings, and perhaps she was too proud to have given a thought to her gown; for she, like her grandfather, was proud in her way.

"You may laugh, Christina; I dare say it is very amusing to you," said the mother, in the aggrieved tone which had become habitual to her, "but I don't see anything to laugh at for my part. You cannot remember, of course, and so you

don't feel the difference; but when I think what it used to be, and how changed it all is now——"

"Oh, dear me!" said Christina, with a kind of sad impatience: and she got up from her chair and went to the window, and stood looking out at the mist in which the heath was shrouded, through which not even the lights from the house on the hill could be seen.

It was quite true that she did not, as her mother said, "feel the difference;" she had been used to isolation and poverty nearly all her life, and she had no recollection of brighter days; but yet the lonely dreariness of the life they were leading was far more oppressive to her than to Mrs. North, who at least had nothing more to expect.

She leant up against the window and drew a long breath as if she could rid herself in that physical way of the depression which was creeping over her, and turned her back upon her grandfather, who still sat meditating in his chair, and upon her mother, who had taken up her work and was bending over it.

But, after all, Christina was young and strong and full of life; and though at times she might review her fate and let despondency conquer her, very often she forgot it altogether in the spring and sunshine, and the natural freshness of youth. Every day the west wind blew more softly, every day the tints grew deeper over the Park trees, and April rains had watered the brown heath and made the scanty herbage green, and the birds began to sing and the gummy chestnut buds to glisten, and the winter was over; and though Christina might be lonely, and at times sad and rebellious, she had not yet shut her heart to the influences of the opening year. Her mood softened, and she was gracious to Bernard, and promised to go and see his mother.

It was no penance to her; there was perhaps no one for whom she had so great a respect as her aunt, but she did not go often to see her. She hardly knew herself why she did not seek her more. It was not that she was afraid, for

she was afraid of no one, and it was not for want of time or opportunity ; perhaps it was because she knew Mrs. Oswestry did not always approve of her. She was not a woman who expressed an unfavourable opinion readily, neither was she critical ; but she was essentially just, impartial, and firm ; and for some reason or other, she did not, as people say, get on with Christina, who, to be sure, was destitute of many valuable qualities. The expression of Mrs. Oswestry's face was kindly and strong and serene ; a face that could not deceive, and could at times soften into tenderness, but withal giving evidence of a calm, well-regulated mind and a ruling spirit. This was perhaps the reason that Christina set out to see her with no vivid anticipation of pleasure, but rather with the sense that she was discharging a duty.

Yet she felt courageous also, and the morning air had given her a spirit of enterprise, and she had said to Bernard the evening before, "I shall tell Aunt Margaret that some day I am coming to live at the Homestead ;" and she thought that she would do it, and pictured to herself the surprise which she was going to awaken as she walked across the heath to her aunt's house.

"Am I come too early, Aunt Margaret?" she said, as she pushed open the door and found Mrs. Oswestry giving out the linen from the cupboard in the passage.

Peace brooded over the house ; peace was within, and peace without,—in the sunny garden outside, and in the pretty drawing-room. There was an atmosphere of quiet about the roses, and the bees, and the poultry in the yard. It was sheltered from the winds by the hill which rose behind it, and all was tranquil within ; the first crocuses bloomed under the garden wall, or the last roses shed their leaves upon the gravel-walks.

Mrs. Oswestry was standing, a tall figure in her long black dress, among the piles of white linen, with the sweet spring air blowing in upon her from an open window, and she turned

her full, steady eyes upon Christina as she came in, and held out her hands and kissed her with a smile of welcome.

"You are welcome, my dear," she said, with a touch of her father's ceremony : and then she led the way into the little drawing-room, with its pretty bay window full of flowers, the scent of them stirred by every soft gust through the window ; and she sat down in her own chair and took up her work, and Christina sat down also, but did not very well know what to say.

"Had you anything particular to say to me?" said Mrs. Oswestry. She looked at Christina, who was twisting her hat about in her hands, though it was not usual with her to be at a loss for words : and then Christina felt how impossible it was for her to answer such an appeal by any confidence. It was an opening, perhaps, but an opening of which it was quite impossible to take advantage. It would be much better to introduce the subject casually ; so she put it away for the present.

"No, no, Aunt Margaret," she said, "only I thought that I would come. Bernard said I could come."

"You do not come so very often, but you are always welcome," said Mrs. Oswestry : and she smiled, for she was not a woman to reproach anyone for neglecting her. "It is not very lively here, and there is nothing to amuse you."

"I don't think of amusement," said Christina ; "you would not imagine I wanted it, if you knew me better. I always like this house, it is so bright. I think you get all the sunshine up here, Aunt Margaret."

"Do we?" said Mrs. Oswestry ; "yes, I think that you are right as to the sunshine, but I hope that we do not quite monopolize it."

Christina did not answer, but she leant her chin upon her hand, and looked out through the framework of creepers which clustered round the window.

"Christina," said her aunt, after a little pause, "I sometimes think that

you do not make the most of what comes to you."

Christina coloured a little, and turned her eyes upon Mrs. Oswestry, and upon the instant took up arms.

"I don't know what you mean, Aunt Margaret. I suppose we are not like other people exactly; but I don't see how I can make the most of what I have not got. You can see for yourself that we are not spoilt by pleasures, and except that, I don't see how you can know about it; only I suppose Bernard——"

"Bernard has nothing to do with what I am saying," said her aunt, interrupting her. "I speak from my own observation, and for your good, Christina."

"I speak to Bernard sometimes, I know," said Christina quickly, not noticing the interruption, "and tell him things, because I have no one else to speak to; but if he makes other people blame me——"

"Oh, Christina, my dear child," said her aunt; "oh, Christina, why do you pretend to think it is Bernard? You know well enough he never blames you."

Christina hung her head and coloured again, and a sudden smile flitted across her face. She knew it, of course, quite well; but no one, not even Bernard himself, had ever put it to her so plainly before. Then she lifted up her head, and, moved by a yearning and an impulse to seek for sympathy, was about to make her confession and give her confidence, had not Mrs. Oswestry gone on without giving her time to answer.

"I am not speaking as Bernard's deputy, and I will not say that his thoughts always agree with mine, though I believe that he hides nothing from me," said his mother: and she spoke with the proud confidence of a woman who has yet to learn that she does not hold the first place in her son's heart. Mrs. Oswestry was a just and impartial woman, but yet the first knowledge would have been bitter to her, and Christina could not tell her that it was so. She looked round again at the room, at the muslin curtains blowing

in the wind, at the creepers outside, and the glass of spring flowers on the rose-wood work-table, and all the trivialities which make a house a home, and she sighed again as she thought of the contrast.

"It is all very different with us," she said.

Yet Mrs. Oswestry's drawing-room was not luxurious, nor even very orderly. There was a drugget on the floor, and the mirror over the mantelpiece was small, and the chintz had seen better days, and Bernard's compasses and rules and drawing materials were littered about on one of the tables; but yet it had the unmistakeable air of a room to which people come for rest and cheerfulness and domestic peace; and this was a look quite unknown to the rooms at the White House.

Christina went over to the table where Bernard's drawings were strewn about, and began to turn them over; not because she cared much about them, but because she was a little ashamed of her last speech, to which her aunt had made no response, and she was glad to change the subject.

"What is Bernard doing? where is he gone?" she asked: and the elder woman, who could not, of course, read her thoughts, imagined that there was embarrassment in her voice. But she was wrong, for Christina could speak quite openly of her cousin; and if she spoke less frankly than usual, it was not upon his account, but because she was dissatisfied with her visit and vexed with herself.

"Bernard is gone to Overton; he is drawing some plans for the new church, but if you can stay, he will be back by tea-time, and then he can walk home with you," said her aunt.

She did not approve of Christina; she did not altogether like her; but if her boy had set his heart upon it, she would not stand in his way; and if it were to be, it had better be done openly, and with everyone's knowledge.

And then Christina's heart smote her, partly for her own reticence, partly for the confidence shown in her. Would

it be so, she wondered, if her aunt knew of what had been between them? She almost wished that it had never been, but his words could not be forgotten: she had told him she might change, but she knew that he at least was pledged for ever.

"No, I cannot wait for Bernard," she said; "I must go home, but thank you all the same, Aunt Margaret:" and she went over and kissed her aunt with sudden compunction.

After that they went out together, and fed the poultry, and looked at the hives, and nailed up some straggling creepers; and gradually, standing in that peaceful atmosphere, looking up into the serenity of Mrs. Oswestry's face, Christina felt the spirit of the place creeping over her, charming away her longings, and filling her with the contentment of rest. After all, what could she desire more? One day this would be her home.

#### CHAPTER IV.

ALTHOUGH it was so early in the year, the sun was still in the south when Christina turned homewards, with that feeling of calm contentment and rest, the predominant one within her; and the Homestead she was leaving behind her still stood forth in her mind as the end to be desired.

A sort of vague satisfaction filled her as she made her way back across the heath more slowly than she had come, no longer quickened by the sense of enterprise and exhilaration with which she had set out. She was not now thinking of the future as comprehending anything new or unaccustomed, and she started a little when she came to the entrance of the wood, and, suddenly lifting her eyes, saw Captain Cleasby coming towards her, ready to open the gate.

She was not exactly shy, for it was not usual with her, and in point of fact there was nothing to cause her embarrassment, only she was curious to know if he would recognize her again,

it had been so dark when he called, and she had been so much in the back-ground.

It was a very lonely spot, a little wood in a hollow between two ridges of moorland, where hyacinths and anemones mixed themselves with the tangled undergrowth.

Christina stood still, doubtful one moment, and then Captain Cleasby lifted his hat and put his hand on the gate. He was coming through the wood with his dogs at his heels, and as Christina stepped forward one of them snarled and showed his teeth. His master struck him with his cane and made his apologies, and then he recognized Christina and claimed her acquaintance.

"It was so dark the other evening, I did not suppose that you would know me again," she said.

"I am not thinking of the other day," he answered, smiling; "but I think I should have known you again, although you were such a little girl when I saw you last!" and such a pretty little girl, he thought to himself,—but he did not say it.

"Yes, I remember," said Christina, and she too smiled as he turned back to walk with her.

"I wonder that you can remember," he said; "it is such years and years ago—ten or eleven years. I should think I must have been about sixteen."

"Yes, you gave me a ride on your pony," said Christina; "I remember it quite well, but then I have not had many things to remember in my life."

Captain Cleasby smiled again somewhat compassionately, thinking of the dreary house and the dusky room, and the old man sitting there in his solitude, but he made no direct answer.

"I hardly know whether my visit was welcome to your grandfather," he said; "it is so long since he saw me, and I ought to have remembered there were painful associations. I was sorry to find him so much aged. But I hope my living at the Park does not make him look upon me as a natural enemy."

Christina paused for a moment.

Captain Cleasby was a stranger, though she had said she remembered him, and she hesitated as to what she should say or leave unsaid; but somehow she felt a persuasion that he would not take advantage of any admission that she might make.

"Grandpapa is very much changed," she said, "and he does not like to see strangers, or even his old friends; and I dare say he does not like to be reminded of old times," said Christina, candidly.

As for Captain Cleasby, her straightforward answer took him by surprise, certainly; but he was only a little interested by a candour to which he was unaccustomed.

"I understand," he said, "and I remind him of old times. But I hope you have not all the same feeling. Do you too look upon me as a natural enemy?"

"Oh no," said Christina, turning her frank eyes upon him; "no,—why should I? It matters nothing to me."

"Then we part in peace," said Captain Cleasby, for they had come to the gate of the White House, and Christina's mother was standing in the window looking out.

Then he turned back along the way he had come with her, whistling to his dogs.

"Who was with you, Christina?" said Mrs. North, anxiously, as she came lightly up the garden path, and, opening the parlour door, stood before her, making a spot of light, as it were, in the dingy atmosphere, with her cheeks a little flushed by her walk, her eyes shining, and a smile still hovering round her mouth.

"It was Captain Cleasby; he met me in the Hollow," said Christina. She was not exactly elated, but she felt as if a break had been discovered in the hills which bounded her horizon, and a new vista opened to her view.

"Your grandfather does not wish to see him here," said Mrs. North, who generally sheltered herself under his name when she thought she was about to thwart Christina; "we have nothing

to do with him; he is quite different from us; it is not as it used to be!"

"I suppose he is different, but people can be friends all the same," said Christina; "he does not want to avoid us. And as to being different, we are just what we were always; we are just as much worth knowing as when we lived at the Park. I am sure I wish we never had lived there," she added, with a little shrug of her shoulders.

"You don't know what you say," said the mother, "and it is hardhearted of you to talk in that way; but you can understand that Captain Cleasby is not wanted here; and I think if I were you I would not say anything to your grandfather; he does not like to hear of the Cleasbys."

"I know," said Christina: and she went away after that, and did not say anything about Captain Cleasby's hope that they did not all look upon him as a natural enemy; but she remembered it, nevertheless, perhaps the more, that she did not speak of it.

It was just at this time that Mrs. Oswestry was called away to nurse a cousin who was sick and lonely, and Bernard came to stay at the White House, for a "little company," as his aunt said; for the Homestead was shut up, and only a man and a maid left to take care of it. It was a change which some people would have looked upon as anything but cheerful, from the sunny hillside,

"That woodbined cottage, girt with orchard trees,  
Last left and earliest found of birds and bees,"

to the White House on the heath; but Bernard had his reasons, and came readily enough.

"I wonder you come," Christina had said.

"Do you?" he answered: and then something in his manner had made her stop, and recalled her to herself; she coloured a little, though she turned away quickly and pretended not to see it.

After all it did make a wonderful

difference in her life. He was working hard, and he was not much at home, but still his presence brought light and warmth and colour into her life. In the early mornings, coming in to breakfast fresh from bathing in the river, his fair hair still hanging damp about his face, rushing up the stairs, clattering along the passages, striding across the heath, whistling to himself as he drew his plans; even when he sat over his book in the evening his sunshiny presence made itself felt, and Christina sometimes found herself breaking into sudden unaccustomed laughter, from the very contagion of his boyish light-heartedness.

These were happy days, when in spirit they could still go back to their childhood and almost realize its dreams. They were days for Bernard without one cloud or presentiment of evil; and as for Christina, she was happy in the present, and took no thought of the future.

Captain Cleasby was away, and his sister was in deep mourning, and had not been seen except in church, so there were no interruptions or agitations from without.

If life could always go on as smoothly and easily and thoughtlessly, it would not be hard to look for nothing else. And the hedges were white with hawthorn blossoms, and the cuckoos were calling among the Park trees, and spring was blossoming into summer; and was it wonderful that Christina too should leave the winter behind her, and forget that it had ever been? It was a time of almost childish happiness whilst it lasted; and though it was shortly to depart, how could she know that it would not come back? Bernard was going away, certainly, but it was not for always. She should miss him, but she could look forward to his return, and he would not take all her sunshine with him. He was going to the north, on some business connected with his profession: it would help him on, he would see more of the world, and would have something to tell when he came back.

"All the same I wish you were not going!" she said, as she walked across the heath with him on the afternoon before his departure.

He had some orders to give at the Homestead on his way into Overton; he was to leave next morning, and he had asked her to go with him. The garden required to be looked to, and she could take back some roses for her mother, so he had said, and as they turned their backs upon the White House and the stony road, he thought to himself that he was bringing her to the house where she would one day be brought as his bride.

Christina too thought of it as she sat under the elm, tying up the roses which he threw into her lap. The soft wind rustled the leaves above her head, the doves were cooing in their cage, the butterflies were flitting about among the flowers, the shadows were quivering upon the lawn, the whole air was musical with the hum of insects, and sweet with the fragrance of summer. She thought no longer that she should change, and she told him so, bringing the quick blood to his cheek with a sudden flush, making him start and turn his eyes upon her with a look which she remembered afterwards, when the scene came again before her eyes, distinct in all its features—of the sheltered garden, and the roses, and the flickering sunlight, and Bernard standing before her with that radiance in his face which she was never again to see but in retrospect.

"You will not forget, Christina," he said; and there was a happy confidence in his voice, a belief in her which nothing could diminish or destroy.

"No," said Christina; "no, Bernard, I think not. Why should I change? There is no place to me like this. I wish you were not going away. Dear Bernard, how happy we have been!"

She sighed a little, but not as she had so often sighed, from weariness, or longing, or discontent, but simply from a regret which comes to us when we are happiest, a regret born of the joy

which, like all other earthly joys, must sooner or later fade before our eyes.

The world too seemed very beautiful to Bernard, but he did not put his thoughts into words; they were happy, and was it not enough?

So they sat together under the trees, and wandered about among the roses for an hour or more of the golden afternoon, and then parted: he striding along the lanes to Overton at the rapid pace which belonged to his long limbs, and she making her way back across the heath towards her own home.

If she had ever been true to Bernard, she was true to him now: she had no thought, as she had said, of change, or of anything else to be desired than life with him in his home, where storms and tempests could not penetrate; where all was peace, and rest, and love; where they should always be as happy as they had been to-day; where she should be safe from the world and from herself.

The calmness of the afternoon had stilled her, and she lingered with that indifference to the lapse of time which belongs to happiness. Slowly she made her way amongst the yellow gorse, although the sun was sinking behind the hill, and the sunset lights were glowing in the west. Slowly she came along the narrow path, but immediately in the direction of the path she caught sight of a figure lying in the heather; and though she was thinking of other things, and the figure was still a long way off, she knew quite well that it could be no one else than Captain Cleasby.

He was lying with his elbow resting on the ground, and his chin propped up on his hand; his little terrier lay at his side, and he had a book spread open on the heather before him. He was quite close to the path, so that Christina's dress would have almost touched him as she passed; but it was not until she was quite close that he was conscious of her, and sprang up hastily from his lair.

"A thousand pardons," he said; "I thought no one ever came here. Are you on your way home? Ah, what lovely roses!"

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"They come from my aunt's garden," said Christina; "they don't grow well at the White House."

"You have been to see your aunt? how virtuous!" said Captain Cleasby. "It is a social duty which has no recompense unless she has quarrelled with all her nearer relations. I have been doing my duty too, pursuing my studies in solitude, and now I have my reward:" and he put his book into his pocket and took up his cap and walked on with Christina, as if it were a proceeding to which no one could have taken exception.

He was quite right as far as Christina was concerned; her grandfather did not like her to speak of him, it was true; it reminded him of old times; but, as she had said, it could not matter to her, and she cared nothing about the past.

"How generously your aunt has cut her flowers!" said Captain Cleasby, looking at the long stalks and clusters of buds and fresh green shoots which had fallen a prey to Bernard's ruthless knife.

"It was not my aunt; my aunt is away," said Christina; "it was Bernard Oswestry, my cousin."

"Then Bernard Oswestry, your cousin, must be prepared to render up his account when she comes back," said Captain Cleasby, lightly.

Bernard Oswestry, and his mother, and the White House, were all nothing to Captain Cleasby, who cared neither for Christina's belongings nor for her life and surroundings.

But Christina herself was a different matter, and in a sort of way he meant it when he said that he had had his reward. He said it carelessly, and in truth Christina paid little heed to his words; only as he talked to her she forgot for the moment the garden and the Homestead, and the peacefulness which she had left so regretfully. She thought no more of Bernard, and the visions which he had put before her had faded from her mind. It was not that consciously she compared him with Captain Cleasby and found him wanting. Captain Cleasby had not his

beauty, nor his frankness, nor his sunny smile. Indeed, he was not, strictly speaking, a handsome man at all; he was almost too slight, and there was no glow of health or ardour or impulse in his face. But yet there was an attraction about him; if there was not beauty, there was grace, and a look of distinction which harmonized with his manner, the manner of a man who has seen the world and can afford to be indifferent to it. And all this again was very new to Christina.

"You will come and see my sister, I hope," he was saying. "She sees no one now, but she will be glad to see you if you will come some day. She should come to you, only you know there are objections;" and he remembered his own reception, and smiled at the recollection; for, to be sure, that moment, so full of painful embarrassment to Mr. North and of interest to Christina, was nothing to him but a trifling incident, and not even a very amusing one.

"Some day, perhaps," said Christina: and she hesitated, remembering her mother's fears and her grandfather's injunctions.

"That means you will not come; but why not?" said Captain Cleasby. "Are you afraid of us? What are you afraid of?"

"I am not afraid of anything; I am not afraid at all," said Christina: and then she paused a moment before she gave her reasons. "Grandpapa might not like it, and it is different now; we have not changed, but things have changed, and you are not like us. I don't see myself that it makes any difference, but grandpapa thinks it does, and he does not like it."

"Does not like what?"

"He does not like our having anything to do with you," said Christina, distinctly; but she could not help laughing a little as she said it, and her speech had not a very deterrent effect upon Captain Cleasby, who was not angry, or hurt, or surprised, but simply a little amused.

"Now I call that very unfair. I see how it is; you *do* look upon me as a

natural enemy all the time, and then shelter yourself behind your grandfather. I call that very unfair," said Captain Cleasby.

"It does not make any difference to me," said Christina; "I told you it didn't matter to me."

"Only that you will not come to my house," said Captain Cleasby; and just then they passed from the heath and came out upon the road, back into everyday life, as it were, with a carter guiding his team of horses past the White House, and the woman of the lodge standing at the Park gates, and Mr. Warde coming towards them with a book under his arm.

Christina felt with a sudden revulsion of feeling that the eyes of the world were upon her; and that, for perhaps the first time in her life, she was doing something which she would rather not have known, about which people might talk, while Mr. Warde would, she knew, be surprised to meet her with Captain Cleasby.

He, for his part, was quite indifferent to Christina's world, so far as he himself was concerned; but he was considerate for her, and would not allow her to be blamed or wondered at upon his account.

"Then good night," he said: and he turned into his own gates, merely taking off his hat before Mr. Warde came up with them.

## CHAPTER V.

MR. WARDE met Christina with an outstretched hand and his usual cordial friendly greeting, and never gave a thought to her late companion; indeed, he was pre-occupied, and thinking of something quite different; and though his expression was as straightforward and candid as ever, there was a shadow of perplexity in it which was not customary with him.

"I have been with your grandfather," he said; "he seems very much out of spirits. If you can spare me a few

minutes, I should like to have a little talk with you."

They were still some way from the house, and he turned and began to pace back slowly by her side. It was such a sudden awakening, so rapid and complete a transition from coloured clouds to common grey sky, that Christina felt her heart sink, and had no thought or curiosity about what he might be going to say. Only it would be pleasant to be free to think, and not attend to anyone's conversation.

"Your grandfather is very low," said Mr. Warde again; "I cannot help thinking that he has something upon his mind, and it has occurred to me that it may possibly be something connected with his money matters."

"Very likely," said Christina, despondingly; "we are always in difficulties." It was not a complaint, but a simple statement of a fact which she did not at that moment care to take the trouble to conceal.

"Very well," said Mr. Warde, cheerfully; "I thought it might possibly be the case. It does not matter when people are young, unless they have others dependent on them," said the Rector, who was as far from pitying Christina as she was from making any complaint. "But when a man comes to your grandfather's time of life, it is a different thing; and what I wanted to say to you was this. I have no one dependent upon me, except my parishioners, who get a great deal more than is good for them, as a rule; and as long as I am as I am now, I should like your grandfather to look upon the White House as his. If I married, it would be another thing."

He made his proposal in a perfectly unconcerned matter-of-fact tone; and, to say the truth, Christina, who was not sensitive, but almost as simple and straightforward as Mr. Warde himself, was neither overwhelmed with surprise nor gratitude, but looked on the offer as a natural one enough, which, had it rested with her, she would not have hesitated to accept. But it rested with her grandfather, and not with her; and she said so.

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Warde," she said. "Of course it would be a great help to us, and a very great advantage. If it were me, I should accept and be thankful; but grandpapa is different. He cannot bear to take favours; I suppose he never was accustomed to it. I sometimes think he would rather starve than ask anyone for a penny. I think it would be much better to take as freely as one would give; but then, you see, it does not concern me, and grandpapa is so *very* different from me," said Christina, with a sort of regretful wonder.

"Why are you all to suffer because Mr. North is prejudiced? But I think you make a mistake," said the clergyman. "I cannot quite fancy myself begging of anyone, but this is such a rational thing. I don't want the rent, and Mr. North wants the money. I offer it gladly. Why should he not accept?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Christina; "but I do not believe that he will. People are different, you know."

"What I want you to do is to make the proposition," said the Rector; "put it to him as I have put it to you, and then let me know the result. Don't hurry him: his first impulse will be to refuse; which is the reason that I do not go straight to him. Good night, Christina," said Mr. Warde, who considered himself privileged by his age and long acquaintance to address her by her Christian name; and then he shook hands and turned away as they reached the White House, making his way back at his energetic rapid pace to his little lodgings over the baker's at Overton.

Christina walked slowly up the garden, with a curious sense of incongruity. It was not that she was surprised at Mr. Warde's proposal, or that she was in any way embarrassed by it; it was simply that all those every-day affairs had lost their importance in her eyes for the time, and she seemed all at once to be living two lives; and though the one was pressed upon her from without, the other, which her imagination

created, seemed much the more real of the two. She went up to her own room, and stood for a long time at her window, watching the light dying out in the west, as gradually the level rays which lay across the heath faded, and the evening mists rose up from the valley. But yet she was not consciously thinking of it, nor of anything; only she smiled to herself as she looked, and forgot that it was past her grandfather's dinner-hour, and that he was impatient of being kept waiting. She was not recalled to the present by the bell, nor by the clock striking in the hall, and it was not until she heard Bernard's voice at her door that she turned, suddenly awakened from her dreams.

"Make haste, Christina," he was saying; "they are waiting; are you not coming?"

"Yes, yes," said Christina impatiently: and she did make haste, but yet she was late, and her mother sighed, and her grandfather maintained a displeased silence, and she would not apologize or feel sorry, but took her work in the evening, and would not lift her eyes from it even to speak to Bernard, who sat at his drawing, wondering at the change.

"Have you given orders about breakfast, Christina?" said Mrs. North, as she wished her good night; "he must be off by five o'clock, or half-past at the latest, he says."

"He! who?" said Christina, for she had quite forgotten that it was Bernard's last evening; but Bernard had not heard the question.

"What are you thinking about? I wish you would attend when I speak," said her mother; "I am telling you that Bernard must start at five o'clock to-morrow."

"Oh yes," said Christina, and, in spite of her ill-humour and pre-occupation, a reproachful pang shot through her; "yes, of course I will tell Janet, but I shall be down myself."

"Yes, do, Christina," said Bernard, catching her words; and Christina could not help nodding her assent gaily. If he had been sentimental or exacting, it

might have been different; then she would have been forced to take it more gravely, to face the question, and would consequently have been troubled and vexed; but he was so boyish, so happy and lighthearted, so unsuspicious and confident, that she ceased to ask herself upon what his confidence was founded. She was not so very sorry now that he was going away; but yet they had been happy, and she would please him by being down to see him off. So she thought that evening; and when she came down in the freshness and beauty of the early summer morning, her thoughts were the same, only now the other and alien impressions of the day before were less strong than they had been, and she was more drawn towards her cousin when she began to realize how much she should lose by his departure. All the cares had been lightened by his presence, she could hardly tell why or how. He was not full of advice, or resources, or expedients; he was not even very clever, or talkative, or agreeable; but Christina could give free vent to her moods before him, and he never jarred upon her, but gave her all the mirth and gladness which she ever knew—a gladness which, like that of childhood, was spontaneous and even unreasonable, but which had no pain or excitement intermingled with it.

Bernard was not even sad, still less desponding, on this morning of his departure; on the contrary, he was full of hope, enterprise, and a happy confidence in Christina which could not be disturbed. He knew well enough that he must wait, but for him the waiting had nothing that threatened the failure of realization; and they were both young; and though his mother might not approve now, it would be different when he was older and prospering in his profession; and for the present he had no fears, and was hungry, and quite able to attend to his breakfast.

The sun was dispersing the mist which had hung over the heath, and was shining upon the old silver coffee-

pot and china cups; and the breeze, full of the freshness and fragrance of the dawning day, was blowing in at the window, and they were as carelessly happy as when they had made feasts as little boy and girl under the Park trees, with acorns for cups and saucers, and a dock-leaf for a table-cloth.

"When we are married,"—said Bernard. He had been talking of his plans and hopes and projects, and came back as was natural to the one idea in which they centred.

Christina started, and put down her cup hastily, and pushed her chair back from the table.

"Yes, when;—but that is a long way off, Bernard. Why should we think about it now? Perhaps it may never be. We cannot marry upon nothing at all, you know, and how could grand-papa give me anything; how could I ask it? Perhaps it would be better if we did not think about it."

"Not think about it!" said Bernard. A sudden flush as of anger or pain came over his face, and he put his arms upon the table and leant over and stared at her. "I have thought about it ever since I can remember," he said, very slowly, with none of his usual ardour or impetuosity.

"Yes, I know," said Christina: and she could not tell why, but sudden tears rose in her eyes. And then there was a silence, and in spirit they both went back to days of summer and winter and early spring, and then to that day when she first knew that he had thought about it, when he had asked and she had not denied him, and now he must ask another question, and would not shrink from it.

"Christina," he said, "you remember, of course you remember your promise; but if you wish it, I give it you back again. It is better to say it now, if it is to be. If you have changed, say so, and be free if you like."

"I have not changed," said Christina; "there is no change that I know of, only one learns to think that what is distant must be doubtful:" and though the tears were still in her eyes, she

smiled as she looked at him. He was pale now, and his mouth was set, and his eyes full of a fierce longing, but he was still a boy, and beautiful in his youth and innocence.

"It is only that it is so far off," said Christina; "I remember, of course, and it is the same as it was then; I have not forgotten—I shall not forget you."

"That is a promise, and I shall not forget," he said; and he got up rather unsteadily from his chair, and laughed in his agitation and relief.

Then Janet came in, and the dog-cart was at the door, and his portmanteau was being carried out. Christina came and stood in the doorway, shading her eyes with her hand from the flood of sunshine, and Bernard had rushed upstairs to wish his grandfather good-bye; she could hear him calling to him in the passage above, and then he came down the stairs, and she held out both her hands to him.

"Good-bye, Bernard," she said, smiling.

"Good-bye," he said, and kissed her, though Janet was standing close by; but then his going away was a great event, and three months was a long time, and they were cousins.

The next minute he had slammed the gate behind him, and was driving fast across the heath. Christina watched him until he was out of sight, and then went back into the house. It seemed to her now that she must be true to him, that there was no way of escape even if she had wished it, and she was not sure that she did wish it. She would be at peace, and at rest, and free from all cares; they might be happy even now. She had met Captain Cleasby, she had walked and talked with him, but what did it amount to? They were no longer complete strangers, but that was all. She had met him frankly and simply, and had not asked herself why those two meetings stood out distinct and full of light against the dark background of her life: but in that casual meeting with Mr. Warde, in that sudden revulsion of feeling which she had had as she left the moor and

entered upon the public road ; even in Captain Cleasby's manner, carelessly courteous as it was, when he turned into his own gates, a sort of revelation had been made to her. She would no longer do anything which all the world might not know. Her grandfather might be prejudiced, and bitter, and unjust ; but if he did not choose to see this man—if others knew, as they no doubt did know, that Captain Cleasby was not welcome at the White House, then it was not for her to keep up any intercourse with him ; and then, besides, she began to have a vague feeling of

danger, of something which might cause a conflict in her spirit and a discord in her life, if she continued to turn her eyes towards the Park.

She might be wilful and rebellious and reckless at times, but a better spirit had come to her now. Bernard was so happy and confident, and she was touched, and would be true to her words. So she thought as she sat over her work that day, and missed his resounding step along the passage, and his boyish merriment, and his winning smile.

*To be continued.*

## A MORNING IN THE TUILERIES: THE BUD—THE BLOSSOM.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE PETITE PROVENCE: THE BUD.

"WHAT is learnt with the greatest ease in childhood is always most difficult to forget in after-life. Hero and felon are often created by the influence of the nursery rhyme." This was a favourite axiom of the Great Frederick. But French mothers believe not in the theory it conveys, and give their children much more to forget than to remember. The Frenchman's education can only be completed by the forgetfulness of senility, for he learns everything in early childhood, knows everything in early youth, and is *blasé* with everything in middle age. The morning I spent in the Tuileries just before the war, put me on the track of much that has happened since, and confirmed a suspicion I had long entertained that the only equality existing in France, in spite of all the talk about it, is that which is established between the babies and their *grands parents*. "What on earth can be the reason that English philosophy has never been able to determine the exact cause of the effects which are so palpable in the unsteady aims of this strange people?" said I, in despair, to my friend Delbrück, who has done more to modify the French system of education than any man of our day. "Simply because English philosophy, while devoting much attention to the study of the flower and the fruit—pronouncing the first to be withered and the latter corrupt—has always overlooked the germ—the bud, the blossom, altogether. Even your own great poet-philosopher, who pronounced that 'the boy is father to the man,' may scarcely be said to have begun at the beginning; for there is yet an antecedent to that profound maxim; for 'the girl is mother

to the woman' in France, decidedly; and as the latter has the entire management of the education of the boys, it is *there* you will find the clue to all that seems strange in our organization."

"Hunting the waterfalls" is, however, no easy task in Paris, where domestic life is hidden behind a wall impenetrable to the eye of the foreigner, and I resigned myself to the same ignorance which had subjected my countrymen to Delbrück's just reproach, and resolved to confine myself to the occupation of seeing and hearing, and leave that of understanding to others wiser than myself; and I rushed out, to quiet my bitter disappointment, into the garden of the Tuileries.

The weather was beautiful—the scene most exhilarating. The crowds of children rushing in and out amongst the trees; the hoops, the balls, the skipping-ropes and skittles, made the whole scene quite refreshing, a very draught of pure water from the spring to one who had been following for some time past the hot and feverish literature of the circulating library, the fiery morals of the stage, in Paris; and no wonder that my soul should turn instinctively to the spot where the purest fountain of innocence was to be found—the only spot, perhaps, in the whole city where I could forget for a moment the conjugal infidelity, the vice and corruption, of which every picture, or book, or play, or song seemed to have served as theme, and to be the only subjects worth treating by French authors or artists—the only ones, indeed, to be understood by the French public. No wonder, then, that I should seek relief from all this in the *Petite Provence*. All little ones, the loved of Christ, the favoured of Heaven, gather here; and I sat myself down on one of the stone benches amid a group of nurses, without

feeling the smallest humiliation at the companionship.

The past history of the Petite Provence is not without interest. It lies at the foot of the Terrasse des Feuillans, the rendezvous of the beaux and gallants of the eighteenth century. It is just below the Pont Tournant, whence the Committee of the Jacobins were wont to meet, to signal to the members of the Club awaiting their orders below. It opens on the Grande Allée, down whose gravelled space the Prince de Lambesc, at the head of his Royal Allemands, charged the people, sword in hand, and virtually began the Revolution. It was from the Petite Provence, likewise, that the Abbé "Cent Mille Hommes" was accustomed to launch his astounding bulletins concerning the desperate march on Paris by the armies of Pitt-Cobourg, and the rivers of blood—*les fleuves de sang*—through which they were to wade, in order to capture the invincible battalions of an army which had put to shame the legions of Cæsar. But in our day the Petite Provence suggests no thought of war or bloodshed; all its associations are those of peace and good fellowship. It is a land literally flowing with milk and honey, and wherein the voice of the turtle is constantly heard. The lovers of human nature can behold the infancy of the future generation in all its glory, in the Petite Provence; and as I sat upon the stone bench, I thought that with French children, at all events, French vanity and affectation could assuredly find no place; and I determined to give myself up to what I deemed would prove the innocent enjoyment of the moment.

Nothing could be more genial than the scene. The creeping plant upon the wall was waving to and fro in the mildest of summer breezes, while the sunbeams, equally mild, without scorch or glare, were reflected on the parterre, all brilliant with the gayest flowers. The little children were skipping merrily about, and I was determined to use an indulgent benevolence towards them. The Petite Provence is devoted exclusively to babies; here there were "the germ,

the bud, the blossom" to be studied. "The flower and the fruit," I knew, were to be found in another part of the garden.

Some of the children were overdressed, it is true. There were *paniers* and *poufs* appended to little creatures of four years old, and all sorts of nameless seductions, which Frenchwomen know so well how to employ, were serving as adornment to diminutive coquettes of even less age than that. But this display of vanity was not their own, and found pity rather than condemnation in my sight. My heart was softened even towards their mothers, when I beheld the grave and airy lightness with which the malicious little fairies twisted and twirled, like the winged genii in a pantomime, to show their toilets to the best advantage.

Beside me on the bench sat a huge Picardy wet-nurse, with a lean, long baby on her lap, where it lay kicking and writhing, while she, nothing daunted by the presence of a stranger of the opposite sex, set about repairing in detail the disorder in her toilet created by her recent endeavours to assuage the furious appetite of the young tyrant, whose rage at being neglected even for a moment displayed itself in loud protestations. She wore a low round-eared cap, bordered with lace, and confined by a broad blue ribbon with a large flat bow behind. A small kerchief of gay pattern was crossed over her bosom, and her gown of comfortable merino, of a dark chocolate colour, was protected by an apron of oiled silk, to which it is most likely that an English nurse would have objected entirely, but of which my neighbour, being French, seemed rather proud than otherwise, for she spread it out with great complacency over her knees, turning back one corner to show the rich black silk apron beneath. She was evidently fresh from the country—a circumstance at which I inwardly rejoiced. The tan and freckles of the haymaking and the harvest still remained upon her forehead, and the rich bloom of the meadows was still painted on her cheeks. It was plain that her

*morale* was still as unsophisticated as her *physique*, for the very candid manner in which she performed every one of the little duties incidental to her profession sufficiently proved that hypocrisy could not yet be numbered amongst her defects. When she had completed her own personal arrangements, she gathered up the baby, who still lay sprawling on her knees, bawling most lustily at the helpless condition in which it had been left. But her nerves were evidently well strung. She did not even blink at the shrill, discordant cries which burst from the child. On the contrary, placing the little mouth close to her ear, she patted the squaller on the back with the movement used by every nurse throughout the world; and while she did so she sang the lullaby peculiar, so it seems, to those of France alone. Imitating with the exclamation of "Pan! Pan! Pan!" the action of knocking, performed by the open palm upon the baby's shoulders, which awakens attention, and causes an instant cessation of the wailing, she sang to a pretty melodious tune:—

"Who knocks, who knocks? Away, away  
My husband has come home to-day,  
Although far out of town  
He promised me all night to stay."

Then in gruff accents, imitating the husband's voice, she asks in prose:—

"What are you singing there, you impudent baggage?"

And resuming her song she replies:—

"A song to soothe the baby's fear,  
And hush the child to sleep, my dear."

Then again in a whisper:—

"Love, knock no more, but haste away,  
My husband has come home to-day."

The song startled me, I must confess. It seemed the confirmation of all I had heard and read on the subject of French mothers, who suffer impure ideas to be imbibed with the very milk their babies suck. The nurse sang it, too, with peculiar gusto, and, what is more, the young rogue she was rocking, completely diverted from his grievances by the melody, looked up into her face with

his great black eyes as if in search of the hidden meaning of the words.

Presently there was a stir amongst the baby population, which had greatly increased since my arrival in the *Petite Provence*, and from all parts of the garden came running, toddling, skipping, and jumping, a formidable tribe of little boys and girls, some of the latter attired in the height of the same fashion as that adopted by their mothers; others in fantastic accoutrements, imitating the national costumes of various countries; some, again, in dresses taken from the popular pictures of the day, and others in attire of the Middle Ages! Notwithstanding this affectation, for which it must be owned the poor infants were not liable, there seemed to be a vast amount of practical business going forward; much whispering and laying of tiny heads together; and at last the object of the sudden gathering became visible in the formation of a ring, and with much joyous laughter and immense confusion and clatter of tongues, a round dance was proposed and accepted with the noisiest demonstrations of approval. No one possessed of the smallest degree of sensibility could fail to be charmed with the grace and elegance of the little creatures—these qualities are inherent to the French blood. But there was nothing infantine about any one of them. The youngest girl, an imp of not more than four summers, seemed to be as conscious of examination, as full of the responsibility of her dress and appearance, as much occupied with the effect she was producing, as her own mother must doubtless have been at that very moment. The little hands were joined, and the little feet pattered round and round upon the gravel in cadence with the tune. I listened eagerly for the words, hoping to be consoled for the unpleasant feeling left by the nurse's song, which had jarred so strangely on my nerves. The melody was gay and lively, full of that graphic musical fancy which has made the popular airs of France popular all over the world. The *ronde* commenced in the

most innocent and childish manner, and I began to imagine that the incipient corruption was confined to the nurses alone, and had not yet extended to the children. It was amid a tumult of clattering feet throwing up a cloud of dust and pebbles into the air that I caught at last the meaning of the song which so delighted the little singers. Every shrill, tiny voice joined in the tune with more or less correctness, but the words were lisped forth with tolerable precision :—

“ A shepherd maid there was,  
Who tended her sheep with ease,  
Of their wool she made a coat,  
And of their milk a cheese.

“ The kitten sate watching the churn,  
And her lips she began to lick :  
‘ Touch with thy paw that cream, thou thief !  
And thy back shall feel the stick.

“ Her paw she dipp’d not in,  
But the cream lapp’d to and fro ;  
The shepherd maid, in wrath,  
Just kill’d her with one blow.

“ In terror she flew to the priest,  
‘ Holy Father, devoid of all sin !  
My kitten is dead ! While churning the cheese  
I murder’d her with the pin.’

“ “ Oh daughter, sinful and wrath,  
Thy penance must be severe ;  
Thou must give me a kiss with thy ruby red lips,  
And hug me, and call me thy dear !’

“ “ Such penance, indeed, is of grace,  
How sweetly delicious the pain !  
Holy Father, devoid of all sin,  
We’ll perform it again and again.”

And as the *ronde* concluded the laughter and the screaming, and the kissing right and left, rendered the scene one of uproarious delight. The little girls, I observed, were most particularly zealous in keeping the boys in time to the melody, and in stimulating them to gallantry ; for the boys, almost all dyspeptic-looking and nervous, seemed much less disposed to enter into the spirit of the song than their partners. When the *ronde* was concluded they dispersed into groups, some to grub up the gravel with their tiny spades and shovels, which operation the young gentlemen

performed upon their hands and knees, to the great detriment of their white kerseymere costumes : others to loll upon the knees of their gossiping *bonnes*, and whine for cakes and *sirap de groseille*, which were kept ready for use in small baskets, stowed away beneath the bench. But the chief amusement of the boys—the one which gave the greatest delight and elicited the greatest laughter—was to fill their baskets with pebbles, then pour the contents gently into the satin-lined hoods of the girls, which gaped invitingly as the little wearers were stooping before them. Thus the embryo elements of tiger and monkey, which Voltaire declares must enter into the composition of every Frenchman, were being developed under my very eyes.

My neighbour had by this time adjusted her properties, and spread her grey silk parasol over the baby, who now lay fast asleep upon a down pillow edged with lace, while a long flowing coverlet of muslin, gay with blue ribbons and embroidery, covered his lanky form. To speak truth, my sturdy friend seemed nothing loth to talk, and a few minutes sufficed to inspire her with such immense confidence in my honour and discretion, that she unfolded to my ear all the most intimate details of her life, never sparing her own delicacy or mine. In short, I had scarcely conversed with her for a quarter of an hour, before I became as thoroughly acquainted with her motives and antecedents as if I had known her for many years. She informed me, without the smallest pressing on the subject, that she had been chosen by Trousseau as wet-nurse to the son and heir of M. Caisse, the rich banker of the *Chaussée d’Antin*, not only because she possessed all the physical requisites for the appointment in greater perfection than any of her rivals, but also because she was still a “*demoiselle*,” which qualification she informed me is highly esteemed by the Paris doctors, as it ensures to the employer immunity from the right of disturbance or removal by a husband. As my eyes had already opened to their fullest extent on listen-

ing to the extraordinary roundelay warbled by the innocent babes of Paris, they could open no wider; but the information, and most particularly the cool manner in which it was conveyed, and the look of triumph by which it was accompanied, certainly did take me by surprise. But the unsophisticated creature prattled on, glad of a listener, and told me how cleverly she had made her bargain, never forgetting one single item of the wet-nurse's admitted prerogatives: "Fifty francs a month, washing, wine, coffee à discrétion, lace caps, black morocco shoes with sandals, aprons (black silk and white cambric), and *des belles étrennes* (rich New-year's presents)." These, by the way, generally consist of a watch and chain or a French cashmere shawl. Rousseau's honest indignation is quite justifiable: "Neither shipwreck, nor fire, nor sickness, nor bankruptcy can be considered so great a calamity as the admission of a wet-nurse into a bourgeois family."

And she went on and on, telling me the history of her adventures when she was a *petite jeunesse*, and the story of Flageolet, her *bon ami*, who had been carried off by the conscription, and many other histories, all curious in their way, and all tending to throw great light upon the manner in which the germ is nourished into the bud, and to furnish many reasons, all of them good ones, why the Parisian hotbed should bring forth such precocious fruit. Being from Picardy, she was frank and honest in her speech—*les francs Picards* being renowned for their candour—and owned to me, without disguise, that she would not stay another day in Paris were it not for the certainty of being soon able to compel the rich banker to purchase a *remplaçant* for Flageolet, whose time of service had yet three years to run. She was indeed quite "expansive," as the French call it, and added that: "A *remplaçant* but just now will be rather dear: but M. Caisse will consider that the article would increase rather than diminish in value, since there was talk of war, and that from 800f., the present price, it would soon rise to 1,200f.; and

what is that for a rich man like him? I know how to make him comply. I will threaten to leave the baby at once, and what will Madame say to that? I will fret and cry, and eat fresh salad with plenty of vinegar. I will let the sour apples roll out of my pocket when Monsieur is standing by—for it is only by frightening a bourgeois that you can ever get anything you want—and I'll frighten *ce vieux Caisse* out of a substitute for Flageolet, before many weeks are over, I'll warrant you. Yes, sour apples and green salad will do it; and when it is done the rest will be easy. Flageolet is a tailor; he must be set up in his trade; and when his signboard is over the door—oh then, *ma foi!*"

She did not finish her sentence, but gave the baby such a disdainful toss, that it squalled most fiercely, while she renewed the song which had irritated me before by its impropriety, but which seems to have quite a contrary effect upon French babies, for it produced the same soothing result as before.

I should have heard more of the good nurse's history, but, just then, there broke into the Petite Provence a whole crowd of the nursing sisterhood, and my friend darted suddenly away towards the gate. It was the hour for relieving guard at the *poste*, and the roll of the drum seemed to act with magic power upon the nurses. The black lace hat of the Mâconaise, the straw bonnet of the Berichonne, the long lappets of the Basse-Bretonne, the towering cap of Normandy, after clustering all together, sailed majestically away towards the gate. Such variety of accents, such diversity of *patois*, and such energy of speech were surely never gathered in such small space before. Then came the loud rush of many feet, and the solemn sweep of babies' long cloaks, and the advance of ponderous petticoats. The trumpet was sounding, and the guard was turning out—the Chasseurs de Vincennes—in all the glory of cock's-tail feathers and snow-white gaiters. The pressure was tremendous; I was almost carried off my legs by the sudden charge. In a moment the Petite Provence was de-

sented by all but the infirm and incurious, neither of them belonging to an interesting section of human nature ; so I walked away quietly down the avenue of chesnut trees to the *parterre*, which at that moment was fast filling with the aristocratic population of the little ladies of Paris. For it was just the hour of respite from study, as pursued at the different *cours*, and M. Levi and Mdlle. St. Clair and the great M. Saitout had all just finished their early classes of universal instruction in every language and every science, and the juvenile aristocracy were left to digest the light and frothy meal of intellectual nourishment, which the above-named professors know so well how to cook up at the slow fire of their own intelligence, to suit the delicate appetite of the customers. In the *Petite Provence* I had beheld the "germ" which my friend Delbrück had advised me to consider, and thought it wise to contemplate the bud and blossom, as I should find them, at that moment, assembled in the *parterre*.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE PATERRE : BUD AND BLOSSOM.

THE square space before the double *parterre* was literally crowded with the world of fashion in miniature, every member of which seemed to be so full of eagerness in the search after pleasure that the indifferent observer might have mistaken it for the pursuit of more serious business.

I felt at once that I was in far better company than in the *Petite Provence*. Here all was dignity and aristocratic pride. Few *bonnes*, many *surveillantes* and *institutrices*. No child of the people was suffered to destroy with plebeian blouse and cotton nightcap the harmony of the picture which, if photographed as it broke upon me when I emerged from the shade of the trees, might have served as the illustration of the manners and customs of the juvenile France of modern times. As usual, the

girls were gathered in groups, the grouping being evidently dependent upon social equality, not upon age or similarity of taste. The most unobservant eye could not fail to be struck with this strange classification. The critical glance directed by the girls in any one particular group when a strange playmate approached with a petition to join the game going forward at the moment, the manner in which they would take in at one single glance the whole figure of the new-comer, from the crown of her hat *à la Watteau* to the sole of her *tapotte Dubarri*, and with experienced connoisseurship would accept or reject the petition at once without excuse for the judgment or appeal against it when pronounced, was most instructive and curious to behold. Every description of childish vanity might be said to have been here unfolded to the sun. This square space between the last quincunx and the wire trellis fence of the *parterre* has been long known as the *Parc des Princesses*, to account for the turning up of little chins, and the curling up of little noses, at each other, and the whole world besides.

It was curious to remark that even the baby world of Paris is undergoing the strange transition which is observable in every other section of the community ; for in the very midst of the pure circle of the future marchionesses and countesses of the Faubourg St. Germain, whose ancestors shouted "*Montjoie St. Denis !*" on the walls of Ascalon, might be seen some of the future bankers' wives of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, whose ancestors may have bawled forth "*Oranges à la douce !*" in the streets of Marseilles ; and the lawyers' ladies of the Marais, whose only battle-cry was "*À la Bazoche !*" But the world has many ways of moving forward, and the little *roturières* claim admission into the exclusive precincts of the *Parc des Princesses*, first of all by right of their irreproachable toilet, and then by contact at the same *cours*, whereat both classes acquire the universal knowledge I have before alluded to, and where

social distinction must of necessity be softened by equality in the "sciences," and most of all by instruction at the same "catechism." This latter is the greatest card of all, and being the work of the priesthood, bears the stamp of that mastery of human weakness, that knowledge of human nature which the Church so wisely insists shall be the first branch taught to those who seek to maintain her dignity and power. The scions of the two races now struggling for supremacy in France were ostensibly engaged at play together, but in reality nothing could be further from the thoughts of either. They were, in reality, occupied in criticising, in admiring, in depreciating or envying, each other's dress and manner. I considered myself fortunate in finding a place for my chair just in the midst of the finest game of "puss in the corner." I soon learnt the names of the little girls engaged in it, for they called them out to each other in loud, shrill, screaming tones.

Emmeline and Lucile, Melanie and Malvina, stood at the four corners, whilst Aloyse occupied the middle post, and I was rather surprised to hear the young lady with so fine a name called by the familiar appellation belonging to the game, but one which *we* should never dare to mention to any ears whether polite or otherwise, much less scream it out across a public garden to awaken the echoes with gross and unpleasant suggestions. But if the words of the little maidens were vulgar their dress was not. Emmeline was attired in drab-coloured *poult de soie*, elaborately embroidered in sky-blue floss; Lucile wore an emerald-green *mousseline de soie*, with countless flounces, and *pouf* of the same; Melanie's *fourreau* of the newest fashion, perfectly correct in cut, but rather tight, was gay Scotch plaid poplin, wonderfully adorned with satin quillings; while Aloyse, despite of the office she held in the game, was the most *soignée* of all, a rose-coloured China silk with Pompadour braidings and fringes! Aloyse moreover had splendid hair, so she had

doffed her hat. It lay on the chair where her *surveillante's* feet were resting. It was snow-white crape with a long rose-coloured feather. The other girls had declared the wind to be too high to go bareheaded. It was pleasant, notwithstanding the affectation of their demeanour, and the calculation visible in their movements, to watch them as they darted across the square, now advancing on tiptoe with graceful curvings of the arm to beckon their companions, now drawing back with equal grace to avoid being captured. Every gesture and every motion savoured of the dancing school and the *cours* of universal science, but it was very amusing to witness for all that, and I sat in dreamy listlessness, thinking only of the present grace and desire to please evinced by the little people before me, forgetting all the dread prognostications which had seized upon me on first beholding their rich toilets and coquettish gestures. Many such groups passed me to and fro, all eager, all hurried, over-dressed, and full of talk—shrill voices like the peacock, thin legs like the antelope, long flat feet encased in tasselled boots with exorbitantly high heels, Russian *toques*, Smyrniote caps, Polish *toquets*, Pyrenese *bérets*, Spanish *resillas*, large flashing eyes roving to the right when the wide thin lips were throwing the sharp words to the left:—these signs seemed characteristic of them all. The enormous *poufs* behind, the enormous knots of broad ribbon between their shoulders, gave them all likewise a bent and hollow-chested look, while the necessity of throwing the whole figure forward in consequence of the ridiculous height of the heels, added also to the appearance of fatigue and exhaustion which foreigners always remark in Paris children. My four little friends engaged in the game of puss in the corner, seemed literally to skate rather than run along the ground; but when they discovered I was gazing at them with interest, they began to mince and wriggle, and swim and sidle, after the fashion of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs. So out of sheer deli-

cacy I turned aside and directed my attention to the group of little maidens gathered round the chair next to mine, where numerous small heads packed close together, and tongues wagging in shrill tones, were discoursing and commenting upon a lot of coloured prints laid out upon a chair before them. These coloured prints, "for the improvement and edification of the rising generation of France," are all from the vile factory at Epinal. Gross in conception, horrible in execution, I could not but wonder as I gazed, that the French, who boast of their immense superiority in taste over every other nation, should risk the precious gift by suffering their children to imbibe such notions as those contained therein, or to contemplate the horrible illustrations used to render their immoral meaning as clear as possible to infantine capacity. The first sheet of flaming pictures represented "The Story of Finfin, Lirette, and Mirtis," in a series of twenty-five fiercely coloured plates. An old woman's flock has strayed; she goes out in search of it, and finds three lovely children. She takes them home. Finfin the boy is just eight years old; he betrays such a marked preference for Lirette, that the old woman, believing them to be brother and sister, *becomes quite uneasy at sight of their affection!* and thinks it her duty to watch them. Here the illustration, red, yellow, and pink, is of the old woman peeping over the hedge while Finfin, the boy of eight, is whispering to the girl of six. Then a good fairy tells the old woman that the pair are *not* brother and sister, and she has no longer any need to spy their actions as before. And so on to the end. The comment at the bottom of each picture is always clear, if not commendable. When these had been examined, a series of turning cards was exhibited. They all possessed the same tendency, and gave rise to the same ideas. One I remember well, as creating the utmost merriment amongst the little group. On one side of the card a lady seated on a sofa, with a lover on his knees before her, on the other a gentleman with his

carpet-bag and umbrella. The card being held on each side by a string, and twirled rapidly round, the images on the two sides come together, and the exclamation printed beneath, "*Oh Ciel! mon mari!*" sufficiently explains the meaning of the picture. The little maidens seemed to enjoy the joke immensely, and to understand it too, and my mind reverted immediately to the nurse's song in the *Petite Provence*, "*Qui frappe? qui frappe? mon mari est ici!*"

Many other funny illustrations of the like tendency were submitted by the little girls to each other. But my attention was suddenly diverted from this minor peep-show of juvenile morals to the grander exhibition of the same on a more imposing scale, which was taking place among my friends Emmeline and Lucile, Malvina and Melanie, who, suddenly breaking up their game, rushed past me like the whirlwind. Away they flew, kicking up the sand, across the alley, towards the gate, uttering shrieks of delight, as their thin legs sped over the ground. "*Les voici! Les voici!*" was the cry, and presently approached a bevy of excited little Amazons, with much agitation of voice and gesture, much bobbing of feathers and fluttering of ribbons, who were literally rushing to the front with such a valiant charge, that no one dared to oppose their advance. Every girl carried a roll of copy-book, or else one of those black leather writing-cases which have grown almost a feature of the small girl population of Paris. These dauntless damsels seemed in as great a fever of excitement as the young friends who had gone out in such frantic haste to meet them. "*Victoire! victoire!*" exclaimed they, as if with one voice; "*we have won the day!*" and straightway were copybooks and handkerchiefs tossed into the air: "*Come along, dear friends, and hear the tale of our triumph!*"

"Who are these young ladies?" inquired I of an elderly gentleman who sat near me, gazing on the scene with a sarcastic smile.

"They are the girls belonging to the

'Catechism' of St. Louis, the most fashionable of all. There has been a terrible schism in the chapel, and I am sorry to find that the sole individual possessed of the sense and reason indispensable for the government of the frothy mass of vanity and affectation of which our future wives and mothers are composed, should have been defeated."

I was not familiar with the Paris "Catechisms." I had beheld "the germ" in the Petite Provence, and was glad of the opportunity of contemplating "the bud and the blossom" at the same time, and to get initiated into the action of the Catechism upon the young girls of our generation. I listened, therefore, with the greatest attention to the next exclamation which escaped the breathless lips of the leader of the expedition: "Yes, dear friends; the Abbé Fauvel is beaten, and the Abbé de Villars reigns for ever!" The announcement was received with a shrill scream of delight. "*À bas Fauvel!*" and "*Vive De Villars!*" burst from the dainty little throats with as much energy as the "*À bas l'Empereur!*" and "*Vive la République!*" a few weeks before by the *gamins* on the day of the *plébiscite*. And the clapping of hands and the skipping to and fro on the tips of the fashionable boots can better be imagined than described.

"But who dared to manage such an important matter as this?" cried a timid voice amongst the listeners.

"Oh, Hélène de Montraville, to be sure; you know she has vowed revenge against the Abbé Fauvel ever since he admitted the charity children to our class on the same day and hour as ourselves. Good heavens, mesdemoiselles! just fancy those nasty children from the Sisters' school, with their filthy cotton caps and clattering *sabots*, in our chapel! it was not to be borne." And the orator turned with a gesture of infinite disgust, and spat upon the ground; and the whole bevy of little girls, in imitation of the master spirit, turned aside and spat upon the ground! Encouraged by this mark of adhesion, the orator continued: "Hélène de Montraville refused to answer the Abbé Fauvel's

question when it came to her turn to explain the mystery of the Incarnation; and when he inquired the reason of this silence, she replied haughtily that she was waiting for the Abbé de Villars. Thereupon we *all* sat down convulsed with laughter at the Abbé Fauvel's astonishment, and the little red-haired 'Sisters' girl' burst into a howl of despair, for she had been the first in the class, and knew she would lose her place with the Abbé de Villars, who has no fancy for calico caps and clattering *sabots*." Here the speaker, pale with excitement, was forced to pause, and one of her companions, who had been on the watch, took up the wondrous tale in a deep, husky contralto voice, contrasting finely with the shrill tones of the former speaker. "And so the Abbé Fauvel was forced to retire, and the Abbé de Villars came forth, looking, oh! so sweetly, with his bran-new *soutane* and his lovely white hair, like floss silk, hanging over his shoulders. And he dismissed the 'Sisters' girls' at once, putting them off to another day. And when they were gone, he prayed so divinely! His lovely voice, how tender it seemed, after the rough, rude tones of that odious Fauvel. And then he bowed so gracefully all down the benches, and gave us one of his blandest allocutions, 'Love ye one another, even as Christ has loved you!' And it was heavenly to hear him imitating the bleating of the lambs in the meadows, who gambol together, and love each other, never caring whether their coats be white or black, or their wool soft or coarse. And he made us laugh so at the funny way in which he tried to show us how the lambskins frolic among the flowers, and the little birds whistle in the branches, when all is peace and harmony, as it should be, amongst Christians."

"And did he walk amongst you?" asked a listener, in an envious tone.

"Yes, he actually came down from the reading-desk, and glided amongst the benches, and we all gathered round him, and he was so much overcome with our welcome that he did not perceive how Hélène de Montraville had jumped

upon the form and had drawn her scissors from her pocket, with which she had cut off a lock of the darling old Abbé's beautiful silver hair. But in her fright she let the scissors fall, and I picked them up, and quick as lightning snipped off a piece of his new *soutane*; and then all the girls along our form snipped off a piece wherever they could. So you can just imagine, when the dear old Abbé turned round, what a sight his bran-new *soutane* presented. For me, look here—I got the best of all—this bit of fringe from his sash, which I shall hoard and bless and pray to as long as I live."

And with this the little maiden pressed the precious relic to her lips, and kissed it with rapturous fervour; and then it was handed round. Each girl kissed it with closed eyes and bent forehead, murmuring a few inaudible words as she did so.

This little sensation closed the scene. The relic was replaced within the tight bodice of its owner, and in a few moments the Abbé Fauvel and all the religious scruples he had originated were forgotten. The knots of ribbon, the length of the feathers, the height of the heels worn by each of the girls, became the subjects of interest; and then a game was proposed. As in the Petite Provence, a *ronde* was chosen. The French display in childhood that same sociability which is characteristic of their race, and the favourite games are always those which demand the greatest number of players. As the gaily-dressed, highly refined little band took their station side by side, holding each other by the hand, until the ring was completed, I became deeply interested through the mere instinct of comparison, sure of finding a favourable contrast to the *ronde* sung by the infantine population of the Petite Provence. "These are all of them girls of elegant and refined education," thought I; "from their rank they must have been protected from every kind of baleful influence. Their age, too, makes them almost what in England would already be called by strangers and dependants 'young ladies,' no longer

absolute children. In a very few years they will be given in marriage; they will be wives and mothers as soon as a man rich enough can be found to suit their parents."

Much discussion had to be gone through before a choice could be made amongst the various roundelays proposed. "La Tour prend garde" was voted too romping for tight sleeves, "La Marjolaine" too trying for high-heeled boots, and some similar objection was raised against many others, until at length the small husky-voiced damsel who had related the unctuous portion of the Abbé de Villars' story, and who was evidently of a melancholy turn of mind, proposed "The Old Woman's Burial" (*L'Enterrement de la Vieille*), by which no risk would be incurred to either flounce or feather. And so, after a general drawing themselves up to "settle" their waists, and bending forward to balance their *poufs*, and rising on tiptoe to feel their feet, the whole assembly started in quite as loud and joyous a manner as the Petite Provence had done before them; and, as I live! *this* was the song piped, rather out of tune it must be confessed, by the scions of the aristocracy:—

"'Tis Paris, the gayest city of France,  
For there the young men have the merriest  
dance;

They twirl, and they whirl the young lasses  
among,

And they sing, while they turn, their mer-  
riest song.

Old woman! old woman! begone, away!  
The old and decrepit have had their day.

"An old woman gazed on the young fellows  
dancing,

And her sore eyes grew moist with their  
amorous glancing;

She took by the hand the handsomest lad,  
And swore he should kiss her, and make her  
heart glad.

Old woman! old woman! begone, away!  
The old and decrepit have had their day.

"Young fellow, young fellow! be not too  
rash,

The old woman's pockets are brimming  
with cash.

'What! say you so, truly?' the young fel-  
low cried;

'Then old she *may* be, she shall still be my  
bride.

Old woman! old woman! come back,  
come back!

A husband is willing; no love shalt thou  
lack.'

"He open'd her mouth, but nothing he saw  
Save three rotten teeth in her palsied jaw.  
He tore off her cap—there was nought on  
her head  
But three long grey hairs which had once  
been red.

"But he look'd in her coffers, well pleased to  
behold  
Three bushels of silver, of jewels, and gold!  
Then the young man return'd her amorous  
glance,  
And led her forth, tottering, into the dance.

"He twirl'd her about, and toss'd her so  
high,  
That her petticoats hither and thither did  
fly;  
While vainly for mercy the old woman  
cried,  
Till, faint and exhausted, she dropp'd  
down and died.

"So the young man was freed from all burden  
and sorrow:  
She is wedded to-day—to be buried to-  
morrow.  
Now a shroud of rich stuff, like her bridal  
robe, bring,  
And the nails for her coffin, of gold, like the  
ring."

Pity had been mixed with the pain  
inspired by the babies' song in the *Petite*  
*Provence* concerning the "sweet pen-  
ance" of the shepherd girl, but there  
was horror mingled with the disgust I  
now felt. The unconscious energy with  
which the dreadful words were uttered,  
the complete *abandon* with which the  
little maidens—all fashionable as they  
were—led away by the excitement of  
the game, skipped and frolicked as gaily  
as children of the *roture*, formed to my  
mind the only palliative to the poison  
which was emanating from those youth-  
ful lips. It was evident that Nature  
had resumed her right (she is always on  
the watch for the opportunity), and had  
created a momentary oblivion of high-  
heeled boots and *Pompadour poufs*, of  
the Abbé de Villar's perfections, and the  
Abbé Fauvel's deficiencies.

It must be confessed there was a total  
absence of all appreciation of the cruelty  
and immorality contained in the odious  
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ditty they had been chanting. The  
girl who played the "old woman" was  
a fine, laughing creature, full of health  
and spirits, who created a roar of merri-  
ment by the display of the magnificent  
shower of golden locks as representing  
the three long grey hairs of the miser-  
able victim, and the dazzling set of teeth  
which responded to the fangs in her  
palsied jaw. The laughter was so genu-  
ine that it seemed to obliterate at once  
all suspicion of even the seed of that  
corruption of which the words they had  
been singing seemed to imply the  
rankest and the foulest crop.

While the assembly of little girls, re-  
stored for a time to the animal spirits  
and exuberance of mirth consistent with  
their age, was still running in frantic  
eagerness to catch the Old Woman and  
bury her out of the ring, I turned away  
to seek a balm to my sickening soul in  
the solitude which existed round the  
two parallel enclosures, constructed by  
order of Robespierre in honour of the  
childhood of the Republic; helpless  
human nature under every form, par-  
ticularly the weakness of infancy, being  
considered the especial care of the na-  
tion. Some few poorly clad children  
were grubbing in the dirt round the en-  
closure. They were evidently tabooed  
by the juvenile aristocracy of the *Parc*  
*des Princesses*. One of them called out  
just as I approached, "Come back, Fan-  
fan *cheri*; you know we are not to play  
in the *Carré* when the *belles demoiselles*  
are there." The child, duly warned, re-  
turned to his grubbing in the mud. I  
could not see his face, but that of the  
mother I shall never forget. She was  
sitting crouched up on the stone edge  
of the plantation; upon her knees was  
spread a sordid jacket she was mending.  
She raised her hand, armed with the  
scissors she was using, towards the *Parc*  
*des Princesses*, while a deadly scowl  
overspread her countenance; and the  
expression gave assurance that the feel-  
ing of hate and envy which animated  
the soul of Theroigne de Méricourt is  
still kept alive amongst the women of  
the working classes of Paris.

I leaned over the wire trellis which

encloses the amphitheatre dedicated to the childhood of the Republic, and gazed first with delight upon the two exquisitely sculptured figures representing Atalanta and Hippomenes running their race, then looked earnestly at the marble steps of the hemicycle where Robespierre had once distributed with so much unctuous zeal the rewards of virtue and *innocence* to the offspring of Liberty. I fixed my gaze so earnestly on the place where he had stood, that I almost fancied I could behold him still standing there, and could imagine that amid the whispering of the holly leaves and ivy with which the fence is thickly planted, I could hear the small nasal tones of his shrill feminine voice, as, raising to heaven the bough of laurel he carried in his hand, he thus spoke to the assembled people in the name of the children of their adoption:—

“The youth of a great nation should grow up in ignorance of all distinction save that of VIRTUE. Therefore it is decreed that from this day forth”—here the laurel bough was flourished high above the powdered perruque—“that Childhood, to whatever class it may belong, shall become the common care of the Republic. All children must be educated in common. The rich must be made to pay for the poor. Every act of virtue is to be rewarded. Let us leave individual wealth to tyrants. Glory alone should be the wealth of a Republic. The nation that knows how to honour true greatness will never be wanting in great actions nor in great

men. But real glory is inseparable from virtue, and virtue therefore must be taught to all alike.”

The speech has been preserved, but the sentiments have vanished. I must unconsciously have been repeating the high-flown rhetoric of the great Robespierre aloud, for it could not have been the echo of my thoughts alone which saluted my ear in a cold laugh close beside me. I turned and beheld the long, thin figure of the gentleman who had been seated next to me under the chestnut trees. The *ronde* of the “Old Woman” had begun again, and the harsh tones of the juvenile singers reached us even through the thickness of the leafy wall against which we were standing. “The man was right!” he exclaimed abruptly, as he pointed to the empty space at the top of the marble steps where the thin spare form of Robespierre, with the laurel branch in his hand and the usual nosegay at his button-hole, had stood on the memorable occasion of the Feast of Childhood. I did not answer, but placed my hands to my ears to shut out the horrid sounds which rose higher and higher as the “Old Woman” was whirled her giddy round; and as I walked towards the gate I sought in vain a solution to the great problem which had been enacting thus before me. I had beheld the germ, the bud, the blossom,—and trembled sorely to think what must be the flower and the fruit when fully ripened and developed in the hotbed amid which they had been so strangely planted.

## LEGAL EDUCATION.

BY ALBERT VENN DICEY.

A BARRISTER is a member of what is supposed to be a learned profession. He is in virtue of his status entitled to important privileges, for he alone is allowed to plead for others in the Superior Courts of Westminster; he is not responsible to his clients for incapacity or negligence; he is alone eligible to appointments of great emolument and responsibility in this country and in the colonies. By what steps, then, does a young man gain the assumed learning and the certain privileges of a barrister? The answer is simple. He achieves this end by eating or affecting to eat a score or so of bad dinners, and paying in the shape of fees and otherwise from between £100 to £250. No doubt many lawyers do more before they are called than "eat their terms" and pay fees; but the present inquiry is, What are the necessary qualifications for becoming a barrister? and the answer already given affords in few words the true reply. To show that this is so, let us suppose the case (of course, a very rare one) of a man who hates study but wishes to be "called." The course he will pursue is as follows. He will get himself entered at one of the Inns of Court. He will take care, for this is essential, to eat his due number of dinners at the Inn to which he belongs. He will in addition to this do one of two things, according to his taste or the state of his purse: he will either attend a certain number of lectures, or he will "read" in the chambers of a barrister or pleader. A layman may suppose that either lectures or "reading" must of necessity teach our imaginary "student" some law. No supposition is more ill-founded. It is one thing to attend lectures, and quite another to attend to the lecturer; no

one ever asks whether the lecturer has anything to teach our friend, and still less if our friend has learnt anything of what he might have been taught. Many of the lecturers are men of eminent ability and command the attention of their classes; but it occasionally happens that the reader cannot be heard for the hubbub made by his students, and that the only thing studied by the latter is the contents of the *Times* or of *Punch*. "Reading in chambers" again may, no doubt, be, and often is, a means of serious and profitable work; but it may be nothing of the sort. A man who goes to chambers in order to qualify for the bar needs a certificate that he has "read" there for a year, but he needs nothing more. As barristers and pleaders are always men of nice and tender conscience, we cannot conceive it possible for a student to receive a certificate without having at least occasionally shown his face within the rooms of his teacher; but it is not the custom for a barrister to do more than give his pupils an opportunity of working; what they read, or whether they read at all, is well understood not to be his affair. A person, therefore, who becomes a barrister on the strength of "reading in chambers for a year," may indeed have read through Coke or Stephen, but he may quite as likely have qualified himself for advocacy by devoted study of Trollope, Dickens, or the *Sporting Life*. Our friend may, therefore, attend lectures, or "read in chambers," without the least strain on his intellectual faculties. In the one case he has spent about twenty-four hours in a manner as dull as it is profitless; in the other he has paid away a hundred guineas. When, however, his "terms are eaten" and his lectures or "reading" done, he

is fully qualified for the bar. Let him satisfy a few formalities and pay £100 or so in fees, and he straightway becomes a barrister, endowed with all the learning, dignity, and privileges attached to the position. It is, therefore, no exaggeration to assert that the digestion of dinners and the payment of fees are the sole necessary qualifications for a call to the bar.

The question, What need a law student learn? suggests the inquiry, What can he learn? The reply to the latter question is scarcely more satisfactory than the answer to the former.

Reading, study, and practice will, no doubt, by degrees, give a knowledge of the law; but the path by which legal learning is attained is a curious and tortuous road which a student finds it a difficult task to follow. Suppose the case of a studious, sensible young man who wants not only to be called to the bar, but to understand the principles of his profession. His first discovery is that though the law may be a science, and is popularly conceived to be (we think erroneously) a particularly difficult science; yet that, speaking roughly, there are no professors or teachers of law in existence from whom he can learn anything worth the knowledge either of a speculative or practical lawyer. He further discovers that there is no recognized systematic course of reading which he can be authoritatively recommended to pursue. What he practically does, is, if he has money, to read for a year or two in the chambers of a pleader or barrister, and during that time make himself master of such textbooks as the barrister in whose chambers he reads, or his own judgment, may recommend to his attention. Such a course of study has great advantages; and no one who has read, say, with a really intelligent pleader in full practice will dispute that a man who knows how to use his opportunities gains in chambers a kind of training which is of inestimable value, and ought, if possible, to form a portion of the instruction which every lawyer should receive. But this training in chambers, which consists, in

effect, of making a man learn law by practising it, has inherent defects. Our supposed student when he comes to be called will inevitably have received an education of a fragmentary and unsystematic character. Of the actual practice of one portion of the law,—say, for example, of special pleading,—he knows something (which, it may be added, if he does not immediately get business himself, he is all but certain to forget); of the elements or principles of law he knows nothing, and will not in all human probability even perceive that the law is a mass of rules until he has been what is termed a practising lawyer for at least seven years. If the English bar has at all times been adorned by many eminent lawyers, this is the result of the fact that individuals of speculative talent have refused to practise the rules of their profession without understanding its principles, and have mastered, as barristers, the elementary knowledge which they never gained as students; but no student has, at any rate of recent years, received a systematic legal education; and the answer to our second inquiry is in effect that a law student can learn fragments of the practice, and may begin to pick up from text writers a disconnected knowledge of the elements of law; but that no man reading for the English bar can obtain a regular course of legal instruction.

The matter, therefore, stands thus:—No barrister need know as much law as is contained in the first chapter of Blackstone's Commentaries, and no man can, even if he wishes it, receive systematic instruction, either before or after he becomes a barrister.

This state of things is, to use the mildest term, anomalous, and has at last called into existence an influential body bent on the complete reform of legal education.

This society, the Legal Education Association, is in one respect an extremely remarkable body. It is not composed of speculative innovators, benevolent reformers, or, of what is perhaps the same thing under another name, of brief-

less barristers. Sir Roundell Palmer is its president; in its ranks are numbered the chancellor and many of the judges; among its supporters may be counted the most eminent counsel and solicitors of the day. The proposals of such an association deserve and must command general and respectful attention. Our aim in the present article is to consider carefully the general principles on which these proposals<sup>1</sup> (as far as regards education for the bar) rest, the reasons by which they may be defended, and, what is at least equally important, the arguments by which they may be assailed.

The Association recognizes that the two main evils of the present state of things are that barristers may be grossly ignorant, and that law students are certainly untaught, and proposes to meet both these evils by the foundation of a university or school of law.

This school is destined to achieve two objects. It is, in the first place, by means not very clearly pointed out, to secure that every person called to the bar shall possess a certain minimum of legal and general knowledge; it is in the second place to provide systematic instruction for men who wish to study the principles of law or jurisprudence. Both these aims may be equally desirable and equally attainable, but the two objects are in their nature entirely distinct. Each of them might be pursued separately, and the attainment of the one by no means implies the attainment of the other. A resolution, for example, of the Inns of Court to call no one who had not gone through a strict examination, would go far towards placing the admission to the bar on what the Association somewhat mysteriously describes as "the basis of a combined test of collegiate education and examination by a public board of examiners," but would have

no tendency to promote the other aim of the reformers. Suppose, on the other hand, that the Society itself were to collect funds and pay therewith a body of professors, who might deliver courses of lectures on the various provinces of law to such students as thought it worth while to attend and pay the necessary fees. This step might be open to many disadvantages; but supposing the professors to be eminent lawyers, capable of performing their duties, the Association would undoubtedly have gone very near "the establishment of a law university for the education of students intended for the profession of the law." To put the thing shortly, it may be desirable to examine, and it may be desirable to teach, but examination is not instruction, and instruction does not imply examination; the distinction is perfectly obvious, but it is one which is sometimes forgotten, and which should, in the present case, never be lost sight of, since the arguments in favour of one of the objects of the Association are not exactly the same as those in favour of the other; while some of the objections to the compulsory examination of all persons called to the bar have no application whatever to proposals for giving some instruction in law to students who desire to be instructed.

The leaders of the Association have wisely concerned themselves, in the main, with making known the principles and objects of the Society, and have left questions of detail for a future day. It is, at any rate, with the principles and aims only of the Association that the public can have any real concern; for it is clear that if once these command general assent, the means by which these principles may be applied, or objects attained, must be settled by skilled lawyers. The general public is, however, fully capable of estimating as well as either barristers or attorneys, the general views of the Society, and the arguments by which they can be defended or assailed.

The first object of the Association is, as has already been pointed out, to insure that all persons who practise the

<sup>1</sup> No reference is made in this article to the proposals put forward by the Association with reference to the education of solicitors, or attorneys. These propositions are of great importance, but cannot fairly be considered without entering into the question of the right relation between the two branches of the profession, a subject of great interest, but demanding for a proper treatment a separate article.

law shall have some knowledge of the law.

We have already shown that as regards barristers the present system utterly fails to give any security that a barrister is, in any proper sense of the words, a lawyer; and the arguments in favour of the principle of the Association, that a man who is given certain privileges because he is supposed to possess a certain kind of knowledge is bound to show that he really is master of his craft, are in themselves very strong, if not absolutely unanswerable. There is, in the first place, the patent fact that in every other profession to the practice of which a man is admitted in virtue of a degree or diploma, he is expected to give some proof, however slight it may be, of his competency; and it is at any rate somewhat difficult to see why a doctor should be required to undergo a real examination before he undertakes to cure his patients, whilst a barrister may undertake to guide his clients in the most intricate questions of law, without having given any sign that he has ever opened a law book. It may be added, and with considerable force, that if the status of a barrister is to be attainable without study of the law, it would be better to abolish the status altogether, and let any man who pleased style himself barrister-at-law, and get such practice as his abilities or supposed abilities might command. No doubt, under such a state of things, the public might often employ legal quacks; but so the public may do, and do at the present moment; and the evil of the existing state of affairs is that laymen who think they have a guarantee that a barrister shall know his business, find in his title what seems a guarantee, but is, in reality, a mere snare. There is, in short, much to be said for treating the trade of the law as an ordinary trade governed simply by the maxim *caveat emptor*. There is also much to be said in favour of restricting the practice of the law to men who have shown themselves qualified to be lawyers, and who have, therefore, been admitted to a degree or status which is the sign that

they understand their profession; but there is nothing to be said in favour of first giving men a degree which marks them out as lawyers, and then taking no precautions to secure that the persons so marked out shall have the least knowledge of the law. Add to this that all the other countries of Europe think it necessary to exact from every advocate before he commences advocacy a more or less strict study of law and jurisprudence. This consideration would at one time have had little weight in England, for certainly there was a period when a feeling prevailed which is traceable in the works of writers, even of such eminence as Blackstone, that Englishmen had much to teach foreigners, and, as regarded law or politics, had nothing to learn from them. This sentiment has, however, all but vanished, and the example of France and Germany is certain to have fully as much weight on popular opinion as it deserves. Indeed, it is hardly possible for any man of common sense to observe the care bestowed by Frenchmen and Germans on the due education of their lawyers, and to note also that the English bar, whatever its merits, has never produced a lawyer or jurist of European reputation, without entertaining the conviction that our peculiar arrangements are open to some serious objections. The strongest point, however, in favour of the compulsory examination of persons wishing to be called to the bar is, that the principle of this innovation has already been admitted by all the Inns of Court. As it is, the Inns will take no one who has not attended lectures, read in chambers, or undergone an examination. They, moreover, impose a certain preliminary examination on all persons who have not been educated at the universities. Now, this necessity for attendance at lectures, reading in chambers, or undergoing examination, is simply an admission that in the judgment of the Inns of Court themselves, no one ought to be a barrister who has not some general education and some slight acquaintance with law. The defect of the present arrangement is that lectures,

"reading," and examinations, are cumbersome and expensive shams; but it is impossible for the Inns, who maintain these shams, either to deny the principle for which the Association contends, or in the face of patent facts to assert that the present arrangements are really in accordance with that principle. As regards the Inns of Court, the position of the Association is therefore unassailable. If men are to be called to the bar simply because they have eaten so many dinners and paid a certain amount of fees, then the modern system of the Inns of Court should be given up. If, on the other hand, no student is to become a barrister until he has attained some knowledge of law, then the present system should be made in reality what it is in form. The readers should give much more instruction, and more systematic instruction; the whole scheme of teaching should be revised, and the passing through an examination should be rendered compulsory. There are, it must be added, signs that the Inns of Court themselves perceive how matters stand, and it is, we believe, understood that the Inner Temple is already taking steps for the improvement and extension of the teaching which it gives to students. In pursuing this course, the Inner Temple is making a step towards the attainment of the second, and, in our judgment, the main object sought to be gained by the formation of a school of law.

This second object of the Association is to insure that all persons who wish to study the law systematically shall have an opportunity for going through a regular course of careful instruction.

The principle that a man who intends to practise a liberal profession should, before he embarks in it, have at least the opportunity for systematically studying the pursuit to the practice of which he intends to devote himself, commends itself so directly to everyone's common sense, that it is a little difficult to invent elaborate arguments in its favour. Everyone admits that the knowledge of law is not acquired by intuition, but is attained, when it is attained at all, only by very

long and tedious study. Everyone, again, except an English lawyer, admits that law can be taught as a system; and that the true mode of learning it, as of mastering every other province of knowledge, is to master first the elements or principles of the system, and then study it in detail as practically applied. No inhabitant of any other country but England (unless possibly he be an inhabitant of America) maintains that the true way to learn law is to learn it on no scheme whatever, to pick up one bit of information from books, another fragment from cases heard in court, and a third piece from practice as seen in chambers; and so by degrees, haphazard as it were, piece together the legal scheme which one desired to understand. Yet this is exactly the course pursued, and necessarily pursued, by students of English law. A young man goes into pleaders' chambers; he copies precedents, reads cases, studies text-books on different isolated parts of the law, reading now a little of "Stephen's Commentaries," now a book on pleading, next day a chapter or two of "Chitty's Contracts," and the next a mass of cases elucidating or darkening some trifling exception to some rule of the existence of which the student has never heard. Meanwhile, if he is intelligent, he carefully notices all the business that goes on under his eyes, and generally leaves chambers and becomes a barrister just as he is beginning to have some very faint notion of what the business which he saw in chambers really meant. Now, this plan of learning, eccentric as it seems, has real merits of its own to which it is quite essential to do full justice; but it is not, and never can be, a real substitute for, though it is an excellent addition to, the instruction which could be given by a really competent teacher. Let us, at any rate, fairly master what are the main evils which this scheme of haphazard learning—or rather, the absence of systematic learning—involves.

The first defect of the mode in which the law is now studied, is the immense

amount of useless, and even injurious, labour which it imposes on a student. The cases which he sees in chambers are all illustrations of the application of rules of law to the actual facts of life. The question generally involved, often an extremely difficult one to decide, is under which of two or more rules a given case comes. Nothing can be a better and more instructive proceeding than to see what the rules of law really mean when applied to facts, and the mode by which these rules are to be elicited or inferred from statutes or cases. Unhappily, a young man when he begins "reading in chambers," is hardly in a position really to profit by the advantages of his situation; he does not know the meaning of the most ordinary technical terms, still less has he mastered the commonest legal canons; he therefore has extreme difficulty in even understanding the points of the cases he sees. To comprehend, for example, a quite simple case about bills of exchange; he may have to learn, for the first time, what is meant by a *chose in action*; to get somehow hold of the rule that *choses in action* cannot be assigned; and at last, after infinite labour, to discover that bills of exchange form an exception to this rule. If he is an energetic person, he throws himself for two or three days into the subject of *negotiable instruments*; reads a host of matter which has nothing to do with the question in hand; peruses piles of cases, some of which have been over-ruled, others of which only constitute repeated illustrations of some well-known principle; and at last, when through perplexity and muddle he begins to have some glimmering understanding of his case, finds that it must leave chambers, and that he must turn his attention to some totally different question, say, the warranty of a horse's soundness, or the meaning of certain terms in a contract of sale. Thus, day by day the young man goes on blundering and to blunder, sometimes learning law, more often mislearning it, and ultimately, if he is fortunate and able, gradually and with great labour gaining a doubtful knowledge of those rules which

he could have learnt clearly, and with not half as much toil, from an intelligent teacher.

But "reading in chambers," it will be urged, is invaluable, and gives a kind of instruction not to be gained from lectures. This we fully and amply grant, and should much regret any change which merely substituted attendance at lectures for attendance in chambers. What we do maintain is, not that "reading in chambers" is useless, but that to "read in chambers" before you have mastered the first elements of legal science is a perverse method of study, which is, strictly speaking, preposterous, and entails an untold amount of wasted labour.

The defects, however, of this method do not end here. If its first defect is its laboriousness, its second and even greater fault is that it deprives "reading in chambers" of half its use. The great use of seeing actual practice is to realize what the rules of law really mean when applied to actual facts; to gain the power of readily applying them oneself. Now, a man who does not know the rules of law can gain little or nothing from seeing them applied; and the fact is, as everyone who has studied law will admit, that at least half a pupil's time in chambers is distinctly wasted from his having there to read and learn the contents of legal treatises which he ought to have mastered before he drew a declaration, or copied down a precedent in conveyancing. The particular pupil is not to blame, as he really had no means of instruction till his reading in chambers began; but the system is gravely to blame which turns a set of young men into a barrister's rooms, without providing them with the instruction which makes study in chambers worth having. One may venture confidently to assert that a pupil who came to a pleader after having heard a set of first-rate lectures, such for example as a young lawyer may attend in some towns in America, or such as were given by Blackstone himself on the principles of common law, would in one

year's reading derive far more benefit from his studies, and be a far more accomplished pleader than the student who, on the present plan, has laboured on for the space of two years copying the precedents in Bullen, and mastering isolated law points without any general knowledge of law.

"But," it may be said, "law is learnt under the present system and learnt well; though perhaps the same amount of knowledge might be acquired with less labour and in a more intelligent manner." Unfortunately, the evils of the present fashion of study must not be supposed to end with entailing a vast amount of useless toil on hapless young men; it produces a most injurious effect on the minds of the lawyers submitted to its influence. Almost every lawyer will admit that width of mind, a faculty for comprehending general principles, the power of grouping the rules of law in a clear and lucid manner so as to show what are the grounds on which they rest and their relation to one another, are not the qualities in which even the most eminent members of the English bar mostly shine. Yet no one can dispute that it would be hard to find an abler body of men than our twenty or thirty leading lawyers. As it certainly is not want of ability which makes a certain kind of narrowness, not indeed a universal, but certainly a very usual characteristic of men who have attained forensic success, it is scarcely rash to attribute this fault, at least in part, to the peculiarity of their education. Nor is it hard to trace the connection between cause and effect. A man who learns law by practising law, inevitably tends to learn only just as much law, and just that kind of law, which he has had occasion to use; thus his knowledge becomes, or tends to become, a minute acquaintance with one special department, possibly a very narrow one, of the whole legal system. He is never educated to be a lawyer; all his learning consists in familiarity with the law of patents, or the law of bills of exchange. A person, again, who learns his profes-

sion by the rule of thumb, being forced to practise it before he understands its principles, is extremely likely, when habit has made him expert within certain very close limits, to disbelieve that the art in which he has become an adept rests on any principles at all. The dictum of a judge, "one ounce of precedent is worth a pound of principle," expresses the idea of a hundred lawyers who have not vigour enough to give such a terse rendering of their secret thoughts. One may add to this that the original narrowness of a barrister's legal education received, a century ago, a certain amount of correction from the nature of his practice, which it does not receive at the present day. The English law is itself a limited field when compared with the whole province of jurisprudence, but an eminent lawyer of the last century, such for example as Eldon, could hardly avoid possessing at least some knowledge of the whole scheme of English law. This is notoriously not now the case. Very few men have mastered both equity and common law; and within the narrow boundaries of the common law itself, persons who wish to secure a business are more and more compelled to devote themselves to special branches of study. Hence the knowledge of a barrister in full employment becomes daily more minute; possibly, more and more accurate, but also more and more limited; and to speak the truth more and more narrow. No one can therefore wonder that a certain limitation of intellect is apt to be the defect of lawyers; and few persons will hesitate to attribute it, in part, to the character of an education which most unfortunately stimulates the very fault which it ought to correct.

It may further be remarked that there never was a time when the want of cultivated lawyers who could grasp not only all the bearings of English law but the leading outline of general jurisprudence was more felt. Every day there is a demand for careful, systematic, and comprehensive legislation; and a slight inspection of Acts of

Parliament shows how very inadequately this demand is met. The truth is that there are several reforms, such as the codification of the law and the fusion of law and equity, which can scarcely be carried out, simply because the men do not exist who have been duly trained to execute these great measures of legal improvement. The very fact that it would be the idlest slander to say that the native ability to effect these things was wanting, is almost a proof that the real cause why we lack lawyers who can properly mould our legislation is, that the bar has not had the advantage of sound legal education.

A layman who considers merely the arguments in favour of founding a legal university, will not wonder at the support which the Legal Education Association has received; he will understand why chancellors, judges, and counsel have hastened to enrol themselves in its ranks; he will anticipate for it a speedy and certain success, and sympathise with the ardent reformers who are already discussing with some heat the all-important question whether the new institution shall be called a school or a university. His surprise, if he is surprised at all, will be, not that the Association has achieved some success, but that it has not long ago accomplished all its objects. If these objects can be shown to be desirable by the most cogent arguments; if the earnest wish of the most influential members of the bar, whether on the bench or off it, is that these objects should be speedily attained,—why is it, he may ask, that the Law University is still a mere scheme instead of a powerful reality? Such a layman will, if a person of a questioning turn of mind, soon begin to suspect that the apparently unassailable position of the Society, contrasted with the very little practical progress made by the cause which it advocates, is the sign that there is something which may be said, or, what is of much more importance, may be felt on the other side of the question; and, in short, that the views of the Associa-

tion, though there are many arguments in their favour, may be opposed on some strong grounds either of reason or of prejudice. In this conclusion he will be completely in the right. All that we have urged, and much more, may be pressed with full truth in favour of the reforms advocated by the Society; but they may also be opposed, and will, without doubt, be opposed on grounds which demand careful consideration in the interests of the very cause which the Society supports; for there is no greater practical mistake than that made by reformers when convinced, and with reason, of the substantial soundness of their views—they neglect to weigh the fair or even the unfair arguments by which these may be opposed.

The first argument against any substantial alteration in the existing system of legal education is embodied in the well-worn formula "the present system works well." Of this kind of reasoning radicals are naturally impatient; for they have heard it employed to justify every abuse, from slavery down to the purchase of commissions; but it is a plea which, though constantly used when false in fact, deserves, when true, careful consideration. In the present case it contains, to say the least, a large amount of truth. No institutions are perfect, but it would be difficult to point to any English institution which on the whole fulfils its objects better than do our legal arrangements. Our lawyers are not jurists; but then it must be remembered that it matters not one pin to a client whether his counsel is a jurist or not, provided that he can draw the right pleas and address a jury in a persuasive manner. It is again extremely difficult for men such as Sir Roundell Palmer, the chairman of the Association, and many of their supporters, to convince the world that the English system of legal education is utterly rotten; since these gentlemen are persons of whom any bar might be proud, and afford, it may be said with some truth, a living confutation of the doctrine which they preach. It should

further be added—for it is of great consequence to appreciate all that can be said by an opponent—that the bar “works well,” partly because it is a profession practically open to any person who has a certain amount of money. On account of its open character,—just, that is to say, because the entrance to it is not closed to those who do not wish to undergo an elaborate system of training,—the bar has connected itself closely with all the best classes of English society. Hence, on the one hand, the position of an advocate is in England far higher than in some countries, such as France, blessed with a bar trained in jurisprudence by learned professors; whilst, on the other, the professional character of the bar itself has been kept up, by its connection with classes influenced by sentiments somewhat different from those which would naturally be prevalent amidst hard-working lawyers, driven hard by the necessity of gaining business, and made somewhat unscrupulous by the pressure of competition.

This, or something of this kind, might be said, and certainly might be felt by an opponent of all attempts to change an institution which “works well.” The reply to his arguments or sentiments is not quite so simple as ardent reformers would be inclined to think. It is impossible to dispute either that, in many respects, our legal arrangements have worked well, or that some of the changes advocated by the Association might gradually produce a considerable alteration in the character of the bar itself.

Two replies, however, can be made, which diminish the force of this purely conservative objection.

The first answer is, that it can be more truly said that our scheme of legal education *has* worked well than that it *does* work well. Whether we wish it or not, the system is, under the mere force of changing circumstances, undergoing a curious revolution. Lawyers are, as already pointed out, gradually driven to devote themselves more and more to the study of special branches of their profession. Modern barristers

tend, in fact, to become specialists, and need therefore more than did their predecessors the corrective of a general training. Another alteration, of which none but a lawyer can appreciate the whole importance, is the gradual decline of special pleading. Special pleaders, both from the nature of their pursuit and from the fact that they work continuously in their chambers, constituted something like a body of professors, and almost all the regular instruction in law which a common-law barrister ever received was, we suspect, given him by a pleader. No one who knows anything of the bar can doubt that in thirty years a pleader will be as unknown an animal as a dodo. The only professors of law which the English bar has ever possessed will therefore have ceased to exist just when professorial teaching has been felt to be a necessary element in the education of a barrister. The bar again was, it should be remembered, for a long time a practically close profession, and confined to a great extent to men who had received a liberal education. The barriers which in practice debarred from the pursuit of advocacy, persons who had not been liberally educated, have been rightly broken down, but this change certainly ought to involve further changes, unless it is to produce considerable evils. If you crowd the bar with persons of no general education, there is all the more reason for requiring that every barrister should, if not educated in any other way, at least receive a strict professional education; that our legal arrangements, in short, worked tolerably well under circumstances different from those of the present time, is no valid argument to show that they will work well under the circumstances of to-day. It is in fact in full keeping with all experience to expect that arrangements, always faulty but which work more or less well on account of their faults being kept in check by other influences, will exhibit their vices in the most glaring manner when a change of circumstances has removed these counteracting influences.

A second reply is, that the causes to which the merits—and they are very great merits—of the English bar are due, have only a very slight connection with the fact that English barristers do not enjoy the advantage of professorial teaching. For reasons, the full explanation of which must be sought for in the course of English history, an English advocate has occupied what is in reality a quite exceptional position; his merits have arisen mainly from this position, and no doubt any reform which tended to place barristers in a lower social status, such for example as any scheme for making a separate judicial profession, might greatly injure the character of the bar. But no class gain in public esteem from not really understanding the trade which they profess to understand; and it is inconceivable that if the bar, from causes which have nothing to do with the scheme of legal education, occupies a high social position, barristers will be thought less of by the public because they have been taught really to understand the law which they have always professed to understand—however great in some cases may have been their ignorance.

The second argument against change is, that any scheme of examination excludes from the bar exactly the persons suited to be barristers, and renders the bar a close profession.

Let us put this argument in its strongest form, for it is one which must sooner or later be met. The whole assumption, it may be said, on which the theories of the reformers rest, is that knowledge of law is the primary quality required from a lawyer. This assumption, plausible though it may seem, is at bottom false. A barrister, to succeed, ought to be in the first place not a lawyer, but an advocate. The whole history of the English bar shows the substantial accuracy of this assertion. It was by advocacy, and not by knowledge of law, that Erskine, Scarlett, and Wilkins made their reputation. No examination could have tested, and no professional teaching could have given, the powers by which they rose to

eminence. This distinction between the advocate and the lawyer is not one depending upon the peculiarities of English law, but grounded in the nature of things itself. Look at the men who are employed in every case, who, in other words, are really useful to the public; what are the characteristics by which they, for the most part, have commanded success? These are, it will be found, eloquence, or at any rate fluency; readiness in very quickly applying the knowledge they may happen to possess, the power of detecting the lies of a cunning witness, and the weak points of an ordinary jury. The talent of an advocate consists, in fact, in tact, command of language, knowledge of the world, or at least knowledge of the courts. This talent cannot be learnt from Austin or Bentham, and cannot be either tested or appreciated by the most learned board of examiners which the Inns of Court can summon to their aid. A man may be a born advocate who has neither read Blackstone, nor could have understood him if he had; whilst a fellow, deeply versed in all the technicalities of English law and maxims of Roman jurisprudence, may be utterly unable to open the pleadings to a jury without breaking down before he has come to the end of his task. Now, any system of examination will admit every pedant who is unfitted to be an advocate, and may exclude the best advocates because they are not pedants. A system of examination, in short, is a system which will close the bar to men of forensic genius—such, say, as Wilkins—whilst admitting every dullard who can read a certain number of books, and undergo a certain amount of cram.

Nor will the evils of examinations or professorial training stop here. The greatness of the English bar has arisen from its open character. Our lawyers have no doubt not been professors or jurists, but they have been constantly politicians and men of the world; and it is this lay character of the legal profession which has ennobled it. Let any one, for example, examine the career

of our greatest judges. He will find that they have constantly been men who have mounted the bench, not because they were famed for their legal learning, or their lawyer-like subtlety, but because they were men of eminence who had made themselves a name in party conflicts and in active life. They became, in short, judges, not because they were great lawyers, but because they were great men; and this, the characteristic of some of the most brilliant ornaments of our bench, has been also the characteristic of the best members of our bar. Both at the bar and on the bench eminence has been secured by qualities cultivated in active life, and which are rather depressed than encouraged in a professor's class. Add to this, that the existing system, though confessedly anomalous, has this great merit, that it affords, through the plan of "reading in chambers," beneficial instruction for men who wish to be lawyers rather than advocates; whilst it freely admits to the bar men who have the talent of advocates, and have no wish or aptitude for the learning of lawyers.

The force which this style of argument will ultimately exert is extremely great. Whenever compulsory examinations for admission to the bar are actually introduced, it will be necessary either to reduce the standard of the examinations so low that every student can pass it,—in which case the examination will become a useless farce,—or to raise it so high that some persons gifted with all the talents of advocates may be excluded from the practice of advocacy simply because they are deficient in knowledge of law. But when once this exclusion actually takes place, then the question will inevitably arise whether it is to be tolerated that men should not be allowed to get the advantage of talents which they possess simply because they do not possess other talents of a quite different nature. In this case we may be sure the question will be asked, whether we are prepared to adopt the system which might possibly have excluded from practice a man like Wilkins? In one

shape or another the line of argument which we have attempted to draw out will, in short, make its appearance. It is therefore well worth while to consider whether it possesses any real validity.

The argument is, it must be admitted, based on facts. Many of the qualities which rightly command success at the bar cannot be acquired in a class room, and much of the work of the bar can be done perfectly well by men who, to speak plainly, have no knowledge of law whatever, except that kind of knowledge which an intelligent person picks up in the course of practice. But this admission by no means settles the question. It may be perfectly true that an examination may exclude from the bar a man suited to be a good advocate, but it may well be also true that it is on the whole best for the public that such a man should be excluded. To put the same thing in another form, it may be a less public loss that an eccentric genius here and there should be prevented from exhibiting his forensic skill than that no steps should be taken to test the knowledge of any man called to the bar. Moreover, it should be borne in mind that the supposed evil, such as it is, of occasionally cutting short the career of, say, a second Erskine, because a man who has a perfect genius for advocacy happens to have a rooted incapacity for passing examinations, is one which can extremely rarely arise. The train of reasoning under consideration is analogous to that constantly used about the education of officers. We have all of us been asked time after time whether we are prepared to examine into the knowledge or ignorance of officers when an examination might have checked the career of Wellington or Clive, and we all of us have learnt to answer, and with perfect truth, that though no examination can test whether a young man is or is not a military genius, there is no ground whatever to suppose that either Wellington, or Clive, or any man of capacity would have found it impossible to go creditably through an examination meant to test

the powers of ordinary officers. Exactly the same reply meets the insidious inquiry whether Erskine's talents could have been tested by an examination. Of course they could not, but the obvious answer is that there is not the slightest ground in the world for conceiving that either Erskine or Wilkins or any man capable of rising to eminence as an advocate would have found the remotest difficulty in acquiring that amount of legal information which may fairly be expected from every man who wishes to call himself a barrister.

The arguments we have considered, though they may be represented in all kinds of forms infinitely varied according to the ingenuity of the speaker who uses them, represent in substance the main objections which can be taken to the foundation of a law school. They are by no means absolutely without weight, but they are far outbalanced by the reasons in favour of reform. Nevertheless, the objections of opponents in almost all cases embody a good deal of truth, and the particular objections we have dealt with point towards two important conclusions.

The first conclusion is that an examination for admission to the bar can never be made really severe. The most that can be expected from it is that it should put a check upon gross ignorance or absolute incapacity. Examinations have their place in every educational course, but an examination in itself never teaches anything, and a mere pass examination, which is the very most which could be imposed upon students before they are "called," could never essentially change, or even greatly modify, the nature of the legal education received by barristers.

The second conclusion is connected with the first, but of far greater importance. It is that the main object of the Association should be not to test but to teach; not so much to insist upon examinations, which after all may do little but encourage a new form of cramming, as to afford that systematic legal instruction which cannot now be obtained for either love or money.

Against this, to our mind the main aim of the Association, not a single plausible objection can be urged; all the adverse arguments which have even a show of validity being directed not against the expediency of teaching men who wish to learn, but against the policy of forcing men to learn who don't wish to be taught. The one possible objection which can even be suggested against professorial instruction is, that such instruction is inferior to the practical teaching given in chambers; but this objection rests on a misconception. No one wishes to do away with "reading in chambers," or doubts that it is a most important part of a lawyer's training; all that the most radical reformers maintain is that this part of the instruction which a law student should receive does not and cannot constitute the whole of his education. It is in fact a ridiculous mistake to oppose a professor's teaching to "reading in chambers." Each form of instruction is really the complement of the other. No professor on the one hand will in the long run be found worth listening to, whose instruction has not a direct bearing on the practical teaching which a student receives when he passes from a class-room to a barrister's chambers; and, on the other hand, no "reading in chambers" will ever give the instruction which it ought to give, until a barrister's pupils combine with their reading the systematic study of law in the class of a competent teacher.

It is a matter of moment to press both upon the Association and the public the supreme importance of providing courses of instruction in all branches of law for those who are willing to attend lectures. From various causes, too long to be examined in the present essay, very undue discredit has fallen on professorial teaching; and an idea may be traced in the minds even of energetic reformers that no professor could secure a class unless his students were compelled to attend either by some direct rule of the bar, or by the indirect force exercised through the fear of an impending and unavoidable examination.

No conception is more baseless. It is perfectly true that professors of certain subjects—say, for instance, general jurisprudence—might not be able always to secure a large class, however great the merit of the lectures; the reason of this being that a knowledge of general jurisprudence is not, or perhaps is not thought to be, of great advantage to an English lawyer. But let a man not only competent, but of known competence, deliver good lectures on any branch of English law, and his classes would soon be crowded. Let it be supposed, for instance, that it were known that Mr. Justice Blackburn would deliver lectures on the Common Law, his room, we venture to predict, would soon be crowded by students and barristers. The supposition may appear an extravagant one, but it is suggested by what may easily be witnessed at Harvard University. There, a gentleman who is or has been a judge in Rhode Island, and is notoriously one of the best American lawyers, delivers lectures on law throughout the session. The lectures are crammed with a class who not only attend but enter into the lecture with an enthusiastic interest rarely witnessed in the class-rooms of an English University. But it may be supposed, though we rather think erroneously, that attendance at the lectures at Harvard is to some extent compulsory. We believe this is not so; but to avoid all question, let us look, not at Harvard, but at New York. The legal arrangements of New York are in some respects not deserving

of much admiration, and no one can suppose for a moment that a call to the New York bar is made dependent upon the student having gone through any elaborate course of legal instruction. But New York, for all that, possesses the best law school in the United States, and one quite unlike any institution existing in England. At this school there are constant classes filled with ardent pupils who are taught the elements of English law by one of the ablest professors that any school of law ever possessed. The classes are not kept full by any compulsion direct or indirect, imposed by the state or bar of New York upon their law students. The only force which keeps them full is the force exercised by a man of genius, who knows how to teach what his pupils need to learn. Professor Dwight, who has a reputation throughout the whole Union as the greatest living American teacher of law, has in substance founded and keeps alive, simply by his own capacity as a teacher, one of the best schools of law in which one generation of pupils after another learns those elements of English law which, according to a certain number of good people, cannot be taught from a professor's chair. If one man can keep alive a law school at New York, it is not too much to hope that the united efforts of the leaders of the English bar may found in London a law school in which the talent of eminent professors may insure the attendance of willing pupils.

## A DAY AT COMO.

BY HONOR BROOKE.

"NOTHING becomes ugly through age in Italy," remarked A——, as he leant dreamily against the stem of a cypress tree. "Nothing but the women," replied his companion; and his eyes followed mechanically an old woman who, a few yards off, was wearily raking together a bundle of withered leaves.

It was a brilliant day in the autumn of 1869, and we (a happy party of four) had gained an upland over the blue waters of the Lake Como, not far from the little town of Bellagio. The spot where we were seated was a delightful piece of grassy ground, approached by several tiers of marble steps, and bordered on each side by a line of stately cypress trees, which ran from the bottom to the top of the slope, each rising with its close-wrapped foliage into a spear-like point against the profound blue of the sky. As we looked down from the height we could see the lake below gleaming through the serrated foliage of the chestnut trees, and on the opposite side the green slopes of the hills rose rich in olive, vine, and fig. The intense silence was the silence of an Italian afternoon; not a sound of insect hum or of bird broke the warm stillness of the air. The only living creature was the old woman, who moved with languid steps towards a green mound half-way down, on which stood a ruined Romanesque tower, embowered in a group of fig-trees; the severe outline of its gray belfry turret showed clear through the sombre green of the cypresses, and one saw with delight through its shattered openings bars of glimmering water, and glimpses of the blue mountains beyond. The whole scene was so full of varied beauty, and so rich in colour, appealing in a sort of way to all sympathy and tenderness of

feeling, that A——, whose passion was the sentiment of landscape, started up, and gathering together his drawing materials walked down the slope in a state of mute enthusiasm.

"Shall we follow him?" I suggested. "There are some clouds mounting up the sky, which look like rain, and we might find a more sheltered spot."

"And probably some ripe figs," remarked D——, whose predilections for that fruit every one knew.

"As that interesting old woman has disappeared we may as well go," said X——, slowly rising; "I daresay we shall find A—— reading the *Inferno* to her in the ruin." I laughed at the idea, for it reminded me, as a hundred other nothings had done before, of the very varied characteristics of our small party, and of the spirit of amusing opposition in which each found themselves towards the other. D——, for example, was full of light sarcasm, which she delighted to vent on X——; his snatches of sentiment she took to pieces and presented him with the fragments, and her slight figure and pleasant laugh kept time with her bright sallies of repartee and raillery. X—— was an historian of the new school: accuracy was his irritating excellence, and republicanism his passion. He pretended to have no enthusiasm, and said that he did not understand poetry. No one believed him, for he was subject to wild fits of delight at the sight of any new beauty, and to sudden discoveries of new charms in old poems.

When we entered the broken walls of the ruined church we found the space they enclosed almost filled with piles of withered boughs, over which a temporary shed had been erected; tall

fig-trees spread their broad leaves over the broken masonry, with that tender pity which nature shows for the outworn. Deep in the shelter of the tower we stood, and listened to the rush of rain overhead. X—— seemed lost in thought, probably endeavouring to construct the edifice again in its ancient form. A—— had drawn out a volume of poems, and was employed (as was his wont) in finding some lines suitable to the occasion. Suddenly X—— broke out, "This lake scenery may be very charming for poets and artists, but I cannot stand it long. I require something more substantial to satisfy me."

A—— looked up, dreamily repeating, "And the big rain comes dancing to the earth;" and said with indignation, "We have only been here about two days; surely you have sufficient enthusiasm for natural scenery to tide you over so short a time?"

"I have no enthusiasm—none whatever," persisted X——.

His companion smiled; possibly he was thinking of a day spent on the St. Gothard, when X—— had been in a state of wild excitement about the liberty of the free people of Uri; about their mountains which had fostered it, and their own efforts which had won it: an enthusiasm which had subsided into a sort of plaintive wail when the confines of that canton had been passed. However, he merely said, "Shall we go to Como? I have a great wish to see it."

"By all means," said X——, much relieved; "it is a most interesting town; all these Italian towns are worthy of a visit: and although Como has not much individual history, it played a considerable part in the Middle Ages."

"Just look," said A——, interrupting, "how those fig-trees sway in the wind, and into what bold chasms their leaves are rent: leave the Middle Ages to themselves, and learn something from what you see. You cannot study fig-leaves well in Venice, and you won't enjoy Tintoret's mighty drawing of them, unless you have used your eyes here."

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But X—— did not heed him in the least—and the way in which they both pursued their own thoughts with total independence of each other, was exquisitely amusing at times—and he ran on, "Italy has a glorious past, and she ought to have a noble future: I see the dawn of her prosperity."

"The first step taken towards any prosperity must be to seize all that Venetian tribe of artists, picture-cleaners, and restorers, and to hang them up in the Piazza of St. Mark," interposed A——, almost fiercely.

"Till life be extinct," rejoined his companion, laughing: but A—— felt too keenly on the subject even to smile. His eyes darted gleams, indignation glowed in every feature; and he solemnly added, "Until their very last gasp."

I had listened to this conversation hitherto in silence, but the awful solemnity of the last speech was too much for me, so I darted out into the rain, and springing on a heap of stones, grasped the bough of a fig-tree, and after a liberal shower of rain-drops succeeded in gathering some green figs, which I carried to the prisoners in the tower. On my way thither, there was the old woman again; utterly regardless of the rain which beat upon her unprotected head, and I wondered at the apathy in her worn countenance. But she was not too apathetic or too slow for kindness. Noticing that I had no seat, she swept with the help of her apron the rubbish from a large stone, and bade me sit down. I was beginning to moralize on the kindness laid up in the human heart, when I heard a voice behind me say in a mocking tone—

"The lake, the bay, the waterfall,  
And thee the spirit of them all;"

and I saw X—— with a malicious smile surveying the old woman.

"Beauty is made up of contrasts," I said; "her whole appearance contrasts well with the fresh loveliness, of this spot, and she seems so much a part of this ruined church, that I feel this place was made for her."

"It is certainly not made for us," rejoined X——, moving away; "the rain is nearly over."

We left the shelter of the ruin, and wound our way through the long wet grass to the shore of the lake. A boat lay waiting for us, and we were soon tossed back to Bellagio on the tiny wavelets which a sudden wind had caused.

Next day we started for Como in the steamboat: a number of people accompanied us, including some English tourists, carrying the inevitable waterproof, which one may call the typical costume of our nation abroad, uniting as is fondly believed both the useful and the beautiful. A—— was enraptured with the lake. "See!" he cried, "how it lies like a precious treasure beneath the hills, so delicately wrought; every waft of wind and every passing cloud is mirrored on its transparent surface. We have lost all that sternness which belongs to parts of Swiss scenery; the hills rise steeply but softly from the level of the lake, clothed with a forest of trees to their very crests. It is the olive which gives a peculiar charm to this scenery; look how it becomes a gray mist of foliage on the distant hill-side! while, on a near approach, every silver-shafted leaf glistens in the sunshine, and upturns in the light breeze its underlining of soft and silver gray."

"The first sight of the olive is a moment not to be forgotten," said X——, looking wickedly at A——, "not only on account of its grace of form, but because it reminds us that we have left those miserable Alpine snows behind, and have come to a land of warmth and sunshine." Our leaving Switzerland after but a few weeks' stay was a sore point with A——, and after this joyous allusion to it on his companion's part he retired to a corner of the boat, and took refuge in a small book which he held in his hand; it received his happiest thoughts and most poetic flashes; if we ever lost sight of him, we knew that he had gone to be alone with this treasure, and that we should be sure to find him in some hole or corner

of the earth writing placidly and studiously. After a short pause, he turned to me and said, "You need not strain your eyes to catch a glimpse of the Alps, we shall not see them again until we arrive at Verona: there from the Campanile of San Zeno, you will see on the right hand Alpine peaks, and on the left the sweep of the plain of Lombardy."

"The battle-field of the world," interposed the voice of X——, who had followed us to our retreat, "where one might expect to meet the ghosts of Hun, and Goth, and Roman, stalking about amongst the mulberry-trees."

"I don't know what Hun or Goth has to do with such a sunny scene as this," said A——; "your historical tendency is lapsing into a sort of monomania. You will soon be little short of a vast storehouse of forgotten facts; as to art, there is not a corner left for it."

"What an accusation!" said X—— to me; "but he is going to have a specimen of native art now, and I hope he will like it. I believe you did not know that we had a party of musicians on board." At this moment, three men disentangled themselves from the crowd, and striking their guitars commenced to drown the noise of the paddle-wheel, which accompanied them with successive and impetuous plunges: but it was fascinating to gaze down into the luminous valley which every stroke it made revealed, and to see the globe-like bubbles darting upwards in the pale green light, and vanishing as they reached the surface, whilst others crossed and whirled and disappeared with a beautiful impetuosity amongst the rays of gleaming green which shone below: it was like a dream of flashing colour, gone in a moment before thought could fix or memory retain it. Meanwhile, the music continued, and we wandered from one end of the boat to the other, talking as we went, amused by the passengers, and enjoying what X—— called "the gay and festive throng."

We were now approaching Como.

It seemed a town of considerable size, stretching far into the wide plain which spreads beneath the hills, and lingering into two suburbs along the shores of the lake. Long rows of white buildings and red-roofed houses glistened in the sunshine. Over them rose the great dome of the cathedral, and beside it a tall but graceful bell-turret: beyond I could see a clear line of massive wall, a church sheltering at the hill-side, and towering over all a steep and conical hill, which rose abruptly from the plain and terminated in a ruined tower. Pretty villas nestling amongst their olives and vines gleamed upon us as we approached the landing-place, where, amongst a crowd of market-boats and smaller vessels, we glided to the shore. A rush amongst the passengers impelled us forward, and we were borne tumultuously across the narrow plank which united us to land. We took breath, and racing through a broad and monotonous street emerged by a narrow opening into the Piazza, in which stands the cathedral, and by its side the town-hall or Broletto. Taken as a whole, they form a noble line of buildings. The cathedral—rich in ornament and fanciful sculptures, its lofty marble walls traced with delicate vine-wreaths, lilies, and flowing foliage, interspersed with statues and reliefs—is a fine type of the architecture of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The cupola which overshadows it is due to a later period. But one turned with greater pleasure to the less ornamented building whose walls abut against those of the cathedral. The Broletto is a beautiful specimen of the Italian Gothic of the thirteenth century; combining the most precious material with the greatest strength of building and grace of form. The mid-day sun burnt on the red and white marble of its walls, which, lifted high off the ground, were supported on massive pointed arches of a deep red colour. The open space, or Loggia below, formed by the arcade, was busy with the noise of buying and selling; flowers and fruits were strewn on the pavement, and the stone roof rang with

the not inharmonious cries of the sellers. It was a pleasant sight, full of life and clamour.

The rapture of X—, for the first time in contact with a town-hall, was a sight to see. We had missed him from our party, and, searching for him amongst the crowd who crossed and gathered into knots in the Piazza, we at length descried him standing on the pavement opposite the Broletto, lost in thought.

"Let us go to him," said A—; "his republicanism has taken fire: I see it blazing in his eyes, and in his excited attitude; it reminds me of that scene in Altdorf churchyard, when he went off about the three Cantons."

"Oh, this will be an historical torrent impossible to stem," said D—.

As we approached X— he turned sharply to us, and said, "Hush! don't you hear the hum of the free people, and the voice of the magistrate from the balcony? This is the thirteenth century." Then dragging us into the middle of the street, he began as if he were in a lecture-room.

"Look," he said; "the place where you stand was once sacred to liberty. The architecture of Italy was altogether republican during the thirteenth century; and this spirit is seen in the numerous civic buildings undertaken at that time. Every Lombard town of Italy possesses a Broletto, or the ruins of such a one as you see standing here, at once the memorial and the connecting link of that far past of political freedom and independence which each city enjoyed. The rude belfry-tower which rises at one side recalls the constant warfare of those uncertain times; when at the sound of the great bell the citizens hurriedly gathered together to consult for their mutual safety, and for the defence of their town. But it did not ring in time of danger only; at its call the townspeople crowded to the Piazza for a different purpose, and, surging beneath that light balcony which projects from the central window, listened to the address of the municipality given to them from thence. The

magistrates who had thus the right of addressing them, had been elected by the universal suffrage of the people, and it was to the people that they submitted their decisions, for the purpose of gaining their approbation and consent. In fact, the citizens of the town formed its Parliament; consequently every inhabitant was filled with an ardent loyalty, not to the kingdom of Italy or to the Empire, but to his own independent state, beyond whose walls were to be found only its enemies or its allies: the former inspired no terror, for, from the beginning of the tenth century, the citizens of the northern towns had commenced to surround themselves with walls of immense strength and thickness, with deep ditches and towers. And afterwards as their liberty was secured to them on a firmer basis, municipal halls, churches, prisons, and palaces rose to attest the industry, as well as the zeal, of the Republic."

He ceased; his voice rang fainter and fainter, overcome by his emotions, and when he saw the amused smile of A—— he smiled in return and whispered, "These are *my* Alps, you rascal!"

We left the sunny Piazza and wandered through the cathedral, and afterwards through the town. San Fedele saw us delighted with its balconied apse and weird-like sculptures. When we passed out of the great gate, and beyond the massive wall, we found ourselves on the site of the centre of the old Roman town, and after a short walk over the bridge, close to the mother church of San Abbondio, which rises near the foot of the Baradello mount. To this church we gave an hour's severe study: but I cannot give here all the erudite arguments of A—— and X—— on its ancient architecture. It is enough to say, that there was much difference of opinion, much triumphant certainty on the part of A——, at once crushed by X—— producing an array of dates and facts: every objection was met by another of greater force, until A—— fell into a state of pathetic silence, and

wandered solitary through the sombre aisles of the building. Fearing for the harmony of the day, D—— and I led them away to climb the Baradello. About a mile from the town, and conspicuous from every part of it, the Baradello rises, a steep, conical hill, forming the last link in that chain of mountains which had followed us from Switzerland; the summit is crowned by the lofty ruins of the Baradello tower, the walls of which clasp the abrupt sides of the steep, down which they run in broken fragments. As we mounted, the clear transparent air blew round us so deliciously, that I could not help repeating to myself all the way up those two lines of a Greek poet, who represents the Athenians as

"Ever delicately marching  
Through the most pellucid air."

We climbed the hill by a broad green pathway, shaded by acacia-trees. Now and then the foliage opened, and we gazed down on the "waveless plain of Lombardy," its long sweep of outstretched land dark with lines of mulberry-trees, and made bright by sunny breadths of pasture-land and gleaming sheets of water. As we neared the summit, the ascent became steeper, and the pine-trees—those children of the mountain heights—sprang around our footpath, and only ceased as we reached the top. There we found a multitude of school-girls making holiday, dashing in and out of the broken fissures and shattered masonry of the old walls, the air ringing with their joyous voices. We left them undisturbed, and retraced our steps down to a level plateau of mossy grass, sprinkled with fir-trees: here, seated beneath the shade, we had a charming view of the town below and of the silvery expanse of water, which stretched as far as the eye could see, flanked by the mountain barriers, and deepening in the distance into a grave, shadowy light.

We were very quiet, for the peaceful scene fell like music into the heart, and charmed us into silent sympathy. At last A—— spoke: "Do you remember

in one of Wordsworth's sonnets how perfectly he expresses this sort of religious evening calm?"

And A——, taking up a book which lay beside him, turned over the leaves, and read in a clear, impassioned voice, those lovely lines, commencing with

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,  
The holy time is quiet as a nun," &c.

When he had finished, he relapsed into a satisfied silence from which we did not disturb him.

Now X—— had looked hitherto in that uncomfortable condition of wanting to say something and being unable to say it, but the silence which followed this poetic outburst gave him an opening, and he seized it.

"That is beautiful, I grant you; but here, surrounded by the memories of a past struggle for freedom, I like better that sonnet of your poet, where he sings of the influence which the mountains and sea exercise in the cause of liberty:—

"Two voices are there—one is of the sea,  
One of the mountains: each a mighty voice."

"What is the struggle you mention?" said A——, who was in the humour for listening. "Was it one of those endless quarrels between Guelph and Ghibelline, the dreary recital of which wearies the reader to this day?"

"On the contrary," replied X——; "the war between Como and Milan stands out from the mere squabbles between one town and the other, by its great significances; an ancient poet relates how that for ten years this little town at our feet defied the united armies of Lombardy."

"We are to have the narration in the words of a modern poet, I perceive," interrupted D——, mischievously; but A—— interposed, and said heartily, "Let us have it by all means." And X——, delighted, started off at once.

"Its position on the border-land between Italy and Germany determined the fortunes of Como. The gloomy walls which surround it, the deep fosse where the wild gourd flings

itself over the grass, still preserve the memory of the great struggle between the German chivalry of Frederick Barbarossa and the free citizens of the Italian towns, in which democracy won its first and most decisive victory over mediæval feudalism. The struggle itself was a new act, as it were, in the long contest between the Pope and the Empire. Frederick had inherited the tradition of universal rule from Otto and from Charles the First; it was his right as German king to claim the crown of Italy, and to receive the greater crown of the Empire itself in his destined capital of Rome. The one obstacle in the way of imperial ambition had hitherto been the Papacy, and the Papacy seemed little inclined to plunge into a struggle with Frederick. It was to complete his realm, therefore, that Frederick marched into Italy, but it was the cry of Como which actually called him over the Alps. Unperceived by kings or emperors, a new force was springing up in Italy itself; city after city found freedom and self-government in the choice of its own magistrates, the deliberations of its own citizens, in a rule of reason and equality which replaced the brute force and subordination of feudalism. Had the cities been as united as they were free, Italy would have "made itself" in the twelfth century instead of the nineteenth. But local jealousies followed local independence; and the greater cities had hardly won liberty when they strove to wrest liberty from the lesser towns around them.

"The acquisition of Como, through which the trade of Central Italy passed on its way to the north, was of the highest importance to Milan, and religious as well as political differences fanned the strife between them. For ten years Como defied the arms of its great rival in a struggle which a native poet, whose verses commemorate it, likens to the ten years' struggle around Troy.

"The opening of the conflict had, at any rate, something of the fire and energy of Homeric story. The see of

Como was disputed between Guido, whose cause was espoused by the citizens themselves, and a certain Landolf, whose cause was supported by Milan. Guido took the matter into his own hands one night, and, sallying forth, stormed the Castle of St. George, where Landolf had been installed, took him prisoner, and slew many of his relatives and friends. The rest fled to Milan, where they exposed to view on the public place the bloody garments of the slain; they stood by in silence, whilst the widows and orphans with tears and lamentations implored the passers-by to avenge their wrong. During this scene the church-bells sounded, and the people flocked to worship; but they were prevented from entering the temple by the appearance of the Archbishop at the head of his clergy, who gave orders that the doors should be closed; he then declared that they should only be opened to those who would take up arms for their country and for their church. Amongst a people so easily excited to war, this spectacle took instant effect. A herald was despatched to defy the town of Como, and the Milanese put themselves in readiness for the fight.

"The Comaschi, quitting their town, stationed themselves at the foot of this mount, and awaited the onslaught of the enemy. They soon perceived the forces of the Milanese advancing along the plain, with banners flying, and dragging in their midst the *carroccio*, or war-chariot, around whose floating standard their chosen men of valour clustered. The fight was long and fierce, night only separating the combatants, without either party knowing to whom the victory belonged. At morning light the Comaschi observed with wonder that the enemy had disappeared. Hurriedly ascending the mountain, they saw (perhaps from the spot on which we are now seated) the city below covered with a dense volume of smoke, from which the flames escaped in lurid gleams. The enemy had, under cover of the darkness, followed the dry bed of a winter torrent, and reached the town,

which they set on fire. They were absorbed in the pillage when the Comaschi burst upon them, overpowered them completely, and put them to flight. Then, masters again of their city, they raised the ruined walls, quenched the fire, and awaited a new call to duty and to arms."

"Vive la République!" cried A——, as he threw his hat into the air with a half-feigned enthusiasm.

"The two suburbs," continued X——, "Vico and Coloniola, which we see extended along the shores of the lake, sustained next a vigorous attack; but the enemy was repulsed with great loss, and retired, proclaiming (according to the custom of the day) that they would return in the following August and lay siege to the town. They kept their word, and during the eight years that followed the Milanese renewed their attacks every summer, but the conflict was chiefly kept up along the shores of the lakes Como, Lugano, and Maggiore, where a number of small townships which belonged to the Comaschi had revolted against them. The dash and vigour of the warriors of Como was wonderful. They had constructed a fleet upon the Lake Lugano, and reduced its people to submission; but they had no fleet on the Lake Maggiore, and the enemy were there in force. Guess what they did! They transported the whole fleet on wheels from the one lake to the other, the distance being eight miles! To the astonishment of the enemy a new array of vessels sailed up the lake in the bright morning air, encouraging by its presence those allies who were still faithful to the fortunes of the republic.

"The year 1127 found them suffering from all the horrors of a prolonged and harassing struggle. Their harvests were burnt, their subjects revolted, and their bravest warriors dead. The Milanese prepared for a desperate effort: assembling a vast army, gathered from the surrounding republics, they encamped beneath the walls of Como. The towns of Pisa, Lecco, and Genoa had furnished engineers, and with their help they constructed great towers, battering-rams,

and huge machines for hurling stones into the town. When these preparations were completed, they commenced the siege with shouts of joy. In spite of a gallant resistance on the part of the Comaschi, and two desperate sorties, the battering-rams made so large a breach that the enemy only waited the morning to enter with their cavalry and take possession of the town."

Here D—— broke in, for the prolonged resistance of the Comaschi had exhausted her. "I hope they were beaten at last," she said, "for unless they were, we shall be late for the boat. We lost our dinner at Brunnen owing to X——'s interminable recital of the rise of the Swiss Confederacy; and if we lose our dinner again for the sake of the freedom of Como, I shall become an Imperialist."

"Never while I live," said X——; "the story is worth a hundred dinners, for the Comaschi, sooner than surrender to the enemy, abandoned the town, chose the Castle of Vico from whence to defend their liberty, and sending off the old men and the children, gathered round the breach, and rushed upon the besiegers with such impetuosity as to spread dismay throughout their camp. The Comaschi availed themselves of the confusion, regained their ships, and fled to Vico before morning dawned. Next day the astonished Milanese found the town silent and abandoned, and saw from afar the Castle of Vico furnished with soldiers and war machines, ready to undergo another siege, perhaps longer than that of Como; for the rocks on which the fortress was built were inaccessible. Wearied out, they offered favourable terms to the Comaschi, which were accepted, and the war terminated."

"I rejoice to hear it," said D——, glancing at X——: "it has been a weary business, and now I suppose we may go."

"What!" replied X——, "and leave Frederick Barbarossa behind, and how, hearing the cry of the townships of Como, Cremona, and Lodi, as they groaned under the tyranny of Milan,

he swept down upon the Milanese in 1158, besieged and destroyed their town, enfranchised Como, rebuilt her walls, and granted to the city the ruined fortress which crowns this hill, and imperial rights——"

"Yes," said D——; "what is Barbarossa to me, or I to Barbarossa?"

"You won't say that," said A——, laughing, "when he wakes from his long sleep in the rock at Thuringia, shakes his monstrous red beard, and calls for vengeance on the enemies of Germany."

Just then a lovely strain of music came floating down to us from the ruins of the tower. Looking upwards through the green trees, we saw the singer: it was one of the joyous girls whom we had seen at the tower, who had separated herself from her companions, and wandered, singing as she went. The sound rose and fell in lovely cadence as we left our pleasant resting-place, and struck down through the green acacias, and went rapidly towards the town. In spite of renewed attempts on the part of A—— and X—— to have "just one more look at San Abbondio," and to reknit their discussion—for A——, who had a knack of forgetting defeat, was again sure he was right—we were soon in sight of the shore, and of the little packet, which was fast approaching, its long pennon of smoke flying in the heavenly azure of the air.

The evening was closing in as we embarked, and heavy clouds rose from the north, slowly overshadowing the tender sky, still serene with the remembrance of sunlight. A mist of rain came on, and we saw as through a veil each mountain barrier lifting its head against the darkened heavens; whilst the surface of the lake was all alive with wavelets tossing their foam against the vessel's side. The scene wore a changed aspect since the morning, but one which I enjoyed. I liked this angry mood of Nature: and, seated on the deck, I watched every impulsive burst of rain, and every half-repentant lifting of the veil—shadowy woodland

and pine-clad ridge glancing through the mist, white-walled villas and church towers gleaming in broken shafts of sunlight as we went along. I was a little sorry when we approached Bellagio, and thought that Como, its Republic, its brave citizens, its poetry, and its beauty must henceforth be but a thing of the past: one of those memories which "flash across the inward eye," and form the "bliss of solitude;" which, while they bring regret for vanished pleasure, still have strength to throw a tender colouring over the landscape of life we leave behind.

My thoughts and my regrets were broken in upon by the boat stopping at the little quay, and the consequent tumult of the passengers, amongst whom I heard the cheerful voice of A—— saying, "Here we are, amongst the olives and vines again, far from the noise of towns and the rattle of vehicles. I feel like an enfranchised spirit."

"Ah, but we have seen Como," said X—— triumphantly, "and I have had a good historic talk, and the Broletto has warmed my heart, and D—— will never forget the wars of Como."

### THIRTY-ONE.

TO A LADY WHO TOLD HER AGE.

WELL, if it's true, this "thirty-one,"  
 It proves that years are like their sun;  
 That birthdays may as widely vary  
 As months in latitudes contrary.  
 Grain ripens at the Antipodes  
 When waters here a foot thick freeze;  
 And in New Zealand, as we know,  
 June loads the Southern Alps with snow.  
 And thus at "thirty-one," perhaps,  
 Some spinsters wisely take to caps;  
 At "thirty-one," just touched by frost,  
 The bloom of beauty's often lost.  
 With you that birthday breathes of Spring,  
 And Time has done a gentle thing.  
 At "thirty-one," spoiled child of fate!  
 He brings your summer to you late.  
 Just when with some Life's sun grows cold,  
     And wears towards October chill,  
 On your fair head its costliest gold  
     Sustains the year at April still.

F. N. B.

## THE ARTS IN CAPTIVITY.

M. JULES SIMON lately reminded us that there is a chapter of history yet to be written. In his Address to the French Institute in October last, he lamented the vandalism of the Allies of 1814, and "especially of the English," who, as he informed his countrymen, "robbed the Galleries, Museums, and Archives of Paris of invaluable treasures, monuments of French artistic and literary genius." Few things would, perhaps, be more instructive than a correct and minute statement of what there was at that time to be taken away from Paris, and of what was actually taken. Men own and claim property by a variety of titles, and especially by "the old and simple plan, that those should take who have the power, and those should keep who can," a principle which, in Yankee slang, makes everybody's luggage his "plunder." It is desirable, therefore, to know by what chance the French of 1814 had come by what they called their own; for there may be genius in "appropriating" as well as in creating art, and it took all the wisdom of Solomon himself to distinguish real from assumed maternity.

If it is true that all men are liars, it may also be asserted that all nations are, or have been, robber-bands. The life of the conquered is, according to the laws of war, forfeited to the victor. How much more his property! Ancient monarchs carried whole nations away into captivity. Red Indians hang the scalps of slain warriors to their saddles. Mere tourists have been known, when they had a chance, to chip off a nose from a bas-relief, or strip the bark from a sacred tree. International robbery, however, on a large or small scale, should have an object. You take booty from your neighbour, or a trophy; a keepsake, or a curiosity. The Romans of old plundered Egypt or Greece to enhance the splendour of a triumphal

entry. Columbus brought gold from Hispaniola as evidence of a new world. The Crusaders shipped cargoes of earth and water, that their children might be christened in Jordan, and themselves buried in the dust of Jehoshaphat. But no one ever burdened himself with other people's property without considering what he was to do with it. The same may be said of destructive instincts. Omar *may* have burnt a library to give glory to the Koran; the Iconoclasts waged war to Art out of hatred to idolatry; Savonarola made bonfires of the classics by way of a protest against Pagan licentiousness; and Knox fired the nests that the crows might "flee awa."

But there is something in French nature altogether out of the laws of human gravitation. The fires of the late Commune revealed a new bump in man's skull. One wonders what men like Ferré would have done had time and courage been given to them; if the Louvre had gone with the Tuileries, and Notre Dame with the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin. What if all Paris had really been "in ashes," and what if it had been the Paris of 1814, instead of that of 1871? There have been at all times revolutions in the world, mad passions let loose; the dregs of society wrought up to the surface; Jack Cade in London; Masaniello in Naples: but there is no instance of a population cutting off its nose to spite its own face. It must, at all events, be somebody else's nose, an obnoxious nose. The Parisians alone wreaked a mad spite upon what did them no harm, upon what gave them no offence.

It is necessary to bear in mind all these peculiar features in the French character to understand the causes of all the mischief they did in Europe on their first revolutionary outbreak. The

French ride one hobby at a time, and they ride it to death. Their first instinct, upon gaining the mastery over themselves, was centralization. They were out of conceit with old France, so they turned for novelty to ancient Rome. Rome had absorbed the world; Paris began by sucking up France; and as French arms crossed the frontiers, country after country sunk into the same all-swallowing whirlpool.

They found in Italy a land that had excelled in art. They determined that that artistic pre-eminence should henceforth be French; and, to begin, that Italian art should be made French. No one could have better seconded, or indeed anticipated their views, than the young soldier of Fortune who led the way across the Alps. It will, perhaps, never be possible to sound the real depths of Napoleon's mind. Look at his bust by Canova, at Chatsworth, and there is something in that brow that prostrates you before it as before a Miltonian Satan. But a human mind is the result of nature, and also of culture, and no one has ever inquired with sufficient diligence into the early readings of the Cadet of the school of Brienne, and of the sub-lieutenant of artillery in lodgings over tradesmen's shops in provincial towns. Napoleon partly was born, partly made himself a sham Roman in a sham Rome. He knew a little of ancient Rome, but nothing of what came after it. To Christian charity and knightly truth or honour he was an utter stranger. He had one idol, self; one altar, France; and the altar was to be to him a footstool to the throne. He stood upon the Alps where Brennus and Hannibal, Charlemagne, Charles VIII., and so many other leaders of hosts had stood before him. Most of them pointed out to their followers the land of the sun, and told them of the genial climate, the luscious fruits, the pleasures that awaited them as the reward of their toil. Napoleon spoke of all that, and of something besides. Before the French had made their way into Italy, her wealth was emphatically placed at

their discretion. "Soldiers," cried the great bandit, "you are ill-fed and half-naked; your Government owes you much, and gives nothing; your valour and endurance do you honour, but bring you neither profit nor glory. I am about to lead you into the most fertile plains of the world. You will find there great cities and rich provinces. You will find there glory and riches. Will your courage fail you?"

It is seldom that soldiers, and especially hungry soldiers, require exhortations to make themselves at home in an invaded country. Italy was no foe to France. The Italians had not, since the Middle Ages, been better off than before 1789; but they all read French, and most of them believing in that Millennium of human brotherhood that the French Republic had proclaimed, looked forward to the arrival of those soldiers as to the coming of a legion of delivering angels. Austria and, at her suggestion, Piedmont, were up in arms at the Alps. The other Italian princes, before whom the head of Louis XVI. had been rolled in defiance, had joined the league of kings, but had scarcely taken the field. Venice and Genoa were neutral, and it was only owing to the supineness of this latter Republic that Bonaparte found a loophole in the Alpine armour of Italy, and made his way to the wealthiest plains of the world. The thunder of his victorious cannon at Montenotte struck dismay into the hearts of the Italian princes, who all sued for peace. Napoleon had soon no other enemy than the Austrian in Italy. The whole nation hailed him as a deliverer. In most districts, and especially in Modena and Bologna, Italian revolutions paved the way for French conquest. Liberty, however, is not to be had without being paid for, and the understanding between the French Directory and their general was that the Italians should handsomely bleed for it. "The Duke of Parma," Bonaparte writes, "will make proposals of peace to you. Keep him in play till I make him pay the costs of the campaign." He adds that at first he had

thought of muleting neutral Genoa to the amount of three millions. But he had thought better of it, and would make it fifteen. The general was at first induced to punish individual acts of robbery, wishing to reduce looting to a system; but the fellow-feeling was very strong upon him. "Poor devils!" he said, "they have reached the promised land, and they are naturally anxious to enjoy it. This fine country, guaranteed from pillage, will afford us considerable advantages. The single province of Mondovì (a mountain district) will have to pay one million."

Money and money's worth as much as the country could yield; but that was not enough. It is difficult to know into whose head the notion of wounding Italy to the heart by taking her great handiworks from her first sprang up. But at an early epoch in 1796 the Directory sent the following instructions: "If the Pope makes us advances, the first thing required will be his prayers." Then "some of Rome's beautiful monuments, her statues, her pictures, her medals, her libraries, her silver Madonnas, and even her bells—all this to indemnify us for the costs of the visit we shall have paid her." On May 1st Bonaparte asks for a list of the pictures, statues, and antiquities to be found at Milan, Parma, Piacenza, Bologna, &c. On the 6th he begs that three or four celebrated artists may be sent to him to choose what is suitable to "take" and send to Paris. The Directory, less nice in their choice, advise that "nothing should be left in Italy that our political situation allows us to carry off, and which may be useful to us." A wide field of operation was thus left to the Republican general, who did not fail to avail himself of it. Parma had to pay two millions in gold, and besides horses, cattle, and provisions without end, twenty pictures at the French commissioner's choice, among which San Girolamo, the masterpiece of Correggio, which the poor Duke offered to ransom at one million. Milan, so loud in her greetings to her deliverers, had to pay twenty millions, besides pictures, statues,

manuscripts, and also machines, mathematical instruments, maps, &c.—the "&c.," of course, left to the commissioner's interpretation. Monge and Berthollet were employed at Pavia "enriching our botanical garden and museum of natural history, and were thence to proceed to Bologna on the same errand." Bonaparte requisitioned all the best horses of the wealthy Milanese, and sent one hundred of them to the Directory "to replace," as he wrote, "the indifferent ones you now drive in your carriages."

By the truce of Bologna, and the peace of Tolentino, the Pope had also to deliver thirty millions in gold and diamonds, 400 horses, as many mules, oxen, and buffaloes, and above all things, one hundred pictures, busts, vases, statues, &c., always at the plunderer's choice, but with an especial stipulation for a bronze bust of Junius Brutus, and a marble one of Marcus Brutus, the two saints to which the French Republicanism of those times paid especial worship.

Rome, however, could not hope to buy herself off at so low a price. One year later, the French broke into the city; they spirited away the Pope; overran the Vatican; took all the furniture, busts, statues, cameos, marbles, columns, and even locks, bars, and the very nails. The Quirinal and Castel Gandolfo shared the same fate, and with these the Capitol, and many private palaces and villas—those of Albani, Doria, Chigi, the Braschi palace, and that of the Cardinal of York, were either partially rifled or thoroughly gutted. The Sistine and other chapels were plundered, and a vast amount of church plate, most of it of old and choice workmanship, taken. They took a Monstrance from St. Agnese, which was private property of the Doria family, worth 80,000 Roman crowns. They burnt the priests' vestments to get at the gold of their embroidery. The sacking went on throughout Rome and the provinces. The French soldiers were always in arrear of their pay, if paid at all; and the example of their officers taught them to help themselves to whatever

came to hand. Along with the armies there came swarms of camp-followers, sutlers, brokers, hucksters, and other "professionals," always ready to rid the troops of their heaviest impediments, and in their hands all went to pot; genius was rated at its mere worth or weight in gold and silver, and thus much that was taken from Italy never reached France. All this havoc, however, was not sufficient to satisfy the greed of the Directory; tremendous taxes were laid on the rich: Prince Chigi had to pay 200,000 crowns; Volpato, a print-seller, 12,000.

But even more melancholy was the fate of the Venetian provinces. The Republic had never been at war with France, but France had broken her neutrality as she had done before with Genoa; she had stirred up the democrats in the country, fomented disturbances, moved heaven and earth till she had picked a quarrel; then made peace, and, as its first condition, imposed the usual tax of twenty pictures and five hundred manuscripts; then violently broke into the *Monti di Piété*, or state loan offices, at Verona and Vicenza, taking from that of Verona alone more than fifty millions in plate and jewellery, and much property belonging to the poor, and sacked the devoted city for eight days, during which private and public galleries, libraries, museums, and churches were at the ravager's discretion. In the meanwhile Napoleon was meditating Campo Formio and the cession of Venice to Austria. Before the city was given up instructions came from Bonaparte in a few words to "take whatever would be useful for France; all that was in Venetian ports and arsenals for Toulon; all that was in churches or palaces for Paris." Many churches in Venice and in Verona still bear the marks of French rapacity. The Doge's palace, itself a museum of all that was beautiful and precious in works of Greek, Roman, or Italian genius, was stripped to the bare walls; all the best Titians and Tintorets, the works of Paul Veronese, Bellini, Mantegna, and Pordenone, had to cross

the mountains. The magnificent private collection of the Bevilacqua family was taken away bodily. The same fate had the Muselli and Verità museums in that city. Gems of inestimable value were lost, among others the famous cameo of the *Ægean Jupiter*. Greek and Roman medals disappeared; with them the splendid collection of the Aldine editions; more than 200 Greek, Latin, and Arabic manuscripts, on parchment, paper, and silk paper, among them two very precious Arabic MSS. on silk paper, given as a present to the Republic by Cardinal Bessarion in the fifteenth century. As far as the French went, the plunder extended. The convent libraries of Treviso, Padua, Verona, and San Daniele of Friuli were ransacked; from the last-named they took eight manuscripts anterior to the thirteenth century. The bronze horses of Lysippus, and the lions from the Piræus, were among the spoils. 200,000 sequins, the property of the fugitive Duke of Modena, were taken from the Austrian Legation, a power with which France was then treating for peace. Whatever could not, in the hurry and confusion of departure, be removed, was sold on the spot for anything it would fetch: first under pretext of subsidizing the Venetian Republicans, partisans of France, who had to take refuge in Lombardy; and, when these indignantly refused to accept alms out of the ruin of their country, without any further pretext. What could neither be carried away nor find purchasers was barbarously broken up or mutilated. There is something inexplicable and incredible, in the wanton ferocity with which the French dealt with Venice, a country which had never wronged them, but which they had deeply wronged, which they betrayed, murdered, and slandered after the murder. Serrurier burnt the Bucen-taur in San Giorgio, regardless of the fine old carvings which made it really valuable, to get at the palmy gold of its ornaments. Such was the farewell of the "Grande Nation" to Venice!

It would be an impracticable and

hardly a profitable task to enumerate all the deeds of spoliation perpetrated by the armies of the French Directory as they extended their occupation of Italy from town to town. From 1796 to 1798 the soldier had the country at his own discretion. Bonaparte made, as we have said, some attempts at first to check the rapacity of his troops. He went the length of inflicting punishment in cases of the most flagrant outrage. But he was not without sympathy for them. Italy was to them the land of promise: it was natural that they should wish to enjoy its fruits; and if he was under necessity to interfere with their depredations, it was only because he looked upon the fine country as a cow to be milked methodically and by wholesale. But for the rest, French commanders and officers of all ranks gave the first example of insatiable greed; and the few who had conscience and honour enough to deplore the excesses of which they were witnesses, and either threw themselves between the plunderers and the plundered people, or sent remonstrances to the home authorities at Paris, to mitigate the miseries of the conquered or "liberated" land—such as St. Cyr in Rome, Villetard in Venice, and Championnet in Naples—were speedily recalled, and men less influenced by scruples were sent to take their places. With respect to the fine arts, already, on the day on which the peace of Tolentino was signed, General Bonaparte was able to announce to the Directory that the members of the Artistic and Scientific Commission—Finette, Barthelemi, Moitte, Thouin, Monge, and Berthollet—had admirably acquitted themselves of their task. They made a rich harvest at Ravenna, Rimini, Pesaro, Loreto, and Perugia; and its products were immediately sent off to Paris. Added to what is to be taken at Rome, the General concluded, "France would thus have everything beautiful that there was in Italy, except a few objects still untouched at Turin and Naples." Much, however, went to Paris that could not strictly be said to appertain to the

domains of the Beautiful. At Loreto, on the approach of the French troops, the treasures of the famous "Holy House" had been conveyed to Rome by the Papal authorities. But the invaders, with their generalissimo at their head, after taking the gold and silver ornaments of the shrine, to the value of one million, laid hands on the black Madonna, a rudely carved wooden image, utterly worthless as a work of art, but deriving all its interest from the tradition respecting its authority—it is one of the many handiworks attributed to St. Luke—and the endless wonders it had for ages performed in behalf of its worshippers. The image of Loreto was for a few years exhibited in the National Library at Paris, as a "defunct idol," and was only restored to its altar when the Concordat of 1801 announced to France that "idolatry" was again to be the fashion. Had General Bonaparte been omnipresent and omnipotent, he would probably have left little behind; but his lieutenants and subalterns exceeded even him in rapacity, and were far more hasty, more indiscriminate and destructive in their proceedings. We have seen that the direct excesses in Rome and Venice, though they took place by Bonaparte's orders, were committed in his absence, in many cases by men who, though not more ruthless, were more reckless and unsparing than himself.

Between 1798 and the following year, during Bonaparte's absence in Egypt, the French lost in Italy all the ground the great conqueror had won. He recovered it at Marengo at a single stroke in 1800, and by that time having attained supreme power in France as First Consul, he had already conceived the scheme of that universal monarchy into which the lands beyond the Alps, beyond the Rhine, and the Pyrenees, were to be incorporated. It was then that his crude notions about ancient Rome were made subservient to his boundless aspirations. From the Consulate to the Empire, there was, in his mind, only one step. The *dix-huit Brumaire* had left him without a rival

or a partner of his power. It had made him Cæsar, and from that time it was not merely France but Europe that he claimed as his domain. Paris was to be the Rome of the modern world. It was to become the museum of universal genius, to bring together into one vast collection all that the most gifted nations had ever contributed to art and science, and, besides, all that the care and diligence of the various states had laid up as monuments illustrating the annals of the past. In other words, there was to be only one gallery of picture and sculpture, only one museum of antiquity and science, and only one archive—and all that in Paris. It was not long before Napoleon perceived that he had been in too great a hurry at Tolentino, when he declared that whatever was worth taking in Italy was already taken. The rifling of museums and galleries, of churches and convents, went on throughout the Napoleonic period. At Naples France claimed, no one knows on what right, all the splendid heritage of the Farnese. At Florence a violent hand was laid on the galleries on the ground that the Grand Duke had, when he quitted his capital, with the permission of the French, and by a convention with them, removed with him a few gems from the collection in the Pitti palace. The pretext was that France would henceforth "provide against the chance of any art-treasures falling into the hands of her enemies," precisely as at Venice, at the moment of delivering the doomed city into the hands of Austria, she had robbed, burnt, or otherwise destroyed whatever there was in the arsenal or the harbour, lest Venetian ships and stores should enable the German Emperor to construct a fleet.

It is not difficult to imagine the impression made on the ravaged population by this long-continued and systematic work of unprecedented vandalism. Italy had been overrun by foreign armies for many centuries. After a brief respite during the era of the Republic of the Middle Ages, the country had become the battle-field of all nations, and had passed successively into the possession

of almost all of them. But the right of conquest had never been exercised at the expense of Italian genius. The French themselves had under Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I. come into Italy as little better than barbarians: their brains had caught fire at the sight of all that southern beauty and magnificence; the last-named monarch made his palace a home to Italian artists, but he showed as much veneration as love for Italian art. In the hands of the Spaniards, the most bigoted and improvident, and of the Germans, the most harsh and unsympathetic of rulers, Art had suffered no outrage. Centuries had elapsed since pictures or statues had come in as spoils in the train of victorious armies. The Venetians and other Italians had brought home the stupendous works of the East; among others those bronze horses from the Bosphorus, and those lions from the Piræus, of which they were in their turn robbed by the French.<sup>1</sup> But those were deeds of the Middle Ages. The Italians were the last of the Europeans who fell back from the East before the tide of Mahomedan invasion. They knew that only what they took could be saved; that what remained behind would perish either through the violence or the neglect of the Moslem. It was not only with the consent, but with the co-operation of the Greek and other Levantine populations, that these treasures were shipped off to the West. Greek artists and scholars migrated to Italy, together with their art and literature. Had not Italy been prepared for their reception by her advanced culture, the relics of Greek learning, the monuments of Greek genius, would have found nowhere a resting-place. But far different were the conditions of Italy at the close of the eighteenth century. The Italians have at all times carried their love of the Beautiful to a fault. Art, on its re-awaken-

<sup>1</sup> In the darkest Middle Ages, during the wars between Venice and Genoa, it is on record that Doria, Master of the Lagoons, vowed that he would "bridle" the horses of St. Mark, but he never thought of *stealing* them.

ing, was by them associated with religion. The noblest masterpieces were till eighty years ago safely deposited in the churches where some of them had been conveyed in solemn procession by the pious population. The fame of their artists was a subject of domestic pride to the Italian cities. Almost every one of those old masters is at home in some locality of his own—Correggio in Parma, Guido in Bologna, Perugino in the town of which he bears the name. Not to have stopped at the painter's favoured spot was to be imperfectly acquainted with his real manner and power. Hence the importance attached to many of those dull, decayed, Tuscan, Lombard, and Æmilian communities among which a civilized stranger loved to linger. Hence one of the main attractions by which Italy was endeared to her visitors above all other European regions. And the day had now come in which that poor boast of Art was to be taken from the Italians; in which all that was valuable and portable was to be carried across the Alps—carried away not by an enemy making good his right of conquest, but by a friend inaugurating the era of liberty, proclaiming the universal brotherhood of nations, and laying claims to the most advanced civilization. The infatuation of the Italian people for their liberators exceeded all limits, and at first there were among the most ardent republicans men who looked upon their spoliators with something like indulgence. It was natural after all, they urged, that Art should in a free age be used as an ornament to freedom, as in pious times it lent its loftiest charms to religion. It was the claim of the Brave to the Fair. Italy was rich enough in canvas and marble to be able to give a few specimens of her skill to a deserving sister. Her hand would not for all that forget its cunning, and it would always be in the power of living artists to fill up the void that French greed for the old masters might create behind the main altars of Italian churches or on the walls of Italian mansions. Others again, with heads filled with mock-heroic notions of Roman or even Spartan stoic-

ism, declared that the loss of those artistic "baubles" was to be accounted gain to Italy: that the Italians had too long been held in just contempt by their neighbours as "mere daubers and fiddlers," and that the removal of their enervating gewgaws would best foster among them those stern, manly Republican virtues which might fit them for companionship with the generous nation that summoned them to a new existence. The work of depredation went, however, beyond the endurance even of these stout believers, and the indignation of the trodden people knew no limits at the sight of the irreparable losses caused by the wanton recklessness and the awful disorder with which the spoliation was accomplished. The thought that what made Italy so much poorer made, after all, France no richer—that so large a part of what was to be only stolen was hopelessly destroyed—wrung every patriotic heart. In many instances conspicuous citizens, aggravated at the havoc made by the brutal soldiery among the treasures of their art-repositories, volunteered their aid in the removal—so offering, like the real mother before Solomon's judgment seat, to give up her own child rather than have it hewn asunder. Their help was not always accepted; but again, in some cases, it was tyrannically enforced. By a decree of the Directory an agent was appointed who should follow the French armies in Italy to "extract" and despatch to France such objects of art, science, &c., as might be found in the "conquered towns," independently of the objects of art already ceded by the Italian Powers in virtue of the treaties of peace and suspensions of hostilities contracted with the Armies of the Republic. By a clause in the decree, whenever the French military authorities were unable to provide their agent with the means necessary for the conveyance of the "property," the said agent was authorized to requisition horses and carriages from the towns in which these "extractions" should take place. There is only too much evidence that the agent availed himself of the power thus conferred

upon him without stint. But even by lending a hand, either voluntarily or by compulsion, the Italians failed to save from the wreck a large proportion of the art-treasure which the pioneers of civilization who called them to liberty were conveying into captivity. At times, the surprise of the pillaged population evidently threatened to give way to indignation. It is on record that at Venice and throughout the towns of Venetia the spoilers could not do their work without the protection of a formidable array of bayonets. At Florence, among a gentler and more quick-witted people, popular displeasure found its vent in bitter taunts and jeers. French superior officers who stood wrapt in admiration before Giotto's elegant belfry, were asked by the street urchins whether "they were meditating how they could pack up the Campanile in their military vans?" And within the Uffizi Gallery, as the Venus de Medici was being taken down from her pedestal, together with Raphaels and Titians, preparatory for her journey to the North, the old conservator to whom that precious marble had been an object of worship for the best part of his life, was so overcome as to burst into tears: whereupon one of the sneering Frenchmen, affecting to console him, observed that "the dear goddess was not so much to be pitied, as she was only going to Paris, where the Belvedere Apollo was already among the recent arrivals, and where preparations would soon be made to marry the Roman to the Florentine statue." The sorrow of the conservator was turned to rage, as he retorted, "Marry the statues as much as you like: out of such a union in your country there will never be issue." The old man meant that all the masterpieces of Phidias and Praxiteles in the world would never make the French a nation of sculptors.

For, after all, what could be the object or the pretext for all these wholesale robberies? "Leave nothing behind of what can be of the least use to us." Such were the general instructions; such the invariable rule and practice. But when France had taken all that could

be taken, what was she to do with it? All Italian art was already in her possession; and, as far as her victories extended, the galleries of Antwerp and Brussels, of Dresden and Munich, of Madrid and Seville, were made to add their tribute to the vast mass of spoils with which the Louvre was encumbered. Paris was the world's museum; was it likely to become the world's school of art? The First Empire was, perhaps, the epoch in France in which genius and taste were at the lowest ebb.<sup>1</sup> The nation had as little leisure for thought or feeling as its restless ruler; and one of the most remarkable phenomena of the period was the apparent indifference with which the French looked on the accumulation of all that immense artistic treasure. Beyond a little flourish of gratified vanity, there is, at least, no evidence of any great enthusiasm evinced by the Parisians at the appearance of their new acquisitions; no evidence of any extraordinary frequency of visitors at the Louvre, not even from mere motives of curiosity. It may be suggested that the popular apathy was to be attributed to the varied vicissitudes of those stirring times; that the Empire had toiled not for its own generation, but for after ages; that what its short period had devoured would remain for the digestion of future epochs; so that the issue to be expected from the intermarriage of all the ancient and modern schools in Paris would eventually be a French school combining the merits, and eclipsing the achievements, of all ages and countries.

But it is very questionable whether, even if France had been able to retain permanent possession of her ill-gotten goods, this sublime conceit of national

<sup>1</sup> M. Jules Janin said at a recent meeting of the French Academy: "On ne savait plus guère parmi nous les noms des grands poètes. On eût dit qu'Homère et Virgile étaient morts tout entiers; Athènes et Rome étaient tout au plus un souvenir." Yet that was the age of mock Brutuses and Cæsars, of *Plébiscites* and *Senatus-Consultes*, and of all that hodge-podge of pseudo-Roman institutions which have since been made to cloak with grand words the hideousness and repulsiveness of Napoleonic despotism.

selfishness could ever have been realized. Art is not to be more easily transplanted than literature: genius is, in a great measure, a matter of soil and climate; it chooses its own time and place for its peculiar development; it takes its own growth regardless of culture, rebellious against the shelter and restraint of the forcing-house. All the knowledge of Greek in the world would never have made of Shakespeare a Homer; nor could many years' contemplation of the Madonna di San Sisto have made of Jacques Louis David a Raphael. In Italy itself it has been found that too intense a reverence for ancient art is apt to stunt and cripple modern art as to mature it. Admiration begets imitation; manner is taken for law; religion degenerates into superstition; and with the rise of academies the decline of creative power too generally sets in. Both before and after the first Republic and Empire France had artistic as well as literary instincts of her own; but it may be freely asserted that the bane of French genius in all its efforts has been its exaggerated worship of what it considered classicism.

It may be imagined, however, that neither Bonaparte nor the officers in his suite gave themselves much thought about the remote results of their brigand exploits. They plundered for plunder's sake; a kind of thievish monomania seemed to have seized those lawless warriors; and the demoralization had, at a very early period, reached the lowest ranks. The charming pages of Erckmann-Châtian describe the eagerness with which men and women from the quietest and most unsophisticated districts, set out in quest of adventure in the train of the armies, under some vague impression that the world was the oyster which the soldier's sword was to open for them; they went forth, they rambled far and wide, and came back to startle their families and friends with the display of toys and trinkets of which they often could tell neither the use nor the value, and when reproached for dishonesty, they claimed it as a merit that they had rifled a mere

"*tas de Prêtres et d'Aristocrates*," and mulcted a stolid people who "even so many years after the inroad of their armies could not yet utter one word of intelligible French."

As to Napoleon himself he pleaded patriotism in justification of brigandage; and whatever fault might be found with all the other acts of his reign, in the mere spoliation of inoffensive neighbours, he could rely on the complicity of the French people. A whole age had to pass before a few writers of the Lanfrey and Erckmann-Châtian stamp dared to take up the cause of the outraged nations. But at the dawn of the nineteenth century all France acted upon one impulse. The great point was how Paris could be made everything and the world nothing. The idea of sinking Rome to the rank of a mere "*chef-lieu*" of a French department might have shocked a very Brennus; but it had nothing to deter the "*Brutuses*" and "*Cæsars*," who, as Botta writes, "profaned churches, robbed sacred treasures, pilfered oil-paintings, damaged frescoes, and destroyed the ornaments they could not remove." As Paris was the museum, so it was to become the archive of the world. After the peace of Schönbrunn, all the records and documents of the German Empire were made to travel from Vienna to Paris. They filled altogether 3,139 cases, and the transport cost 400,000*f*. The archives of Belgium and Holland, those of St. Mark and the Vatican, had gone before. At Simancas, in Spain, the men charged with the execution of the Emperor Napoleon's decrees sent word that the papers to be "*enlèvés*" would require 12,000 carts for their conveyance. The work in this quarter, however, began too late, and was interrupted by the advance of the English, Portuguese, and Spanish Armies ere it had proceeded very far. The plunderers were almost caught *in flagrante*, and, in the harum-scarum of their precipitate retreat, they did almost greater mischief than, perhaps, they would have done had their work been suffered to proceed undisturbed. For "the presence during four years of a

garrison in the castle," says M. Gachard in his account of the Archives of Simancas, published in 1848, "and the free access of the soldiers to all its apartments, threw the papers into the greatest confusion, and caused the most serious losses; nor was this all, for, after the flight of the French, the peasantry of the neighbourhood rushed in; they tore open the parchments, broke the strings, and made confusion worse confounded." Again, when Spain claimed her own at Paris, in 1815, she vainly applied for many of those Simancas documents, the French retaining them as their own, under pretence of their appertaining, "more or less," to the affairs of Burgundy and Lorraine; though many of the deeds thus wrongfully withheld consisted of treaties concluded by Spain with France, or of the correspondence of the Court of Madrid with its ambassadors in the same country. They did not say on what grounds they retained the correspondence of Charles V. and Philip II. with the Viceroy of Aragon, and the despatches addressed to this last Sovereign and his successor by their ambassadors at Venice.

As there was to be in Europe only French art, so there was only to be a French version of history. Men as unbiassed as Count Daru, as unprejudiced as M. Thiers, were to have the monopoly of all the memorials of the past. Of such events as the Battle of Waterloo or the negotiation of the Spanish marriages there should be only one official account, and that should come from a people whose streets go by ten different names within a quarter of a century; a people who flatter themselves that they can blot out memories when they pull down monuments. There is every reason to believe that the papers taken from all Italy, Austria, Germany, and the Netherlands were of as little profit to France as those for which Simancas was ransacked. French Commissions charged with examining and arranging that vast farrago of heterogeneous documents were appointed at various times; but their work, both at home and abroad, stopped short with the

great crash of 1814, and the melancholy result was the hopeless misplacement and dispersion of precious memorials, and the fraudulent or forcible retention of ill-gotten goods on the part of the nation which had been bound to restitution. The incomparable collection of diplomatic reports or "relations" which Venice had treasured up with the greatest care from the earliest dates of its Republic, and which has caused the revision of almost every page of European history, went asunder from the very moment the French laid their hands upon it in 1797, and its fragments had to be picked up here and there with a toil and diligence only rewarded with partial success. As with papers, so with pictures and statues. They were handled as stolen goods, and valued for what they cost. France was never fully aware of the enormous wealth of art which had come to her from every corner of the tributary world. Many of the cases lay for years in store-rooms and cellars, and went back unopened as they had come. Even of what had been publicly taken much was privately abstracted, and we have seen, that most of those who marched with or after the French armies did not suffer their zeal in their country's service to interfere with a little business on their own account. In Spain, for instance, Napoleon's Marshals took the lion's share for themselves, and Soult laid hold of a few Murillos, for one of which France afterwards paid 25,000*l.*, and which Spain would gladly buy back at twice the price.

A proof of the extent to which all feelings of justice had by that long age of violence been blunted throughout Europe may be found in the indifference with which the Allies of 1814 had suffered vanquished France to keep all the spoils of the victorious nations. By the first Treaty of Paris, as M. Thiers says, "*Nous conservons les immenses richesses en objets d'Art acquises au prix de notre sang.*" The patriotic historian attributes that forbearance to fear; and, certainly, it would be difficult to say how the plundered people would ever have come by their own had

Napoleon never broken from the Isle of Elba. But as the Allies had again to find their ways to Paris, they stipulated in the second Treaty dated from that city, that whatever France had ever got by victory she should now lose by defeat. The thing was, of course, easier said than done, and it is possible that no very great zeal was displayed in the execution of the convention, especially by those among the contracting parties who had no direct interest in it. Poor Italy was only represented by Austria and by Princes who looked upon their subjects as no better than rebels, and who had to struggle against the lingering vestiges of those French sympathies which had powerfully contributed to hurl them from the throne. At all events, the demands of the commissioners sent from the ravaged countries to recover the plunder were in a thousand instances met with blank denial, with arrogant resistance, with evasion or subterfuge. No doubt such a picture had been taken from Italy; but it could not be proved that it had ever reached France. It had somehow disappeared half-way: it was hidden somewhere in that huge limbo where unpacked cases lay still pell-mell, mountain high. And when the day of keen search was over, the stolen property came forth from its lurking-places, and was laid out unblushingly and conspicuously:—here the marble Gladiator that ought to be back on its pedestal in the Borghese Garden, near Rome—there the panels of the grand Mantegna picture, only part of which is now to be seen above the desecrated main altar of St. Zeno at Verona.

Even of what was rescued not a little still bears evidence of the indignities to which it had to submit during those years of Gallic captivity. There are Correggios and Caraccis at Parma still seamed by the cracks caused by the large canvas being folded up by rough soldiers to fit it to the size of their vans. Of fragments of marbles broken on their way to Paris and back the Vatican and the Museo Borbonico could muster large heaps. But French

restoration was even more fatal than French damage. The Madonna della Seggiola had, on its return to Florence, to be covered with glass to throw a film over the opaque white with which it had been plastered over in Paris, so as in some manner to disguise and soften it. And Señor Madrazo, the conservator of the Madrid Gallery, when the brick-dust with which the “Spasimo di Sicilia” is all daubed over is pointed out to him, declares that the disfigurement of that and other masterpieces in the same collection is the result of the treatment the pictures of Spain met with at the hands of their French captors. That the French should leave well alone, that they should not think they knew better than the Italians or the Spaniards of the sixteenth century, was not, indeed, to be expected: and it is only a matter of wonder that the Madonna del Cardellino did not go back to her country graced with a chignon, or that the Moses of Michael Angelo was not “*coiffé à la Brutus*.” Time was not allowed for the solution of the problem whether, after so many years’ spoliation, French art was to be modified by its imported treasures, or whether, on the contrary, it was the world’s art that was to be Frenchified; for the instinct of French genius is fashion, and art aims at eternity. It is well known that when Napoleon stood before the stolen works in the Louvre, and some of the bystanders dwelt with rapture on the “immortal” character of those productions, he turned sharply round, and asked, “how long that painted canvas would endure.” And, being answered that with care it could be preserved for five hundred years to come, he observed contemptuously “*C’est une belle immortalité*.” Whether even that poor “immortality” could have been secured for captive Art in French hands we may be allowed to doubt: for—terrible to think of—had the Commune been less discordant and irresolute, whatever either French genius had ever produced or French “valour” plundered, would equally have gone to feed the blaze of the great Paris bonfire in May 1871.

## THE FIRST REPORT OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON SCIENTIFIC INSTRUCTION.

It would be a curious study of national character to inquire how it has happened, that whilst Englishmen have been during the last 150 years, beyond all doubt, the leaders of the great industrial revolution by which all the conditions of human existence have been changed, they have as yet done so little to promote the study of the physical sciences and their application to the arts on the part of those who intend to devote their lives to technical pursuits. However this may be, our engineers and manufacturers are at last becoming convinced that the great natural advantages which we possess—and the greatest of these is the constructive genius of our people,—are insufficient to secure our pre-eminence, unless we apply to their development the knowledge of principles by the cultivation of which our continental neighbours are deservedly advancing, in spite of inferior resources, to a level with ourselves.

Even now the Institution of Civil Engineers, in its recent report, describing the schools for the education of its continental brethren, adds no word of blame or of warning to the bare statement of the fact that our own young engineers receive, as a rule, no scientific training whatsoever.

The creation of the Royal School of Mines, a graft on the Geological Survey, crowded into a few spare rooms of its Jermyn Street house, now urgently required for the work of the Survey itself, and the display of its collections,—was, it is true, determined on so early as the year 1851 by a memorial from gentlemen connected with mining; but even in that instance the desire for scientific teaching cannot have been widely diffused or deeply felt, otherwise it would not have happened that of the number of men

trained in that school, and examined in mineralogy or mining, not more on the average than three per annum are up to the present time employed in the mines and metal works of this country. Indeed, the whole number of science students of those special subjects, and of metallurgy, is incredibly small. The laboratory of Dr. Percy will not accommodate more than eight or nine workers; and yet when it is proposed in the Report of the Royal Commission on Science to provide him with more spacious and appropriate accommodation elsewhere, he, and some of his colleagues, as if content with their “sleepy hollow,” protest; and the *Times*, in an inspired leader, fears that the very limited influence which the School now exerts will be further curtailed, or entirely extinguished, if it should be removed from its present habitation.

Happily there is a somewhat brighter side to the picture. The Royal College of Chemistry in Oxford Street—founded twenty-five years ago by the late Prince Consort, Sir James Clarke, and a few other far-seeing men—is full to overflowing, and furnishes a list of hundreds of its late students, usefully employed in our great chemical and metallurgical works, many of them distinguished by inventions like those of Perkins and Nicholson, by which new industries of the greatest value have been created. The extension of Owens College at Manchester by the munificence of the leading Lancashire engineers and manufacturers, the foundation of a chair of Civil Engineering at Edinburgh by Sir David Baxter, the active steps now in progress at Newcastle-on-Tyne for the establishment of a High School of Science to be affiliated to the University of Durham, are signs of a new order of ideas in the provinces and in Scotland, on the

relations which should exist between practice and science. We do not speak of the progress of science in the University of Oxford, with its new physical laboratory just opened by Professor Clifton, nor of Cambridge, to whom its noble Chancellor has made a similar gift, as it is doubtful whether the older Universities will be able to exert more than an indirect, though not on that account an unimportant, influence on the scientific education of our industrial population. The Jermyn Street School itself, which, though called a School of Mines, embraces a wider field, has furnished the Geological Survey with its admirable staff; and the services rendered there by Professor Huxley to the students of natural history, in spite of the absence of a biological laboratory, are too well known for us to dwell upon them. It may be that, even in its proper technical department, the School of Mines would have been more frequented if its courses had been less incomplete. The School being without a mathematical chair, and the pupils as a rule coming up, and remaining, ignorant of mathematics, there can be no instruction worth naming in theoretical mechanics, and the whole course of applied mechanics—including the steam-engine, water-engines, the strength of materials, and the construction of arches, roofs, and girders—is compressed into one of the six terms which a student passes in the School. Such being the instruction, it is fortunate that we already possess the Cornish pumping engine and the steam-hammer, for the Jermyn Street students in mining and metallurgy could not have been likely to produce them.

And all the time there exists in London another Government School in which mathematics, mechanical drawing, and engineering are admirably taught, and which may be made accessible to the students of the School of Mines. We speak of the School of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering, which has already turned out a number of well-instructed engineers. And, on the other hand, because the two Schools

are distinct, the instruction in metallurgy and chemistry to the pupils of the Naval School is nearly as defective as is that of the Mining School in mathematics and engineering.

About twelve years ago the managers of the Kensington Museum were allowed by the Government to encourage the establishment of Elementary Schools of Science for Artizans, by paying to teachers of certain subjects a bonus in respect of the numbers of students under instruction who should pass a satisfactory examination. We may find an occasion before long to describe the organization and operation of the so-called Science Classes which have thus arisen in connexion with the Science and Art department. It will be sufficient for us in the meantime to state that the system has spread, over the country, until in May, 1870, there were 34,283 persons under instruction; that in the interval from the latter date to last Christmas 300 additional classes have been established; and that, in the estimation for the year 1871-72, a sum of no less than 26,000*l.* is asked for payments to teachers "on results." The printed examination papers are prepared and looked over by men of the greatest eminence in their respective departments of science; but although the large amount which we have named will be paid on their certificates, these examiners are compelled to admit that, in spite of every endeavour on their part to detect and discourage mere book-work and cramming, the result of incapable or dishonest teaching, this is not altogether in their power. The Royal Commissioners on Science state in their Report that they have taken evidence on this subject, and that "the quality of the instruction under the department would be greatly improved if the teachers received practical instruction in elementary science." The authorities of South Kensington have made a slight effort in that direction, by inviting a limited number of teachers every year to short courses of laboratory instruction in chemistry and other subjects; but the influence of this effort on the mass of

incompetent teachers is, up to the present time, almost inappreciable.

In this state of scientific instruction as offered to our industrial population—with the Royal School of Mines, incomplete as to its courses, crowded into small and unsuitable rooms coveted by the Geological Survey; with the Royal College of Chemistry crying out for more space and for laboratories more appropriate to the advanced state of chemical science; with the School of Naval Architecture asking to be removed from old buildings honeycombed with dry-rot, the roofs of which cannot be kept watertight, and from a number of temporary sheds where the students shiver in winter and grill in summer, and which are a standing danger of fire to the neighbouring buildings; with a pressing demand for more systematic instruction in science to some, at least, of those who are in their turn to become teachers of the artisans in our manufacturing districts—the Science Commission had to consider what use should be made of a new building at South Kensington, erected, we had almost said, by stealth, capable of affording to all the students of the Naval School, all those of the Mining School and more, and probably twice the number of students of the College of Chemistry, a series of noble laboratories, lecture-theatres, and class-rooms.

They could arrive at only one conclusion, and we will state it in their own words:—

“Without expressing any opinion, at present, as to the policy of Government Schools of Science, your Commissioners having to deal with the Royal School of Mines and the College of Chemistry as institutions which have existed for twenty years, and which during that period have turned out a large number of well-instructed students, consider that such steps should be taken as may be necessary to render their teaching thoroughly efficient.

“With this object we recommend that the two institutions be consolidated; that Mathematics be added to the courses of instruction now given; and that sufficient laboratories and assistance for practical instruction in Physics, Chemistry, and Biology be provided.

“The institution thus formed (hereinafter called the ‘Science School’) may be conveniently and efficiently governed by a Council of Professors, one of that body acting as Dean.

“We have further heard evidence concerning the buildings at South Kensington now nearly completed and intended for the reception of a projected School of Naval Architecture and Science; and we recommend that the Science School should be accommodated in those buildings. We have given careful attention to the considerations in favour of the retention in Jermyn Street of the technical instruction in certain branches, but we are of opinion that these considerations are outweighed by the great advantages to be derived from concentration.

“We have further heard evidence concerning the Royal School of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering now conducted at South Kensington; and we recommend that the theoretical instruction of that School should in future be given in the Science School, the general instruction in Mathematics, Physical Science, and Mechanical Drawing thus becoming common to both Schools.”

They proceed to state that “the Science School will be available for the instruction of many science teachers throughout the country,” but they reserve for a further report “the conditions under which it shall be accessible” to that class of students.

In the Science School, which we sincerely trust will be established in conformity with this Report—the laboratories of which, we may remark in passing, will be available for numerous investigations now conducted at great expense for various Government departments—the country will have for the first time a complete Polytechnic School, less imposing, it is true, than the great continental institutions bearing that name, but which will, we are convinced, be the starting-point of a new era of industrial progress as much by its own work, as by becoming a model for the various schools certain to be founded, if not already growing up, throughout the country.

In conclusion, we would express the hope that the Metropolitan Polytechnic School may depend directly on a Minister of Public Instruction.

S.

## A WEEK IN THE WEST.

FROM A VAGABOND'S NOTE-BOOK.

## PART IV.

THE last of these papers, for which I am mainly responsible, though not published until November was in type before the great fire at Chicago, otherwise some word of sympathy for the sufferers, and of respect for their bearing under so fearful a trial, would surely have been spoken. I do not propose now to return in these pages, as I did in fact, to Chicago, or to add any description of the busiest and one of the handsomest cities I was ever in, to the multitude of sketches which have appeared during the past month; but I should like to put on record one little episode in my visit. I suppose that all who have come across the notices of the Rev. R. Collyer's sermon, preached on the Sunday which intervened between the first great fire and the destruction of the city, on the text "Think ye that those Galileans on whom the tower of Siloam fell were sinners above all that dwelt in Jerusalem?" will have been struck by this glimpse of the man and his work, and will be glad to get another side-light thrown upon him and it. I had been advised in New England not to miss the chance of hearing him if I should happen to be in Chicago on a Sunday, and accordingly inquired my way to his church, after breakfast at the Tremont House. The church was a fine, new, modern Gothic building, fronting one of the broad shady avenues which ran from the business centre of the city towards Lake Michigan. It had been quite lately built for Mr. Collyer by his congregation, and certainly was one of the most commodious and comfortable, not to say luxurious, places of worship I was ever in. The whole of the floor, capable I should say of holding 1,500 people, was

laid out in easy open seats, roomy in every direction. These and all the passages were well carpeted, and the large congregation came in noiselessly, and could worship in perfect comfort, without aching backs or cramped legs. Nothing could be better than the atmosphere, so that, apart from anything you might hear, it was physically pleasant to attend the service. This was in the ordinary Protestant form where no liturgy is in use, and consisted of hymns, extempore prayer by the minister, chapters from the Old and New Testament, and a sermon; but by no means in the ordinary spirit, if I may judge by other services of different denominations which I have attended both at home and in America. These too often remind one of the ironical panegyric of a New England humorist on the performance of a celebrated preacher, that his prayers were "the most eloquent ever addressed to a Boston audience." Mr. Collyer's prayers produced an entirely different impression. I do not know that I can illustrate it better than by confessing that, as we stood up for the hymn before the sermon, the old story of the west-country downs shepherd came irresistibly into my head, who, when his new parson asked him what he meant by saying that there was going to be such weather as pleased him, replied, "T'wull be zech, make zo bauld, ez plaazes God A'mighty, and wut plaazes He plaazes I."

Mr. Collyer took his text from Job, chap. xxxviii. ver. 16: "Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the deep?" and began by telling us, that he had been spending his holidays by the sea, and had come back full of thoughts about it, which he was anxious to "get

off" to his own people. Then followed a quotation from Ruskin as to the fantastic power, and terrible beauty, of the sea. This, he said, struck his key-note; for the feeling of mankind for the sea was not that of love, but of fear. No trace of love for the sea, but only of fear, can be found in the Bible; St. John in his Vision sees the New Jerusalem, in which "there shall be no more sea:" and so it is with all the great poets. The same note runs through them all, even the English; and he illustrated his position by quotations from Shakspere, Burns, Byron, ending by Dr. Johnson's saying, that a ship was a prison with the chance of being drowned. Even sailors don't look on the sea as home, but fear it, and weave all kinds of mystical notions round it. And yet the sea has its sweet and gentle side too, or it would not be part of God's creation. By its exhalations it requickens all nature, and nourishes every plant and flower that grows, and keeps the rivers sweet and running. Then, look at one of the exquisite little shells which you will find lying perfect on the shore after the fiercest storm, or at the delicate and beautiful sea-creatures and plants which float unharmed. The lashing of the storm has done them no harm, and there they are as perfect as if it had never been raging around them. And so the great stormy sea of life has its gentle and loving side for every one of us, so long as we trust in God, and just obey His laws and do His will, with clear consciences and brave hearts.

The barest outline this, of a sermon of three-quarters of an hour. The preacher never lost hold of us for a moment, a vigorous grey four square man, of middle age, with a wonderfully expressive face, full of the power and gentleness which he was painting. One felt that he was putting his whole self into his words, and all the moods through which he carried us, from broad humour to deep pathos, were fused into a white glow by the heat of the man's own simple earnestness. And there was a fearlessness in the way he laid hold of and used anything which

suitied his purpose, which reminded me of the witty description of Theodore Parker's preaching in the "Fable for Critics." It is too long to quote here more than the last lines.

"Every word that he speaks has been fiercely  
furnaced  
In the blast of a life that has struggled in  
earnest.  
There he stands, looking more like a plough-  
man than Priest,  
If not dreadfully awkward, not graceful at  
least;  
His gestures all downright, and same, if you  
will,  
As of brown-fisted Hobnail in hoeing a drill,  
But his periods fall on you stroke after  
stroke,  
Like the blows of a lumberer felling an oak;  
You forget the man wholly, you're thankful  
to meet  
With a preacher who smacks of the field and  
the street,  
And to hear, you're not over particular  
whence,  
Almost Taylor's profusion, quite Latimer's  
sense."

I was proud to remember that the preacher was an Englishman born. Mr. Collyer began his life as a Yorkshire blacksmith, and his mission as a Methodist preacher, in England. He emigrated some twenty years ago, and has been at Chicago (I believe) fourteen years, which entitles him to call himself one of the oldest inhabitants. When his new church was built, one of his congregation made a pilgrimage to the Yorkshire village where the pastor's forge had stood, and bought the anvil on which he used to work. I saw it in one of the large rooms over which the church stood. A whole set of these, again most comfortably furnished, ran under the building, and were used for various congregational purposes. On my visit I found a number of the active members of the congregation with their pastor, talking over work of one kind or another, and from all I saw it seemed that the idea of the Independents, the separate life of each congregation as a kind of big family, was very strikingly realized here. I had a good deal of very interesting talk with Mr. Collyer on church matters; and, amongst other things, took objection to the luxury

of the fittings and furniture of his church, as likely to keep away the poor, of whom I saw none present at either of the services. To which he replied that as to the soft carpets and cushions they were put there by his congregation, who built and fitted the church at their own expense, and after their own fancy, and were proud of having it as comfortable as money could make it, and he had no voice in the matter; and as for the poor, two-thirds of his people lived on weekly wages, and were in fact the poor of Chicago. "What! those men and women I see now, going away from church?" "Certainly," he said. There was not a man amongst them who was not at least as well dressed as either of us. Can it be that there are really no poor in such a city? was the problem which occurred to me, and to which my short stay did not enable me to get an answer satisfactory to myself. But it did give me enough insight into the character and habits of the people to make their splendid rally after the great fire a matter of no surprise. Probably Mr. Collyer's congregation have lost everything, and have had to begin life again; but I venture to predict that, in another eighteen months or so, the visitor to Chicago will find that they have put him back in at least as fine a church as that in which I had the privilege of worshipping with them a year ago.

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GALENA proved to be, like most border towns, a city with a great future history. As yet it presents no feature of greater interest than the solid red-brick house, with green latticed blinds to the windows, standing on one of the hills over which the town straggles, which the citizens have presented to General Grant. But there are fine big public schools—the universal feature of Western towns, where the biggest and best building is always the school—and comfortable-looking residences on the hills, and manufactories more or less developed, and wharfs for lumber and other produce by the side of the rather doleful-

looking stream which connects it with the Mississippi. Up and down this stream run steamers of somewhat old-fashioned build it seemed to us, on the look-out, of course, as we all were, for the "Prairie Bell." I doubt whether I should put my money on Galena if I were bound for settlement in the West; but the citizens, to judge by the one or two we met, are not of this advice, and believe in the future of their own city with a faith which seems to go a long way towards making its forecastings come out true.

It is undoubtedly the centre of a rich mineral district, indeed one may say exceptionally rich, for it would seem that silver grows there. A shaft near the town was abandoned for some years. When opened again lately, an old chain, which had been left hanging by the former explorers, was found coated with silver instead of the futile rust of the Old World! I ventured to cross-examine the mining engineer (a matter-of-fact, successful person) who told me the story, and was convinced he was not joking, and believed himself that all metals grew. But the most amusing case of faith in Galena that we came across, was that of one, whom I may perhaps call a typical Western adventurer. He came out young, and had tried many ways of life, including that of undertaker, encouraged to this particular branch of business by a serious epidemic. As the ordinary funeral apparatus was scarce in Illinois at that time, he converted a light waggon he had into a hearse by the help of some black trappings, and in it he drove a famous old trotter which he had brought from the east. The trade thrived with him, until one day, when he was called on to convey a well-known settler, and justice of the peace, to his last resting-place. There would seem to have been a considerable gathering of waggon-owning neighbours to the ceremony in question, and, when the procession started, one or two of them kept pressing up on the flanks of the hearse. Somehow the pace would keep quickening, till at last, about a mile from the cemetery, in order

to hold his place at all, the undertaker was obliged to drop his hands, shove out his feet, and cry "g-lang" to his old trotter. He brought up at the cemetery with a clear lead, though the chief mourner made pretty good time; but, possibly in consequence of an accident which happened to the coffin, or because the epidemic abated, soon after left his mournful occupation. Turning his attention to mining and land investment, he became the convert of an ingenious mining speculator and theorist, who has established, to his own satisfaction, that Galena and the immediate neighbourhood are the heaviest part of the known world, and will, therefore, prove the richest in metals. From a cursory perusal of the pamphlet in which the proofs are given, I gather the argument to be, that the present rotatory motion of the earth makes it certain that the weight is pretty evenly divided, and that America is, in fact, about as heavy as the three old continents taken together. But, having regard to the immense disproportion between the aggregate superficial area of Europe and Asia, and that of North America, it is clear that the latter must be composed of vastly heavier material; otherwise the world would be lopsided, and its motion entirely different from what we experience. This extra weight can only be caused by an immense preponderance of metals on the American side, and abstruse calculations show that Galena is the precise spot where the greatest mass of them will be found to exist. I give the information for what it may be worth to intending investors. There are wilder crotchets about in the West by scores.

"We shall be on the Mississippi now in about half an hour," said the President, as we moved out of Galena. The intelligence set us all on the *qui vive* for the first glimpse of the father of waters, and we swarmed out on the platform in front of our saloon car, as the "Champaign" spun cheerily along the north bank of the sluggish Galena stream. Our first glimpse was a disappointment. As we ran round the

base of the last of the range of Illinois hills and turned northward, the President pointed across to the west, and said, "There's the river." We looked, and saw a mighty swamp, but not a river, miles and miles of trees, some of them large ones, standing in stagnant water and covered with creepers. The river was luckily high, so we got this sight of a forest growing out of water to perfection. Then for a mile or two the land would just manage to assert itself, sometimes becoming sound enough for a few cattle to pick about in a desolate kind of way, and then again mere swamp, only fit for alligators and wild fowl. The former we did not see, as there are none; but numbers of the latter, including canvas-back ducks on their migration southwards, and what I took for a beautiful white heron. The creepers were getting their autumn tints, and, in places, the fine purple tint of the shumack bushes, and the bright yellow of a tall plant like our golden-rod, which grew in great masses, lighted up the dismal swamp, and made it almost cheerful. Presently we began to catch glimpses of the main river, and of what in the distance looked like a bridge of gossamer, over which we were to cross into Iowa. It is a marvel of lightness and strength, 1,700 feet of iron truss work, consisting of light bars and bolts, resting at long intervals on stone piers. There were only two to this Dunluth bridge, though the river is nearly half a mile broad. In the centre of the bridge is a moveable "draw," working on a pivot, to allow of the passage of steamers. The draw is 320 feet in length, and so nicely balanced that a single man can swing it in fine weather. Soon we dived into a tunnel cut through a rocky bluff, and came out suddenly on the bridge itself, over the centre of which a large iron eagle with spreading wings keeps watch over the Mississippi. And a most glorious view he has of it, or, at any rate, we had, up and down the broad stream, flowing between high wooded bluffs, majestic and clear, not yet sullied by Missouri sand, and at this point 1,600 miles from the sea. The

optimist was evidently impressed as we steamed slowly over the bridge.

"Well," he said at last, "I feel bound to own that your disagreeable bird up there has a right to scream and clap his wings over this bridge."

"I guess you may," said the potentate. "This is ever so much the best thing in bridges you can see on this, or any other continent."

"Come, that's a large order. I've been at Montreal."

"And you did the Victoria bridge there, of course?"

"Yes; and I don't say it's graceful. You may call it ugly, if you like. But those superb granite piers, and the covered iron-way, are about the most remarkable engineering work in the world. I felt that our respectable British beast had a right to roar then."

"Did you? Then I guess he ought to roar on the wrong side of his mouth."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, what did that bridge cost?"

"Well, several millions. I don't remember the figures."

"Nor I. But I know that if the Grand Trunk would knock their great stupid pipe to pieces and sell it, they might build a better bridge on this truss system for the cost of the old iron."

"A truss bridge there! pooh, pooh, remember the snow."

"So I do. We've got nearly as much snow here."

"Well—but—confound it, if you have heavy snows, you must keep them off the bridge; you must have a cover, and the cover must be strong enough."

"You don't want any cover at all. Why can't you just let it through, as we do here?"

The potentate was triumphant for the moment. Neither of us were prepared for any reasonable criticism on his last proposal; and, as we passed over the open iron-work of the bridge, and looked down through it to the water below, and up to the sky above, it certainly was not easy to see what was to be said against his plan of "letting it through." I think we felt for the moment somewhat crestfallen, and the least bit in the

world put out. Perhaps he saw this; at any rate he rattled on:—

"Well, now, you mustn't grudge us our Mississippi. It's something like our backbone, you see, and whenever we think of it we feel big. We all do so, I tell you. I remember when I was at Singapore I used to go to a tavern down by the port, which was the house of call of the merchant captains. Your skippers always mustered strong there, and one day after dinner they got over their grog to canvassing the navies of all the world. They soon made a clean sweep, I tell you, of all the rest, and left the British navy riding alone on the bosom of the ocean. There was a long yellow chap in one corner, a tough, silent, double-jointed fellow. I could see in a moment he hailed from somewhere within sight of Plymouth Rock. Well, he sat there hitching and wincing, till first he couldn't drink, and then he couldn't chaw, and at last up he jumped, slapped his cap on to his head, and roared out, 'By thunder, you Britishers, I jest tell you this. Thar's steamers enough on our Mississippi to tow your cussed thundering little island across the Atlantic without your knowing it.' And then he made sail for the door. And now here we are at Dubuque, and you're going to get prairie chicken for tea."

So we landed, and walked into the town while tea was being prepared at the railway restaurants. The prairie chickens, for which the Vice-President had wired on, had to be split and broiled, the delicious fashion in which they are served; so we had a spare half-hour to inspect our first half-settled town. And quaint, pushing, go-ahead, slip-shod places they are, one and all. Dubuque streets are laid out as wide as Portland Place, and have street cars running in the middle of them, but the rest of the carriage-way is a slough of despond, often axle-tree deep in mud. The side pavements are of wood. In the main street there was a wholesale silversmith's store with a splendid show of goods, and several great dry-goods and grocery stores; then a lot of dirty

wooden hovels, or a blank lot with holes full of water; then a newspaper office (there are three dailies in Dubuque, and in the copy of an evening paper which we bought were quotations from that morning's London *Morning Post*). Every house, big or small, was placarded in huge letters with the owner's name and trade; amongst others, greatly to the confusion of our English notions, "H. Tuttle, Justice of the Peace and Notary Public," announced himself over a door from which projected a barber's pole, and a darkie invited us to be shaved. Here, too, we saw for the first time trains of emigrants starting for the prairies, in their long covered waggons loaded with lumber for their first houses, women, children (in plenty, and healthy, happy-looking little folk), and a few household goods. The teams were mostly of serviceable well-bred horses, and a few cattle followed each waggon. We got back to the station hotel much interested, and just in time to fall heavily upon our chickens and beef-steak. After tea we went "aboard," and received the M.C. of Dubuque and several of the principal citizens for a smoke in our saloon. Our talk till late in the night was of the wonders of the West, and of the certainty of Dubuque becoming before long the chief of these wonders. Then our guests went "ashore," and we turned in, while the "Champaign" got up steam and travelled away westward into the night.

It was early morning when we drew up at Fort Dodge. Not many years have passed since the spot was merely known as one where a garrison of a hundred men were kept to serve as a breakwater against Indian forays; but the settler and the locomotive have pushed on so fast that it is no use looking for a red man now-a-days on the east side of the Missouri.

Stepping off the "Champaign" on to the station platform, I saw the optimist and the struggler intently staring at the little station-house, a very ordinary looking building of roughhewn whitish stone.

"I say," called out the struggler, "just

look here. The Vice has been telling us that the ground about this place has been found to be one mass of gypsum, and the station itself is built of solid gypsum blocks."

"Gypsum! What's gypsum, optimist?"

"Something to do with plaster of Paris, isn't it? But I'm past the age for examination questions. Ask the struggler."

"Gypsum is a mineral consisting of sulphate of lime mixed with twenty-one per cent. of water," said the struggler with mock solemnity. "The Vice told me so, and he always speaks like an Encyclopædia, you know. And crushed gypsum makes a very fine manure; and Fort Dodge is going to stuff its own and the railway company's pockets by selling it; and finally this station-house will be ground up, and utilized as a tonic for over-worked and exhausted prairie soils. Not just yet, though, luckily for us. We're to be on genuine unadulterated prairie before breakfast is over."

"Yes, sir," broke in the Vice, coming up at this moment from a visit of inspection of station buildings and rolling stock, such as he never failed to make at every halting-place,—“before this year Fort Dodge was the terminus of civilization and the Illinois Central in this location. But we wanted to tap the Upper Missouri: so this summer we got a track pushed out right across country, a matter of near a hundred and forty miles, to Sioux City on the river, and the route is hardly so settled up yet but what you'll find some pretty natural prairie on it, I guess, if you care for that sort of thing."

I, for one, owe many a pleasant hour to Messrs. Cooper and Mayne Reid, so no wonder that I cared enough for "that sort of thing" to cut breakfast very short this morning, and take my cigar out upon that best of travelling observatories, the front car platform.

The look of the country changed rapidly as we left Fort Dodge behind us. Steaming past an emigrant party just breaking up night-quarters and starting their file of bullock teams west-

wards along a black oozy trail, and past a thoroughly Irish-looking colony of shanties, that no doubt owed existence to the navvies employed on the new line, we ran out upon a dreary, treeless, undulating plain, where the only signs of man's work and life were the thread-like track of the railroad, and here and there in the distance the outline of some solitary settler's home. We were the centre of a huge circular disk of tangled grass, of which the rails, stretching on both sides with mathematical straightness to the horizon, formed a diameter. Rank weeds and grass everywhere, up to the very edges of the unfenced track, and not even a prairie chicken on the wing to give animation to the dull expanse of downs. And this was 'rolling prairie'! Well, of all the uninteresting places——

"Guess you want a friend to play showman," said the Vice cheerily, behind me. "Open prairie is just like one of those school-books that must have a commentator to make one appreciate them, that's a fact. The bare text don't go down well, eh? Own up, now."

I confessed that I had begun to think the scenery a trifle monotonous.

"Monotonous? Ah, I see you're looking at the track. Well, it is rather straight perhaps. We're now running over a fifty-mile stretch, that, bar one trifling curve, is as dead straight a line as can be drawn on this continent. But what would you have? In England, you first let your country towns and villages get built up just where they'd a mind, and then had to run your railroads in the awkwardest inconvenientest zigzags to suit them all. Out here in the West we've a different plan, which the old countries would follow too, I warrant, if they could only clear the table and have a fresh deal all round. We fix on a likely route for settlers and traffic, build a bee-line track along it—for there is seldom anything to go out of the direct way for—open depôts (what you call stations) at intervals, and raise a healthy crop of towns as fast as young 'uns grow

mustard on a piece of wet flannel. Towns can't be, in fact, on these prairies till the railroads are built."

"Why not?"

"What are you to build them of? Dame Nature laid out the soil for large farming, and hasn't provided an ounce of stone, or clay, or timber on it. Look there to the left; there's a specimen of what we call a sod-shanty,—turf walls, you see, and grass thatching,—the only sort of living-place a settler can put up in pre-locomotive days; and a rough time some of them have, I tell you. Afterwards, when we railroad people come along, about the first loads we carry West are lumber from Wisconsin and Michigan. And then the tide of settlers does begin flowing, if you like. Whole families come out, each with their frame-house, in numbered pieces, stowed in the baggage-cars like other traps, and a lot-certificate from our land office in their pockets, and almost before you've time to turn off steam a whole prairie has vanished into arables and streets. We shall be at one of our new towns, warranted this season's growth, in a few minutes, and you shall see for yourself whether I'm romancing."

"Perish the thought, O most sober and attractive of Vices. But don't I see a clump of young trees in front there?"

"Another importation. You see, when it rains or blows in these parts, it isn't a one-horse kind of raining or blowing by any means. So, as there is no natural shelter for man or beast, the settler just makes one, by planting a good thick screen of cotton-wood alongside his farm buildings. But I must go in and scheme out to-morrow's run with the President. Guess you'll right down hate the prairie if I lecture you any more about it."

"On the contrary; your talk has had on me that most notable effect of a cold tub, out of which, someone wisely says, you never take the same ideas that you carried into it."

The slamming of the car door announced that my friend had lost the compliment of my last remark. Feel-

ing the gregarious instinct, and the desire of another of the potentate's cigars, strong upon me, I followed in, to find the rest of the party in anxious debate over a big map, as to the route to be taken from Sioux City onwards. The struggler was all for a rush across the continent to Salt Lake City, and 'Frisco,' "for one really ought to see those Mormon fellows, you know, before they're stamped out, and—and—I've more than half promised my sister to bring her Brigham's autograph for her collection." The optimist "had quite made up his mind about Mormonism, and didn't think it would do to spend a precious week in going to see it;" while the Illinois Central authorities were ready to order the "Champaign" to any part of the continent, so long as we all had a 'good time.' But before any decision had been come to, the question was happily shelved by our arrival at Newell.

"Not a timber here last spring," the Vice reminded me, as we stepped ashore. Truly the reminder was needed; for all about the depôt clustered the buildings of a village that looked long out of babydom. A restaurant, a meat market, and a billiard-hall stood conspicuous by their placards amongst the yellow frame-houses. Curiosity took us into the billiard-hall. What kind of human beings could have taste and time for billiards in Newell? Just inside his door, the proprietor, a shrewd Cornishman, was sitting at his spirit-bar, with a calm, confident air that seemed to say he, at any rate, felt no fear of lacking customers; and, sure enough, in the rough shed dignified by the name 'hall,' two strapping young fellows, in butternut suits and long cow-hide boots, were idly knocking balls about on a decrepit table. We were hardly out of the door again, when the struggler burst out—

"Isn't that a pitiful sight, now? barely ten o'clock, too. Why, I don't believe the idlest men in town would ever dream of going to the club billiard-room at this time of the morning."

"They'd be just waking out of

dream-land about now, perhaps," said the potentate, drily. "But, fact is, there is always more or less of this kind of thing in new settlements. They're a bit feverish at first, but it sloughs off, mostly, it sloughs off."

And away he went with the Vice to look after the points, signals, water-tanks, and such like paraphernalia of the depôt, while the rest of us strolled curiously through the village. Plenty of life and stir already. There, astride on his own gable, sat a sturdy, helpful settler, putting the finishing shingles to his roof; and, across the road, two pair of stout hands were unloading a waggonful of pine lumber on to a vacant building lot. Not much to see, may be, but plenty to think about in a place like Newell.

As I was lingering on the depôt platform, idly waiting for the usual summons aboard, a tall, gaunt stranger ranged up alongside, and abruptly fired a volley of questions into me.

"Going on these cars?"

"Yes."

"Officer o' the line?"

"No."

"One of the Englishmen?"

"Yes."

"What part of England?"

"Worcestershire."

"Ever been in our country before?"

"No."

"How d'you like our country?"

This last interrogatory I had found by experience to be almost a figure of speech in the States, hardly requiring or expecting a reply. Your ordinary citizen seems to throw it in, by way of starting conversation, as naturally as we resort to the weather. "Mr. Vagabond, sir; happy to meet you, sir. How do you like our country?" was the stereotyped formula that I had grown to consider as much a part of an introduction as the conventional bow and hat movement. But till this morning at Newell I had never realized in the flesh that stock hero of anecdotes, the inquisitive Yankee. It is a prevalent belief on our side of the water, I take it, that talkativeness, curiosity, and

humour are more or less characteristic of every American citizen. How far those Americans who assert their nationality most loudly at the Langham, the Louvre, and the Beau Rivage, warrant this character, I need not stay to argue. It is pretty generally admitted that the Englishman abroad is a very different being from the Englishman at home. But I am prepared to maintain, as the outcome of my own roving experiences, that, in his own hemisphere and among his own countrymen, the average American citizen is one of the most reserved, taciturn, and matter-of-fact of mortals. Your neighbour in a railroad- or horse-car will answer you civilly enough if you address him, particularly if he sees you are a foreigner; but you may travel a couple of hundred miles together before he will open his lips merely to strike up a conversation with you. Go into any big hotel at some meal-time—almost any hour between 7 A.M. and 10 P.M. will do—and you will find the capacious saloon dotted with silent solitary feeders, every one of whom seem to have posted himself as far away as possible from everybody else, as if on purpose to escape speaking or being spoken to. The only chatter-boxes a stranger comes across are the darkey haircutters and shavers, who, with your hair or nose between their fingers, pour out a stream of amusing gossip that Truefitt's young men would give all their scissors to attain to.

Five miles flat running, and the "Champaign" drew up again at Stormy Lake, another town of the future, and we all turned out to stretch our legs, and make observations.

"About the likeliest location on this track," began the President, with a contented smile. "Wherever you see this tough, stringy weed growing thick, you may bet you're on a strong corn-soil; and that pond yonder—it's brimful of pickerel and such—will come in handy by and by."

"Pond! Why, it's as big as the Sea of Galilee, isn't it?"

"About five miles by two; but we don't reckon much of that. There's a regular string of them between this and

the Red River, up Minnesota way. Halloa, what on earth's our friend so tickled with?"

The optimist had loitered behind among the houses, and now came up laughing with a printed poster in his hand.

"Carried this off from the post-office," he said. "It's an announcement that the Honourable Elijah Noakes, ex-M.C. and candidate for this Congressional district of the sovereign state of Iowa, proposes addressing the free and enlightened citizen electors of Stormy Lake next month. I've seen some clever borough-nursing in the old country in my time; but this creeping up a constituency's sleeve before it's even out of long clothes fairly beats me. Why, I do believe there are as many potential streets marked out here as there are actual voters living in them at present, eh, potentate?"

"The Honourable Elijah isn't due for six weeks. Guess our cars will have run him out an audience between whiles. Only come back next fall, and we'll show you a school-house, an elevator or two, and perhaps a beet sugar-mill between our dépôt and the lake there, and you shall read the latest European telegrams in a *Stormy Lake Daily Advertiser*. We settle up fast in these parts."

"We settle up fast." Pondering over the potentate's confident words as we rolled easily along the new-built tract, I could not help agreeing to them. The thatch is hardly brown on the shanties of the pioneer settlers, whose sole but unchallenged title to their holdings is that of the first-comer, and already, out here, fourteen hundred miles away from the Atlantic coast, the competition for land is brisk enough, I find, to have brought its average price to ten dollars the acre. The would-be settler, whose pluck and sinews are his only capital, must cross the Missouri and plod on many a mile west through Nebraska or Dakota, before he can hope to halt his bullock-team on soil where no white man—the poor reds he'll never cast a thought to—will dispute his owner-

ship. They can't even let the Great Sandy Desert (as my school atlas called it) alone, but must needs go turning the Platte over it, and converting it into one huge farm. Well, there's room enough and to spare for all comers yet awhile, thank God, and I only wish more of our crowded-out ones at home were shown the way to help fill it. And then? How long will the pulse of a

common nationality be strong enough to throb right through this great continent from ocean to ocean? No present signs of a break-up at any rate, and as for the future——

"You go no further to-day," said the Vice, coming in from the other car. "Here we are at Sioux City. Come and have a first look at the Missouri from the front platform."

THOS. HUGHES.

### "COME."

COME to me when the earth is fair  
With all the freshness of the spring,  
When life fills all the liquid air,  
And when the woods with music ring;  
When all the wakening flowers rejoice,  
And birds remind me of your voice.

Come to me when the summer's heat  
Is strong the breeze of spring to kill;  
When gardens with perfume are sweet,  
And when the languid noon is still;  
Come when the opened buds disclose  
The glory of the full-blown rose.

Come to me when the summer fades,  
When all the rose's sweets are dead,  
When autumn robes the saddening glades,  
When purple heather turns to red;  
Come to me when the wrinkled leaf  
Falls like the tear of constant grief.

Come chiefly when all warmth is lost,  
When autumn to stern winter yields;  
Come when the bitter edge of frost  
Shrouds all the verdure of the fields;  
Come when all else is dark and drear,  
Thy presence then is doubly dear.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1872.

## THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

#### OUR BELL.

*"Oh, the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy-  
tree,  
They grow so green in the North Country!"*

It was all settled one evening in the deep winter time. Outside, a sharp east wind was whistling round the solitudes of Box Hill; the Mole, at the foot of our garden, as it stole stealthily through the darkness, crackled the flakes of ice that lay along its level banks; and away on Mickleham Downs—and on the further uplands that lay towards the sea—the cold stars were shining down on a thin coating of snow.

Indoors there was another story to tell; for the mistress of the house—Queen Titania, as we call her—a small person, with a calm, handsome, pale face, an abundance of dark hair, big eyes that are somewhat cold and critical in look, and a certain magnificence of manner which makes you fancy her rather a tall and stately woman—has a trick of so filling her drawing-room with dexterous traceries of grass and ferns, with plentiful flowers of her own rearing, and with a crowded glare of light, that, amid the general warmth

and glow and perfume, and variety of brilliant colours, you would almost forget that the winter is chill and desolate and dark.

Then Bell, our guest and companion for many a year, lends herself to the deception; for the young woman, though there were a dozen inches of snow on the meadows, would come down to dinner in a dress of blue, with touches of white gossamer and fur about the tight waist and neck—with a white rose and a bunch of forget-me-nots, as blue as her eyes, twisted into the soft masses of her light-brown hair, and with a certain gay and careless demeanour, meant to let us know that she, having been born and bred a farmer's daughter in the North Country, has a splendid contempt for the mild rigours of our southern winter.

But, on this particular evening, Bell—our Bell, our Bonny Bell, our Lady Bell, as she is variously called, when she provokes people into giving her pet names—had been sitting for a long time with an open book on her knee; and as this volume was all about the English lakes, and gave pictures of them, and placed here and there little tail-pieces of ferns and blossoms, she may have been driven to

contrast the visions thus conjured up with the realities suggested by the fierce gusts of wind that were blowing coldly through the box-trees outside. All at once she placed the volume gently on the white hearth-rug, and said, with a strange wistfulness shining in the deeps of her blue eyes,—

“Tita, why don’t you make us talk about the summer, and drown the noise of that dreadful wind? Why don’t we conspire to cheat the winter, and make believe it is summer again? Doesn’t it seem to be years and years ago since we had the long, light evenings; the walks between the hedge-rows, the waiting for the moon, up on the crest of the hill, and then the quiet stroll downward into the valley and home again, with the wild roses, and the meadow sweet, and the evening campions filling the warm, sweet night-air. Come, let us sit close together, and make it summer! See, Tita!—it is a bright forenoon—you can nearly catch a glimpse of the Downs above Brighton—and we are going to shut up the house, and go away anywhere for a whole month. Round comes that dear old mail-phaeton, and my pair of bonny bays are whinnying for a bit of sugar. Papa is sulky——”

“As usual,” remarks my Lady Tita, without lifting her eyes from the carpet.

“——for though an improvised imperial has been slung on, there is scarcely enough room for the heaps of our luggage, and, like every man, he has a selfish hatred of bonnet-boxes. Then you take your seat, my dear, looking like an empress in a grey travelling dress; and papa—after pretending to have inspected all the harness—takes the reins; I pop in behind, for the hood, when it is turned down, makes such a pleasant cushion for your arms, and you can stick your sketch-book into it, and a row of apples and anything else; and Sandy touches his forelock, and Kate bobs a curtsy, and away, and away we go! How sweet and fresh the air is, Tita! and don’t you smell the honeysuckle in the hedge? Why, here we are at Dorking! Papa

pulls up to grumble about the last beer that was sent; and then Castor and Pollux toss up their heads again, and on we go to Guildford, and to Reading, and to Oxford. And all through England we go, using sometimes the old coaching-roads, and sometimes the by-roads, stopping at the curious little inns, and chatting to the old country folks and singing ballads of an evening as we sit upon the hill-sides, and watch the partridges dusting themselves below us in the road; and then on and on again. Is that the sea, Tita?—look at the long stretch of Morecambe Bay and the yellow sands, and the steamers at the horizon! But all at once we dive into the hills again, and we come to the old familiar places by Applethwaite and Ambleside, and then some evening—some evening, Tita—we come in sight of Grasmere, and then—and then——”

“Why, Bell—Bell!—what is the matter with you!” cries the other, and the next minute her arms are round the light-brown head, crushing its white rose and its blue forget-me-nots.

“If you two young fools,” it is remarked, “would seriously settle where we are to go next summer, you would be better employed than in rubbing your heads together like a couple of young calves.”

“Settle!” says Lady Titania, with the least touch of insolence in her tone, “we know who is allowed to settle things in this house. If we were to settle anything, some wonderful discovery would be made about the horses’ feet, or the wheels of that valuable phaeton, which is about as old as the owner of it——”

“The wife who mocks at her husband’s grey hairs,” I remark calmly, “knowing the share she has had in producing them——”

Here our Bonny Bell interfered, and a truce was concluded. The armistice was devoted to a consideration of Bell’s project which at length it was resolved to adopt. Why, after going year after year round the southern counties in that big, old-fashioned phaeton which had

become as a house to us, should we not strike fairly northward? These circles round the south would resemble the swinging of a stone in the sling before it is projected; and, once we were started on this straight path, who could tell how far we might not go?

"Then," said I,—for our thoughts at this time were often directed to the great masses of men who were marching through the wet valleys of France, or keeping guard amid cold and fog in the trenches around Paris,—“suppose that by July next the war may be over, young Von Rosen says he means to pay us a visit, and have a look at England. Why should not he join our party, and become a companion for Bell?”

I had inadvertently probed a hornet's nest. The women of our household were at that time bitter against the Germans; and but half an hour before Bell herself had been eloquently denouncing the doings of the Prussians. Had they not in secrecy been preparing to steal back Alsace and Lorraine; had they not taken advantage of the time when the good and gentle France was averse from war to provoke a quarrel; had not the King openly insulted the French Ambassador in the promenade at Ems; and had not their hordes of men swarmed into the quiet villages, slaying and destroying, robbing the poor and aged, and winning battles by mere force of numbers? Besides, the suggestion that this young lieutenant of cavalry might be a companion for Bell appeared to be an intentional injury done to a certain amiable young gentleman, of no particular prospects, living in the Temple; and so Bell forthwith declared her detestation not only of the German officers, but of officers in the abstract.

"I hate those tall men," she said in her impulsive fashion, although there was always a smile lurking about the blue eyes even when she showed herself most vehement, "with their legs like hop-poles, their heads smooth and round like turnips, their whitish-yellow hair cropped and shining above a red neck, their eyes green and starting out

like two gooseberries. And even worse is the short and fat officer—all neck and stomach, like a flying duck—with his feet turned out like the two steps of a dog-cart—with a fierce array of grey hair and moustache, like a terrier looking at a cat——"

"Bell, Bell, will you cease those perpetual farm-yard metaphors of yours? You know that Von Rosen is like none of these things."

"I can remember him at Bonn only as a very rude and greedy boy, who showed a great row of white teeth when he laughed, and made bad jokes about my mistakes in German. And I know what he is now—a tall fellow, with a stiff neck, a brown face, perhaps a beard, a clanking sword, and the air of a swashbuckler as he stalks into an inn and bawls out, '*Kellnare! eene Pulle Sect! und sagen Sie mal, was haben Sie für Zeitungen—die Alljemeene?*'"

Ordinarily, our Bell's face was as fair, and smooth, and placid as a cornfield in sunshine; but sometimes, you know, the cornfield is swept by a gust of wind, and then it lays bare the blood-red poppies beneath. She was now in a pretty turmoil of half-affected anger; and Queen Titania merely looked on with a cold, indulgent smile. I ventured to point out to Bell that she might alter her opinion when Von Rosen actually came over with all the glamour of a hero about him; and that, indeed, she could not do better than marry him.

Bell opened her eyes.

"Marry him, because he is a hero? No! I would not marry a hero, after he had become a hero. It would be something to marry a man who was afterwards to become great, and be with him all the time of his poverty, and his struggles, and his expectations. That would be worth something—to comfort him when he was in despair, to be kind to him when he was suffering; and then, when it was all over, and he had got his head above these troubles, he would say to you, 'Oh, Kate, or Nell, or Sue,' as your name happened to be, 'how good you were during the old time

when we were poor and friendless !' But when he has become a hero, he thinks he will overawe you with the shadow of his great reputation. He thinks he has only to come, and hold out the tips of his fingers, and say, 'I am a great person. Everybody worships me. I will allow you to share my brilliant fortune, and you will dutifully kiss me.' *Merçi, monsieur!* but if any man were to come to me like that, I would answer him as Canning's knife-grinder was answered—'I give you kisses? I will see you——'

"Bell!" cried my Lady, peremptorily.

Bell stopped, and then laughed and blushed, and dropped her eyes.

"What is one to do," she asked, meekly, "when a quotation comes in?"

"You used to be a good girl," said Queen Titania, in her severest manner, "but you are becoming worse and worse every day. I hear you sing horrid music-hall airs. You draw caricatures of old people who ought to command your veneration. The very maid-servants are shocked by your wilful provincialisms. And you treat me, for whom you ought to show some respect, with a levity and familiarity without example. I will send a report of your behaviour to——"

And here the look of mischief in Bell's eyes—which had been deepening just as you may see the pupil of a cat widening before she makes a spring—suddenly gave way to a glance of imploring and meek entreaty, which was recognized in the proper quarter. Tita named no names; and the storm blew over.

For the present, therefore, the project of adding this young Uhlan to our party was dropped; but the idea of our northward trip remained, and gradually assumed definite consistency. Indeed, as it developed itself during those long winter evenings, it came to be a thing to dream about. But all the same I could see that Titania sometimes returned to the notion of providing a companion for Bell; and, whatever may have been her dislike of the Germans

in general, Lieutenant von Rosen was not forgotten. At odd times, when

"In her hazel eyes her thoughts lay clear  
As pebbles in a brook,"

it seemed to me that she was busy with those forecasts which are dear to the hearts of women. One night we three were sitting as quietly as usual, talking about something else, when she suddenly remarked—

"I suppose that young Count von Rosen is as poor as Prussian lieutenants generally are?"

"On the contrary," said I, "he enjoys a very handsome *Familien-Stiftung*, or family bequest, which gives him a certain sum of money every six months, on condition that during that time he has either travelled so much or gone through such and such a course of study. I wish the legacies left in our country had sometimes those provisions attached."

"He has some money, then," said my Lady, thoughtfully.

"My dear," said I, "you seem to be very anxious about the future, like the man whose letter I read to you yesterday.<sup>1</sup> Have you any further questions to ask?"

"I suppose he cares for nothing but eating, and drinking, and smoking, like other officers? He has not been troubled by any very great sentimental crisis?"

"On the contrary," I repeated, "he wrote me a despairing letter, some fortnight before the war broke out, about that same *Fräulein Fallersleben* whom we saw acting in the theatre at Hanover. She had treated him very badly—she had——"

<sup>1</sup> This is the letter :—

"To the Editor of the *Hampshire Ass.*

"SIR,—If the Republicans who are endeavouring to introduce a Republic into this great country should accomplish their disgusting purpose, do you think they will repudiate the National Debt, and pay no more interest on the Consols?"

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"A LOVER OF MANKIND.

"BOGMERE, Jan. 18, 1870."

"Oh, that is all nothing," said Tita, hastily—and here she glanced rather nervously at Bell.

Bell, for her part, was unconcernedly fitting a pink collar on a white cat, and merely said in her frank and careless way,—

"How affecting must have been their meetings! 'Ah, da bist du ja mein Käthchen, mein Engel!' and 'Ach Gott, wie mir das Herz klopf!' Then I suppose she knitted him a comforter, and gave him a piece of sausage as he started for the war, with her blessing."

Bell sighed plaintively, and continued her work with the pink collar.

"On the contrary," I remarked again, "he left her in paroxysms of anger and mutual reproach. He accused her of having——"

"Well, well, that will do," says Queen Titania, in her coldest manner; and then, of course, everybody obeys the small woman.

That was the last that was heard of Von Rosen for many a day; and it was not until long after the war was over that he favoured us with a communication. He was still in France. He hoped to get over to England at the end of July; and as that was the time we had fixed for our journey from London to Edinburgh, along the old coach-roads, he became insensibly mixed up with the project, until it was finally resolved to ask him to join the party.

"I know you mean to marry these two," I said to the person who manages us all.

"It is not true," she replied with a vast assumption of dignity. "Bell is as good as engaged—even if there was any fear of a handsome young English-woman falling in love with a Prussian lieutenant who is in despair about an actress."

"You had better take a wedding-ring with you."

"A wedding-ring!" said Tita, with little curl of her lips. "You fancy that every girl thinks of nothing but that. My belief is that every wedding-ring that is worn represents a man's impertinence and a woman's folly."

"Ask Bell," said I.

## CHAPTER II.

### A LUNCHEON IN HOLBORN.

*"From the bleak coast that hears  
The German Ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,  
And yellow-haired, the blue-eyed Saxon came."*

No more fitting point of departure could have been chosen than the Old Bell Inn in Holborn, an ancient hostelry which used in bygone times to send its relays of stage-coaches to Oxford, Cheltenham, Enfield, Abingdon, and a score of other places. Now from the quaint little yard, which is surrounded by frail and dilapidated galleries of wood, that tell of the grandeur of other days, there starts but a solitary omnibus, which daily whisks a few country people and their parcels down to Uxbridge, and Chalfont, and Amersham, and Wendover. The vehicle which Mr. Thoroughgood has driven for many a year is no magnificent blue and scarlet drag, with teams costing six hundred guineas a-piece, with silver harness, a post-boy blowing a silver horn, and a lord handling the reins; but a rough and serviceable little coach which is worked for profit, and which is of vast convenience to the folks living in quiet Buckinghamshire villages apart from railways. From this old-fashioned inn, now that the summer had come round, and our long-looked-for journey to the North had come near, we had resolved to start; and Bell having gravely pointed out the danger of letting our young Uhlan leave London hungry—lest habit should lead him to seize something by the way, and so get us into trouble—it was further proposed that we should celebrate our setting-out with a luncheon of good roast beef and ale, in the snug little parlour which abuts on the yard.

"And I hope," said Lady Titania, as we escaped from the roar of Holborn into the archway of the inn, "that the stupid fellow has got himself decently dressed. Otherwise, we shall be mobbed."

The fact was that Count von Rosen, not being aware that English officers rarely appear when off duty in uniform, had come straight from St. Denis to

Calais, and from Calais to London, and from London to Leatherhead, without ever dreaming that he ought not to go about in his regimentals. He drew no distinction between Herr Graf von Rosen and Seiner Majestät Lieutenant im —ten Uhlanen-Regimente; although he told us that when he issued from his hotel at Charing Cross to get into a cab, he was surprised to see a small crowd collect around the hansom, and no less surprised to observe the absence of military costume in the streets. Of course, the appearance of an Uhlan in the quiet village of Leatherhead caused a profound commotion; and had not Castor and Pollux been able to distance the assemblage of little boys who flocked around him at the station, it is probable he would have arrived at our house attended by that concourse of admirers. Bell was unjust enough to remark in private that he knew well enough; and that he only came down in uniform that he might appear in the character of a hero. As for my Lady, she only expressed a dignified hope that he would not render us conspicuous by his costume or his manner so long as he chose to accompany us.

You should have seen the courteous and yet half-defiant way in which the women received him, as if they were resolved not to be overawed by the tall, browned, big-bearded man; and how, in about twenty minutes, they had insensibly got quite familiar with him, apparently won over by his careless laughter, by the honest stare of his light-blue eyes, and by a very boyish blush that sometimes overspread his handsome face when he stammered over an idiom, or was asked some question about his own exploits. Bell remained the most distant; but I could see that our future companion had produced a good impression on Queen Titania, for she began to take the management of him, and to give him counsel in a cold and practical manner, which is a sure mark of her favour. She told him he must put aside his uniform while in England. She described to him the ordinary costume worn by English gentlemen in

travelling. And then she hoped he would take a preparation of quinine with him, considering that we should have to stay in a succession of strange inns, and might be exposed to damp.

He went up to London that night, armed with a list of articles which he was to buy for himself before starting with us.

There was a long pause when we three found ourselves together again. At length Bell said, with rather an impatient air—

"He is only a schoolboy, after all. He has the same irritating habit of laughing that he used to have at Bonn. I hate a man who has his mouth always open—like a swallow in the air, trying to catch anything that may come. And he is worse when he closes his lips and tries to give himself an intellectual look, like—like——"

"Like what, Bell?"

"Like a calf poisoning itself, and trying to look like a red deer," said Bell with a sort of contemptuous warmth.

"I wish, Bell," said my Lady, coldly and severely, "that you would give up those rude metaphors. You talk just as you did when you came fresh from Westmoreland—you have learnt nothing."

Bell's only answer was to walk, with rather a proud air, to the piano, and there she sat down and played a few bars. She would not speak; but the well-known old air spoke for her, for it said, as plain as words could say:—

"A North Country maid up to London had strayed,  
Although with her nature it did not agree;  
She wept, and she sighed, and she bitterly cried,  
'I wish once again in the North I could be!'"

"I think," continued Tita, in measured tones, "that he is a very agreeable and trustworthy young man—not very polished perhaps; but then he is a German. I look forward with great interest to see in what light our English country life will strike him; and I hope, Bell, that he will not have to complain of the want of courtesy shown him by English women."

This was getting serious ; so, being to some small and undefined extent master in my own house, I commanded Bell to sing the song she was petulantly strumming. That "fetched" Tita. Whenever Bell began to sing one of those old English ballads, which she did for the most part from morning till night, there was a strange and tremulous thrill in her voice that would have disarmed her bitterest enemy ; and straightway my Lady would be seen to draw over to the girl, and put her arm round her shoulder, and then reward her, when the last chord of the accompaniment had been struck, with a grateful kiss. In the present instance, the charm worked as usual ; but no sooner had these two young people been reconciled than they turned on their mutual benefactor. Indeed, an observant stranger might have remarked in this household, that when anything remotely bearing on a quarrel was made up between any two of its members, the third, the peacemaker, was expected to propose a dinner at Greenwich. The custom would have been more becoming had the cost been equally distributed ; but there were three losers to one payer.

Well, when we got into the yard of the Old Bell, the Buckinghamshire omnibus was being loaded ; and among the first objects we saw was the stalwart figure of Von Rosen, who was talking to Mr. Thoroughgood as if he had known him all his life, and examining with a curious and critical eye the construction and accommodation of the venerable old vehicle. We saw with some satisfaction that he was now dressed in a suit of grey garments, with a wide-awake hat ; and, indeed, there was little to distinguish him from an Englishman but the curious blending of colour—from the tawny yellow of his moustache to the deep brown of his cropped beard—which is seldom absent from the hirsute decoration of a Prussian face. He came forward with a grave and ceremonious politeness to Queen Titania, who received him in her dignified, quaint, maternal fashion ; and then he shook hands with Bell with an obviously unconscious air of indifference.

Then, not noticing her silence, he talked to her, after we had gone inside, of the old-fashioned air of homeliness and comfort noticeable in the inn, of the ancient portraits, and the quaint fireplace, and the small busts placed about. We had not been in the snug little parlour a couple of minutes before he seemed to have made himself familiar with every feature of it ; and yet he spoke in a light way, as if he had not intended to make a study of the place, or as if he fancied his companion would care very little what he thought of it. Bell seemed rather vexed that he should address himself to her, and uttered scarcely a word in reply.

But when our plain and homely meal was served, this restraint gradually wore away ; and in the talk over our coming adventures, Bell abandoned herself to all sorts of wild anticipations. She forgot the presence of the German lieutenant. Her eyes were fixed on the North Country, and on summer nights up amid the Westmoreland hills, and on bright mornings up by the side of the Scotch lochs ; and while the young soldier looked gravely at her, and even seemed a trifle surprised, she told us of all the dreams and visions she had had of the journey, for weeks and months back, and how the pictures of it had been with her night and day until she was almost afraid the reality would not bear them out. Then she described—as if she were gifted with second sight—the various occupations we should have to follow during the long afternoons in the North ; and how she had brought her guitar that Queen Titania might sing Spanish songs to it ; and how we should go down on river-banks towards nightfall, and listen to the nightingales ; and how she would make studies of all the favourite places we came to, and perhaps might even construct a picture of our phaeton and Castor and Pollux—with a background of half-a-dozen counties—for some exhibition ; and how, some day in the far future, when the memory of our long excursion had grown dim, Tita would walk into a room in Pall Mall,

and there, with the picture before her, would turn round with wonder in her eyes, as if it were a revelation.

"Because," said Bell, turning seriously to the young Uhlán, and addressing him as though she had talked familiarly to him for years, "you mustn't suppose that our Tita is anything but an impostor. All her coldness and affectation of grandeur are only a pretence; and sometimes, if you watch her eyes—and she is not looking at you—you will see something come up to the surface of them as if it were her real heart and soul there, looking out in wonder and softness and delight at some beautiful thing—just like a dabchick, you know, when you are watching among bushes by a river, and are quite still; and then, if you make the least remark, if you rustle your dress, snap! down goes the dabchick, and you see nothing, and my Lady turns to you quite proudly and coldly—though there may be tears in her eyes—and dares you to think that she has shown any emotion."

"That is when she is listening to you singing?" said the Lieutenant, gravely and politely; and at this moment Bell seemed to become conscious that we were all amused by her vehemence, blushed prodigiously, and was barely civil to our Uhlán for half-an-hour after.

Nevertheless, she had every reason to be in a good humour; for we had resolved to limit our travels that day to Twickenham, where, in the evening, Tita was to see her two boys who were at school there. And as the young gentleman of the Temple, who has already been briefly mentioned in this narrative, is a son of the schoolmaster with whom the boys were then living; and as he was to be of the farewell party assembled in Twickenham at night, Bell had no unpleasant prospect before her for that day at least. And of one thing she was probably by that time thoroughly assured: no fires of jealousy were in danger of being kindled in any sensitive breast by the manner of Count von Rosen towards her. Of course he was very courteous and obliging to a pretty young woman; but he

talked almost exclusively to my Lady; while, to state the plain truth, he seemed to pay more attention to his luncheon than to both of them together.

Behold, then, our phaeton ready to start! The pair of pretty bays are pawing the hard stones and pricking their ears at the unaccustomed sounds of Holborn; Sandy is at their head, regarding them rather dolefully, as if he feared to let them slip from his care to undertake so long and perilous a voyage; Queen Titania has arranged that she shall sit behind, to show the young Prussian all the remarkable things on our route; and Bell, as she gets up in front, begs to have the reins given her so soon as we get away from the crowded thoroughfares. There are still a few loiterers on the pavement who had assembled to see the Wendover omnibus leave; and these regard with a languid sort of curiosity the setting-out of the party in the big dark-green phaeton.

A little tossing of heads and prancing, a little adjustment of the reins, and a final look round, and then we glide into the wild and roaring stream of vehicles—that mighty current of rolling vans, and heavy waggons, and crowded Bayswater omnibuses, of dexterous hansoms and indolent four-wheelers, of brewers' drays and post-office carts and costermongers' barrows. Over the great thoroughfare, with its quaint and huddled houses, and its innumerable shops, in which silver watches, and stockings, and sausages form prominent features, there dwell a fine blue sky and white clouds that seem oddly discoloured. The sky, seen through a curious pall of mist and smoke, is only gray, and the clouds are distant and dusky and yellow, like those of an old landscape that has lain for years in a broker's shop. Then there is a faint glow of sunlight shining along the houses on the northern side of the street; and here and there the window of some lobster-shop or tavern glints back the light. As we get farther westward, the sky overhead gets clearer, and the character of the thoroughfare alters. Here we are at

the street leading up to the British Museum—a Mudie and a Moses on each hand—and it would almost seem as if the Museum had sent out rays of influence to create around it a series of smaller collections. In place of the humble fishmonger and the familiar hosier, we have owners of large windows filled with curious treasures of art—old-fashioned jewellery, knick-knacks of furniture, silver spoons and kettles, and stately portraits of the time of Charles II., in which the women have all beaded black eyes, yellow curls, and a false complexion, while the men are fat, pompous, and wigged. Westward still, and we approach the huge shops and warehouses of Oxford Street, where the last waves of fashionable life, seeking millinery, beat on the eastern barriers that shut out the rest of London. Regent Street is busy on this quiet afternoon; and Bell asks in a whisper whether the countryman of Blücher, now sitting behind us, does not betray in his eyes what he thinks of this vast show of wealth. Listening for a moment, we hear that Queen Titania, instead of talking to him about the shops, is trying to tell him what London was in the last century, and how Colonel Jack and his associates, before that enterprising youth started to walk from London to Edinburgh to avoid the law, used to waylay travellers in the fields between Gray's Inn and St. Pancras, and how, having robbed a coach between Hyde Park Gate and Knightsbridge, they "went over the fields to Chelsea." This display of erudition on the part of my Lady has evidently been prepared beforehand; for she even goes the length of quoting dates and furnishing a few statistics—a thing which no woman does inadvertently. However, when we get into Pall Mall, her ignorance of the names of the clubs reveals the superficial nature of her acquirements; for even Bell is able to recognize the Reform, assisted, doubtless, by the polished pillars of the Carlton. The women are, of course, eager to know which is the Prince of Wales's

Club; and then look with quite a peculiar interest on the brick wall of Marlborough House.

"Now," says our bonny Bell, as we get into the quiet of St. James's Park, where the trees of the long avenue and the shrubbery around the ponds look quite pleasant and fresh even under the misty London sunlight, "now you must let me have the reins. I am wearying to get away from the houses, and be really on the road to Scotland. Indeed, I shall not feel that we have actually set out until we leave Twickenham, and are fairly on the old coach-road at Hounslow."

I looked at Bell. She did not blush; but calmly waited to take the reins. I had then to point out to the young hypocrite that her wiles were of no avail. She was not anxious to be beyond Twickenham; she was chiefly anxious to get down thither. Notwithstanding that she knew we had chosen a capricious and roundabout road to reach this first stage on our journey, merely to show Von Rosen something of London and its suburban beauties, she was looking with impatience to the long circuit by Clapham Common, Wimbledon, and Richmond Park. Therefore she was not in a condition to be entrusted with the safety of so valuable a freight.

"I am not impatient," said Bell, with her colour a trifle heightened: "I do not care whether we ever get to Twickenham. I would as soon go to Henley to-night; and to-morrow to Oxford. But it is just like a man to make a great fuss, and go in prodigious circles to reach a trifling distance. You go circling and circling like the minute-hand of a clock; but the small hand, that takes it easy, and makes no clatter of ticking, finds at twelve o'clock that it has got quite as far as its big companion."

"This, Bell," I remarked, "is impertinence."

"Will you give me the reins?"

"No."

Bell turned half round, and leaned her arm on the lowered hood.

"My dear," she said to Queen Titania

—who had been telling the Count something about Buckingham Palace—“we have forgotten one thing. What are we to do when our companions are sulky during the day? In the evening, we can read, or sing, or walk about by ourselves. But during the day, Tita? When we are imprisoned, how are we to escape?”

“We shall put you in the imperial, if you are not a good girl,” said my Lady with a gracious sweetness; and then she turned to the Count.

It would have been cruel to laugh at Bell. For a minute or two after meeting with this rebuff, she turned rather away from us, and stared with a fine assumption of proud indifference down the Vauxhall Bridge Road. But presently a lurking smile began to appear about the corners of her mouth; and at last she cried out—

“Well, there is no use quarrelling with a married man, for he never pets you. He is familiar with the trick of it, I suppose, and looks on like an old juggler watching the efforts of an amateur. See! how lovely the river is up there by Chelsea—the long reach of rippling gray, the green of the trees, and the curious silvery light that almost hides the heights beyond. We shall see the Thames often, shall we not? and then the Severn, and then the Solway, and then the great Frith of the Forth? When I think of it, I feel like a bird—a lark fluttering up in happiness—and seeing farther and farther every minute. To see the Solway, you know, you have to be up almost in the blue; and then all around you there rises the wide plains of England, with fields, and woods, and streams. Fancy being able to see as far as a vulture, and to go swooping on for leagues and leagues—now up amid white peaks of snow—or down through some great valley—or across the sea in the sunset. And only fancy that some evening you might find the spectral ship beginning to appear in pale fire in the mist of the horizon—coming on towards you without a sound—do you know, that is the most terrible legend ever thought of?”

“What has a vulture to do with the Flying Dutchman?” said my Lady Tita suddenly; and Bell turned with a start to find her friend’s head close to her own. “You are becoming incoherent, Bell, and your eyes are as wild as if you were really looking at the phantom ship. Why are you not driving?”

“Because I am not allowed,” said Bell.

However, when we got into the Clapham Road, Bell had her wish. She took her place with the air of a practised whip; and did not even betray any nervousness when a sudden whistle behind us warned her that she was in the way of a tramway-car. Moreover she managed to subdue so successfully her impatience to get to Twickenham, that she was able to take us in the gentlest manner possible up and across Clapham Common, down through Wandsworth, and up again towards Wimbledon. When, at length, we got to the brow of the hill that overlooks the long and undulating stretches of furze, the admiration of our Prussian friend, which had been called forth by the various parks and open spaces in and around London, almost rose to the pitch of enthusiasm.

“Is it the sea down there?” he asked, looking towards the distant tent-poles, which certainly resembled a small forest of masts in the haze of the sunshine. “It is not the sea? I almost expect to reach the shore always in England. Yet why have you so beautiful places like this around London—so much more beautiful than the sandy country around our Berlin—and no one to come to it? You have more than three millions of people—here is a playground—why do they not come? And Clapham Common too, it is not used for people to walk in, as we should use it in Germany, and have a pleasant seat in a garden, and the women sewing until their husbands and friends come in the evening, and music to make it pleasant, afterwards. It is nothing—a waste—a landscape—very beautiful—but not used. You have children on donkeys, and boys playing their games—that is very good—but it is not enough. And here, this

beautiful park, all thrown away—no one here at all. Why does not your burgo-master see the—the requirement—of drawing away large numbers of people from so big a town for fresh air; and make here some amusements?"

"Consider the people who live all around," said my Lady, "and what they would have to suffer."

"Suffer?" said the young Prussian, with his blue eyes staring. "I do not understand you. For people to walk through gardens, and smoke, and drink a glass or two of beer, or sit under the trees and sew or read—surely that is not offensive to any person. And here the houses are miles away—you cannot see them down beyond the windmill there."

"Did you ever hear of such things as manorial rights, and freeholders, and copyholders, and the Statute of Merton?" he is asked.

"All that is nothing—a fiction," he retorted. "You have a Government in this country representing the people; why not take all these commons and use them for the people? And if the Government has not courage to do that, why do not your municipalities, which are rich, buy up the land, and provide amusements, and draw the people into the open air?"

My Lady Tita could scarce believe her ears in hearing a Prussian aristocrat talk thus coolly of confiscation, and exhibit no more reverence for the traditional rights of property than if he were a Parisian socialist. But then these boys of twenty-four will dance over the world's edge in pursuit of a theory.

Here, too, as Bell gently urged our horses forward towards the crest of the slope leading down to Baveley Bridge, Von Rosen got his first introduction to an English landscape. All around him lay the brown stretches of sand and the blue-green clumps of furze of the common; on either side of the wide and well-made road, the tall banks were laden with a tangled luxuriance of brushwood and bramble and wild-flowers; down in the hollow beneath us there were red-tiled farm-buildings half

hid in a green maze of elms and poplars; then the scattered and irregular fields and meadows, scored with hedges and dotted with houses, led up to a series of heights that were wooded with every variety of forest tree; while over all these undulations and plains there lay that faint presence of mist which only served to soften the glow of the afternoon sunshine, and show us the strong colours of the picture through a veil of tender, ethereal grey.

As we got down the hill and rolled along the valley, however, he was not much struck with the appearance of our first wayside public—"The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, by S. LUCAS." There was a good deal of squalor about the rude little building and its ramshackle out-houses; while the open window showed us a small and stuffy parlour filled with men who, having nothing to do but sit and drink, might just as well have been outside on this warm afternoon. Nevertheless, there was something picturesque about even the dirt of the place; while the ducks and hens about, a brown goat, and two or three splendid dray-horses being watered at the wooden trough, gave the place the look of a farm-yard. Bell drove on to "The ROBIN HOOD, by E. CLARK," a much cleaner-looking inn, where Queen Titania pointed out a sort of garden with bowers round it as our bestimitation of the German beer-garden; and here, having given the horses a little water, we turned back a few yards, and entered Richmond Park by the Robin Hood gate.

Richmond Park, in the stillness of a fine sunset, was worth bringing a foreigner to see. The ruddy light from the west was striking here and there among the glades under the oaks; across the bars of radiance and shadow the handsome little bucks and long-necked does were lightly passing and re-passing; while there were rabbits in thousands trotting in and about the brackens, with an occasional covey of young partridges alternately regarding us with upstretched necks and then running off a few yards further. But after we had bowled along the smooth

and level road, up and through the avenues of stately oaks, past the small lakes (one of them, beyond the shadow of a dark wood, gleamed like a line of gold) and up to the summit of Richmond Hill, Queen Titania had not a word to say further in pointing out the beauties of the place. She had been officiating as conductor, but it was with the air of a proprietress. Now, as we stopped the phaeton on the crest of the hill, she was silent.

Far away behind us lay the cold green of the eastern sky, and under it the smoke of London lay red and brown, while in the extreme distance we could see dim traces of houses, and down in the south a faint rosy mist. Some glittering yellow rays showed us where the Crystal Palace, high over the purple shadows of Sydenham, caught the sunlight; and up by Notting Hill, too, there were one or two less distinct glimmerings of glass. But when we turned to the west, no such range of vision was permitted to us. All over the bed of the river there lay across the western sky a confused glare of pale gold—not a distinct sunset, with sharp lines of orange and blood-red fire, but a bewildering haze that blinded the eyes and was rather ominous for the morrow. Along the horizon,

“where, enthroned in adamant state,  
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits,”

there was no trace of the grey towers to be made out, but a confused and level mass of silver streaks and lines of blue. Nearer at hand, the spacious and wooded landscape seemed almost dark under the glare of the sky; and the broad windings of the Thames lay white and clear between the soft green of the Twickenham shores and the leafy masses of “umbrageous Ham.”

“Doesn't it seem as though the strange light away up there in the north and out in the west lay over some unknown country,” said Bell, with her eyes filled with the glamour of the sunset, “and that to-morrow we were to begin our journey into a great prairie, and leave houses and people for ever

behind us? You can see no more villages, but only miles and miles of woods and plains, until you come to a sort of silver mist, and that might be the sea.”

“And Bell stands on the edge of this wild and golden desert, and a melancholy look comes into her eyes. For she is fond of houses and her fellow-creatures, and here, just close at hand—down there, in Twickenham, in fact—there is a comfortable dining-room and some pleasant friends, and one attentive person in particular, who is perhaps a little sorry to bid her good-bye. Yet she does not falter. To-morrow morning she will hold out her hand—a tender and wistful smile will only half convey her sadness——”

Here Bell made a cut at Pollux, both the horses sprang forward with a jerk that had nearly thrown the Lieutenant into the road (for he was standing up and holding on by the hood), and then, without another word, she rattled us down into Richmond. Getting sharply round the corner, she pretty nearly took a wheel off the omnibus that was standing in front of the King's Head, and just escaped knocking down a youth in white costume and boating shoes, who jumped back on the pavement with an admirable dexterity. Nor would she stop to give us a look at the Thames from the bridge—we only caught a glimpse of the broad bend of the water, the various boats and their white-clad crews, the pleasant river-paths, and the green and wooded heights all around. She swept us on along the road leading into Twickenham, past the abodes of the Orleanist Princes, and into the narrow streets of the village itself, until, with a proud and defiant air, she pulled the horses up in front of Dr. Ashburton's house.

There was a young man at the window. She pretended not to see him.

When the servants had partly got our luggage out, the young man made his appearance, and came forward, in rather a frightened way, as I thought, to pay his respects to my Lady Tita and Bell. Then he glanced at the Uhlan, who was carefully examining the horses'

fetlocks and hoofs. Finally, as the Doctor had no stables, Master Arthur informed us that he had made arrangements about putting up the horses; and while the rest of us went into the house, he volunteered to take the phaeton round to the inn. He and the Count went off together.

Then there was a wild commotion on the first landing, a confused tumble and rush down stairs, and presently Bell and Tita were catching up two boys and hugging them, and pulling out all sorts of mysterious presents.

"Heh! how fens tee, Jeck? gaily?" cried Auntie Bell, whose broad Cumbrelandshire vastly delighted the youngsters. "Why, Twom, thou's growin' a big lad—thou mud as weel be a sodger as at schuil. Can tee dance a whornpipe yet?—what, nowther o' ye? Dost think I's gaun to gie a siller watch to twa feckless fallows that canna dance a whornpipe?"

But here Bell's mouth was stopped by a multitude of kisses, and, having had to confess that the two silver watches were really in her pocket, she was drawn into the parlour by the two boys, and made to stand and deliver.

### CHAPTER III.

"PRINZ EUGEN, DER EDLE RITTER."

"What can Tommy Onslow do?  
He can drive a phaeton and two.  
Can Tommy Onslow do no more?"

MEANWHILE, what had become of the Lieutenant, and Arthur, and Castor and Pollux, to say nothing of the phaeton, which had now been transferred from its accustomed home in Surrey to spend a night under a shed in Twickenham? The crooked by-ways and narrow streets of that curious little village were getting rapidly darker under the falling dusk, and here and there orange lamps were beginning to shine in the blue-gray of the twilight, when I set out to discover the stable to which our horses had been confided. I had got but half-way to the public-house, when I met Arthur. The ordinarily mild and gentle face of this

young man—which would be quite feminine in character, but for a soft, pale-yellow moustache—looked rather gloomy.

"Where is the Count?" I asked of him.

"Do you mean that German fellow?" he said.

The poor young man! It was easy to detect the cause of that half-angry contempt with which he spoke of our lieutenant. It was jealousy, with its green eyes and dark imaginings; and the evening, I could see, promised us a pretty spectacle of the farce of Bell and the Dragon. At present I merely requested Master Arthur to answer my question.

"Well," said he, with a fine expression of irony—the unhappy wretch! as if it were not quite obvious that he was more inclined to cry—"if you want to keep him out of the police-office, you'd better go down to the stables of the ———. He has raised a pretty quarrel there, I can tell you—kicked the ostler half across the yard—knocked heaps of things to smithereens—and is ordering everybody about, and fuming and swearing in a dozen different inarticulate languages. I wish you joy of your companion. You will have plenty of adventures by the way; but what will you do with all the clocks you gather?"

"Go home, you stupid boy, and thank God you have not the gift of sarcasm. Bell is waiting for you. You will talk very sensibly to her, I dare say; but don't make any jokes—not for some years to come."

Arthur went his way into the twilight, as wretched a young man as there was that evening in Twickenham.

Now in front of the public-house, and adjoining the entrance into the yard, a small and excited crowd had collected of all the idlers and loungers who hang about the doors of a tavern. In the middle of them—as you could see when the yellow light from the window streamed through a chink in the cluster of human figures—there was a small, square-set, bandy-legged man, with a red waistcoat, a cropped head, and a peaked cap, with the peak turned side-

ways. He was addressing his companions alternately, in an odd mixture of Buckinghamshire *patois* and Middlesex pronunciation, somewhat in this fashion :—

"I baint afeard of 'm, or any other darned foreigner, the ———. An' I've looked arter awsses afore he wur born, and I'd like to see the mahn as 'll tell me what I don't know about 'em. I've kept my plaâce for fifteen yur, and I'll bet the coôt on my bahck as my missus 'll say there niver wur a better in the plaâce; an' as fur thaht — furrener in there, the law 'll teach him summut, or I'm werry much mistaken. Eh, Arry? Baint I right?"

This impassioned appeal from the excited small man was followed by a general chorus of assent.

I made my way down the yard, between the shafts of dog-carts and the poles of disabled omnibuses that loomed from out the darkness of a long and low shed. Down at the foot of this narrow and dusky channel, a stable door was open, and the faint yellow light occasionally caught the figure of a man who was busy grooming a horse outside. As I picked my way over the rough stones, I could hear that he was occasionally interrupting the hissing noise peculiar to the work with a snatch of a song, carelessly sung in a deep and sufficiently powerful voice. What was it he sang?

"*Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter*—— hisssssss——*wollt' dem Kaiser wiedrum kriegen*——wo! my beauty——so ho!——*Stadt und Festung Belgrad!*——hold up, my lad! wo ho!"

"Hillo, Oswald, what are you about?"

"Oh, only looking after the horses," said our young Uhlan, slowly raising himself up.

He was in a remarkable state of undress—his coat, waistcoat, and collar having been thrown on the straw inside the stable—and he held in his hand a brush.

"The fellows at this inn they are very ignorant of horses, or very careless."

"I hear you have been kicking 'em all about the place."

"Why not? You go in to have a glass of beer and see the people. You come back to the stables. The man says he has fed the horses—it is a lie. He says he has groomed them—it is a lie. *Jott im Himmel!* can I not see? Then I drive him away—I take out corn for myself, also some beans—he comes back—he is insolent—I fling him into the yard—he falls over the pail—he lies and groans—that is very good for him, it will teach him to mind his business, not to tell lies, and to steal the price of the corn."

I pointed out to this cool young person that if he went kicking insolent ostlers all over the country, he would get us into trouble.

"Is it not a shame they do not know their work? and that they will ruin good horses to steal a sixpence from you?"

"Besides," I said, "it is not prudent to quarrel with an ostler, for you must leave your horses under his care; and if he should be ill-natured, he may do them a mischief during the night."

The Count laughed, as he untied the halter and led Pollux into a loose box.

"Do not be alarmed. I never allow any man to lock up my horses if I am among strangers. I do that myself. I will lock up this place and take the key, and to-morrow at six I will come round and see them fed. No! you must not object. It is a great pleasure of mine to look after horses, and I shall become friends with these two in a very few days. You must let me manage them always."

"And groom them twice a day?"

"*Nee, Jott bewahre!* When there is a man who can do it, I will not; but when there is no one, it is a very good thing to help yourself."

Lieutenant Oswald von Rosen had clearly learned how to conjugate the verb *requiriren* during his sojourn in Bohemia and in France. He made another raid on the corn and split beans, got up into the loft and crammed down plenty of hay, and then bringing a heap of clean straw into the place,

tossed it plentifully about the loose box devoted to Pollux, and about Castor's stall. Then he put on his upper vestments, brought away the candle, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, humming all the time something about "*die dreimal hunderttausend Mann.*"

When we had got to the gate of the yard, he stalked up to the small crowd of idlers, and said—

"Which of you is the man who did tumble over the pail? It is you, you little fellow? Well, you deserve much more than you got; but here is a half-crown for you to buy sticking-plaster with."

The small ostler held back, but his companions, who perceived that the half-crown meant beer, urged him to go forward and take it; which he did, saying—

"Well, I doan't bear no malice."

"And next time you have gentlemen's horses put into your stables, don't try to steal the price of their corn," said the Lieutenant; and with that he turned and walked away.

"Who is the gentleman who came with me?" asked my young friend, as we went back to the house; "he is a nice young man, but he does not know the difference between hay and straw, and I begged him not to remain. And he would not drink the beer of this public-house; but that is the way of all you Englishmen—you are so particular about things, and always thinking of your health, and always thinking of living, instead of living and thinking nothing about it. Ah, you do not know how fine a thing it is to live until you have been in a campaign, my dear friend; and then you know how fine it is that you can eat with great hunger, and how fine it is when you get a tumbler of wine, and how fine it is to sleep. You are very glad, then, to be able to walk firm on your legs, and find yourself alive and strong. But always, I think, your countrymen do not enjoy being alive so much as mine; they are always impatient for something, trying to do something, hoping for something, in-

stead of being satisfied of finding every day a good new day, and plenty of satisfaction in it, with talking to people, and seeing things, and a cigar now and again. Just now, when I wake, I laugh to myself, and say, 'How very good it is to sleep in a bed, and shut yourself out from noise, and get up when you please!' Then you have a good breakfast, and all the day begins afresh, and you have no fear of being crippled and sent off to the hospital. Oh! it is very good to have this freedom—this carelessness—this seeing of new things and new people every day. And that is a very pretty young lady become, your Miss Bell: I do remember her only a shy little girl, who spoke German with your strange English way of pronouncing the vowels, and was very much bashful over it. Oh yes, she is very good-looking, indeed; her hair looks as if there were streaks of sunshine in the brown, and her eyes are very thoughtful, and she has a beautiful outline of the chin that makes her neck and throat very pretty. And, you know, I rather like the nose not hooked, like most of your English young ladies; when it is a little the other way, and fine, and delicate, it makes the face piquant and tender, not haughty and cold, *nicht wahr?* But yet she is very English-looking; I would take her as a—as a—type, do you call it?—of the pretty young Englishwoman, well-formed, open-eyed, with good healthy colour in her face, and very frank and gentle, and independent, all at the same time. Oh, she is a very good girl—a very good girl, I can see that."

"Yes," I said, "I think she will marry that young fellow whom you saw to-night."

"And that will be very good for him," he replied, easily; "for she will look after him and give him some common sense. He is not practical; he has not seen much; he is moody, and nervous, and thinks greatly about trifles. But I think he will be very amiable to her, and that is much. You know, all the best women marry stupid men."

There was, however, no need for our going into that dangerous subject; for

at this moment we arrived at Dr. Ashburton's house. Von Rosen rushed upstairs to his room, to remove the traces of his recent employment; and then, as we both entered the drawing-room, we found Bell standing right under the central gaselier, which was pouring its rays down on her wealth of golden-brown hair. Indeed, she then deserved all that Von Rosen had said about her being a type of our handsomest young Englishwomen—rather tall, well-formed, showing a clear complexion, and healthy rosiness in her cheeks, while there was something at once defiant and gentle in her look. Comely enough she was to attract the notice of any stranger; but it was only those who had spent years with her, and had observed all her winning ways, her unselfishness, and the rare honour and honesty that lay behind all her pretty affectations of petulance, and the wild nonsense of her tongue, who could really tell what sort of young person our Bonny Bell was. She was sufficiently handsome to draw eyes towards her:

“But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,  
The inward beauty of her lovely spirit,  
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,  
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight.

\*       \*       \*       \*

There dwell sweet Love and constant  
Chastity,  
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,  
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty.”

And it must be said that during this evening Bell's conduct was beyond all praise. Arthur Ashburton was rather cold and distant towards her, and was obviously in a rather bad temper. He even hovered on the verge of rudeness towards both herself and the Lieutenant. Now, nothing delighted Bell more than to vary the even and pleasant tenor of her life with a series of pretty quarrels which had very little element of seriousness in them; but on this evening, when she was provoked into quarrelling in earnest, nothing could exceed the good sense, and gentleness, and forbearance she showed. At dinner she sat between the young

barrister and his father, a quiet, little, gray-haired man in spectacles, with small black eyes that twinkled strangely when he made his nervous little jokes, and looked over to his wife—the very matter-of-fact and roseate woman who sat at the opposite end of the table. The old Doctor was a much more pleasant companion than his son; but Bell, with wonderful moderation, did her best to re-establish good relations between the moody young barrister and herself. Of course, no woman will prolong such overtures indefinitely; and at last the young gentleman managed to establish a more serious breach than he had dreamed of. For the common talk had drifted back to the then recent war, and our lieutenant was telling us a story about three Uhlansen, who had, out of mere bravado, ridden down the main street of a French village, and out at the other end, without having been touched by the shots fired at them, when young Ashburton added, with a laugh—

“I suppose they were so padded with the watches and jewellery they had gathered on their way, that the bullets glanced off.”

Count von Rosen looked across the table at the young man, with a sort of wonder in his light-blue eyes; and then, with admirable self-control, he turned to my Lady Tita, and calmly continued the story.

But as for Bell, a blush of shame and exceeding mortification overspread her features. No madness of jealousy could excuse this open insult to a stranger and a guest. From that moment, Bell addressed herself exclusively to the old Doctor, and took no more notice of his son than if he had been in the moon. She was deeply hurt, but she managed to conceal her disappointment; and indeed, when the boys came in after dinner, she had so far picked up her spirits as to be able to talk to them in that wild way which they regarded with mingled awe and delight. For they could not understand how Auntie Bell was allowed to use strange words, and even talk Cumberlandshire to the Doctor's own face.

Of course she plied the boys with all sorts of fruit and sweetmeats, until Tita, coming suddenly back from the campaign in France to the table before her, peremptorily ordered her to cease. And then Bell gathered round her the decanters.

"I say, Jack," she observed, in a whisper, though looking covertly at Queen Tita all the time, "what's good for a fellow that's got a cold?"

"I beg your pardon," said Master Jack, properly.

"What's good for a cold, you stupid, small boy?"

"But you haven't got a cold, Auntie Bell."

"Oh, haven't I! You don't know there are all sorts of colds. There's the little fairy that sits and tickles you with a feather, just now and again, you know; and there's the sweep that drives a tremendous whalebone brush up and down, and makes you blue in the face with fighting him. Mind, when the sweep does get hold of you, it's a terrible bother to shunt him out."

"Bell," said my Lady, with a sharpness that made the boys look frightened, "you must not teach the children such phrases."

"I think it's very hard that a grown-up person can't speak three words without being scolded," remarked Bell, confidentially, to Master Tom; and that young ruffian, looking covertly at his mother, grinned as widely as a mouthful of apple would let him.

So the boys had their half-glass of wine, and Bell swept them away with her into the drawing-room, when the women left.

"A very bright young lady—hm!—a very bright and pleasant young lady indeed," said the Doctor, stretching out his short legs with an air of freedom, and beginning to examine the decanters. "I don't wonder the young fellows rave about her; eh, Arthur, eh?"

Master Arthur rose and left the room.

"Touched, eh?" said the father, with his eyes twinkling vehemently, and his small gray features twisted into a smile.

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"Hit hard, eh? Gad, I don't wonder at it; if I were a young fellow myself—eh, eh? Claret? Yes. But the young fellows now don't sing about their laughing Lalage, or drink to Glycera, or make jokes with Lydia; it is all dreaming, and reading, and sighing, eh, eh? That boy of mine has gone mad—heeds nothing—is ill-tempered——"

"Decidedly, Doctor."

"Eh? Ill-tempered? Why, his mother daren't talk to him, and we're glad to have him go up to his chambers again. Our young friend here is of another sort; there is no care about a woman tempering the healthy brown of the sun and the weather, eh?—is there, eh?"

"Why, my dear Doctor," cried the Lieutenant, with a prodigious laugh, "don't you think Lydia's lover—*Lydia, dic*, you know—he was very glad to be away from rough sports? He had other enjoyments. I am brown, not because of my wish, but that I have been made to work, that is all."

The Doctor was overjoyed, and, perhaps, a trifle surprised, to find that this tall Uhlan, who had just been grooming two horses, understood his references to Horace; and he immediately cried out—

"No, no; you must not lose your health, and your colour, and your temper. Would you have your friends say of you, who have just been through a campaign in France—

*'Cur neque militaris  
Inter aequales militat, Gallica nec lupatis  
Temperat ora frenis'?*

Eh, eh?"

"*Temperat ora frenis*—it is a good motto for our driving excursion," said the Count; "but was it your Miss Bell who called your two fine horses by such stupid names as Castor and Pollux?"

"Nevertheless," said the Doctor, eagerly, "Castor was said to have great skill in the management of horses,—eh, eh?"

"Certainly," said the Count. "And"

both together they foretell good weather, which is a fine thing in driving."

"And they were the gods of boundaries," cried the Doctor.

"And they got people out of trouble when everything seemed all over," returned the Count, "which may also happen to our phaeton."

"And—and—and"—here the Doctor's small face fairly gleamed with a joke, and he broke into a thin, high chuckle—"they ran away with two ladies—eh, eh, eh?—Did they not, did they not?"

Presently we went into the drawing-room, and there the women were found in a wild maze of maps, eagerly discussing the various routes to the North, and the comparative attractions of different towns. The contents of Mr. Stanford's shop seemed to have been scattered about the room, and Bell had armed herself with an opisometer, which gave her quite an air of importance.

The Lieutenant was out of this matter, so he flung himself down into an easy chair, and presently had both of the boys on his knees, telling them stories and propounding arithmetical conundrums alternately. When Queen Titania came to release him, the young rebels refused to go; and one of them declared that the Count had promised to sing the "Wacht am Rhein."

"Oh, please, don't," said Bell, suddenly turning round, with a map of Cumberland half hiding her. "You don't know that all the organs here have it. But if you would be so good as to sing us a German song, I will play the accompaniment for you, if I know it, and I know a great many."

Of course, the women did not imagine that a man who had been accustomed to a soldier's life, and who betrayed a faculty for grooming horses, was likely to know much more of music than a handy chorus, but the Count, lightly saying he would not trouble her, went over to the piano, and sat down unnoticed amid the general hum of conversation.

But the next moment there was sufficient silence. For with a crash like

thunder—"Hei! das klang wie Ungewitter!"—the young Lieutenant struck the first chords of "Prinz Eugen," and with a sort of upward toss of the head, as if he were making room for himself, he began to sing Freiligrath's picturesque soldier-song to the wild and warlike and yet stately music which Dr. Löwe has written for it. What a rare voice he had, too!—deep, strong, and resonant—that seemed to throw itself into the daring spirit of the music with an absolute disregard of delicate graces or sentimental effect; a powerful, masculine, soldier-like voice, that had little flute-like softness, but the strength and thrill that told of a deep chest, and that interpenetrated or rose above the loudest chords that his ten fingers struck. Queen Tita's face was overspread with surprise; Bell unconsciously laid down the map, and stood as one amazed. The ballad, you know, tells how, one calm night on the banks of the Danube, just after the great storming of Belgrade, a young trumpeter in the camp determines to leave aside cards for a while, and make a right good song for the army to sing; how he sets to work to tell the story of the battle in ringing verse, and at last, when he has got the rhymes correct, he makes the notes too, and his song is complete. "Ho, ye white troops and ye red troops, come round and listen!" he cries; and then he sings the record of the great deeds of Prince Eugene; and lo! as he repeats the air for the third time, there breaks forth, with a hoarse roar as of thunder, the chorus "Prinz Eugen der edle Ritter!" until the sound of it is carried even into the Turkish camp. And then the young trumpeter, not dissatisfied with his performance, proudly twirls his moustache; and finally sneaks away to tell of his triumph to the pretty Marketenderin. When our young Uhlán rose from the piano, he laughed in an apologetic fashion; but there was still in his face some of that glow and fire which had made him forget himself during the singing of the ballad, and which had lent to his voice that penetrating resonance that still seemed to lin-

ger about the room. Bell said "Thank you" in rather a timid fashion; but Queen Tita did not speak at all, and seemed to have forgotten us.

We had more music that evening, and Bell produced her guitar, which was expected to solace us much on our journey. It was found that the Lieutenant could play that too; and he executed at least a very pretty accompaniment when Bell sang "*Der Tyroler und sein Kind*." But you should have seen the face of Master Arthur, when Bell volunteered to sing a German song. I believe she

did it to show that she was not altogether frightened by the gloomy and mysterious silence which he preserved, as he sat in a corner and stared at everybody.

So ended our first day: and to-morrow—why, to-morrow we pass away from big cities and their suburbs, from multitudes of friends, late hours, and the whirl of amusements and follies, into the still seclusion of English country life, with its simple habits, and fresh pictures, and the quaint humours of its inns.

[*Note by Queen Titania, written at Twickenham.*—"The foregoing pages give a more or less accurate account of our setting-out, but they are *all wrong* about Bell. Men are far worse than women in imagining love-affairs, and supposing that girls think about nothing else. Bell wishes *to be let alone*. If gentlemen care to make themselves uncomfortable about her, she cannot help it; but it is rather *unfair* to drag her into any such complications. I am *positive* that, though she has doubtless a little pity for that young man who vexes himself and his friends because he is not good enough for her, she would not be sorry to see him, and Count von Rosen—and *some one else besides*—all start off on a cruise to Australia. She is quite content to be as she is. Marriage will come in good time; and when it comes, she will get plenty of it, *sure enough*. In the meantime, I hope she will not be suspected of encouraging those idle flirtations and pretences of worship with which gentlemen think they ought to approach every girl whose *good fortune it is* not to be married.

T.]

To be continued.

## NATIONAL DEBTS AND NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

BY MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

It is remarkable to observe with how little uneasiness the fact is regarded that with two exceptions every leading nation in Europe is habitually spending more than its income. If a similar fact were known with regard to individuals, no one would doubt that their bankruptcy must ultimately ensue; but few people seem to anticipate so disagreeable a fate for France, Russia, Austria, and Italy. A few months ago the financial position of France was indeed regarded as rather serious; but the manner in which the war indemnity loan of eighty millions was taken up seems to have dispelled all these gloomy forebodings. A slight investigation into the financial affairs of France will illustrate how far this confidence is justified, and will perhaps show that so far from being a token of the healthiness and elasticity of French finance, the eagerness with which the loan was subscribed may be a sign of the most serious national difficulties. It must be remembered that the debt of France, including the war indemnity, now amounts to 1,100,000,000*l.* When Napoleon III. ascended the throne of France the debt was only 245,250,000*l.*; but since the accession of that sovereign, whose services to the material prosperity of France are always quoted as if they were quite undeniable, the debt of France, by continued deficits, or by wars, and lastly by the German indemnity, was raised to its present enormous total of eleven hundred millions of pounds sterling. Thus in a reign of eighteen years the average annual increase of the debt of France was more than 47,000,000*l.* Exclusive of the war indemnity, the average annual increase of the debt under the Second Empire was 18,500,000*l.*, a larger average per year than England borrowed during the Crimean war. From tables

published in the "Statesman's Year Book" showing the actual receipts and expenditure, from the establishment of the Empire to the year 1863, it may be seen that while the ordinary revenue increased from 59,000,000*l.* to 90,000,000*l.*, the expenditure in the same time increased from 60,000,000*l.* to 91,000,000*l.* In the twelve years there was only one, 1855 (when the revenue was raised high above the average by special means), without a large deficit. In estimating the true position of French finance at the present time, it must be borne in mind that not only has the nation to bear in payment of interest of the debt an annual burden of 40,000,000*l.*, but also that it will take some time for the national income to regain its former amount, and that the war has caused a very great stagnation in trade and manufactures. Will this stagnation be temporary or permanent? It is generally assumed as a matter of course that it will be only temporary, but the hugeness of the debt and the eagerness with which the loan was taken up would seem to indicate that the interest which it was necessary to offer in order to obtain the money was so high as to attract capital which might otherwise have been devoted to production. It must be remembered that at the end of the war and of the revolution in Paris a great amount of capital must have been lying idle. During the two sieges of Paris little or no production could have been carried on within the city; very little capital was being distributed as wages, and the ordinary industry of the city must have been quite at a standstill. For six months or more capitalists engaged in production in Paris had not been receiving any returns; and while their capital was thus lying idle, while Paris was still in a state of siege, and while the prospects of future tran-

quillity were, to say the least, extremely doubtful, this loan guaranteeing an interest of six per cent was offered. What more natural than that the Parisian capitalists having been so long without receiving any return on their capital, and not being able to see any immediate prospect of employing it in productive industry, should have eagerly taken up a loan which secured to them, without any risk and without any labour of superintendence, an interest of six per cent. If this is a correct explanation of the manner in which any considerable portion of the loan was taken up, it affords no evidence of returning financial prosperity; on the contrary, by absorbing capital which would otherwise have been in a short time re-engaged in production, it indicates the perpetuation of the most serious national impoverishment. The following passage taken from Mr. Mill's chapter on National Debts points out the exact danger of the present financial position of France. Assuming that there are circumstances when a loan is a convenient and even a necessary expedient, he continues:—"What we have to discuss is the propriety of contracting a national debt of a permanent character, defraying the expenses of a war, or of any season of difficulty, by loans, to be redeemed either very gradually, and at a very distant period, or not at all. This question has already been touched upon in the First Book. We remarked that if the capital taken in loans is abstracted from funds either engaged in production, or destined to be employed in it, their diversion from that purpose is equivalent to taking the amount from the wages of the labouring classes. Borrowing, in this case, is not a substitute for raising supplies within the year. A Government which borrows does actually take the amount within the year, and that too by a tax exclusively on the labouring classes: than which it could have done nothing worse, if it had supplied its wants by avowed taxation; and in that case the transaction and its evils would have ended with the emergency; while

by the circuitous mode adopted, the value exacted from the labourers is gained, not by the State, but by the employers of labour, the State remaining charged with the debt besides, and with its interest in perpetuity. The system of public loans in such circumstances may be pronounced the very worst which in the present state of civilization is still included in the list of financial expedients." The only excuse, he adds, which such a system admits of is hard necessity; the impossibility of raising an enormous annual sum by taxation, without resorting to taxes which from their odiousness, or from the facility of evasion, it would have been found impracticable to enforce. It is probable that this excuse of sheer necessity may with justice be urged in defence of those who are now at the head of the government in France; and it must also be remembered that only that part of the loan which was raised in France is open to the objection that it will tend to perpetuate the stagnation of industry in that country by absorbing the funds destined to be again productively employed. That part of the loan which was raised in London, for instance, will not have any depressing influence on the revival of French commerce; nor will it produce any ill effect on England's prosperity unless it can be shown, which is highly improbable, that money was in this country withdrawn from production in order to be invested in the loan. But notwithstanding all the extenuating circumstances that may be urged in defence of the loan, the fact remains that in so far as the money raised in France decreased the sum destined to be engaged in production, a corresponding influence is exerted to prevent the revival of industry in that country.

As France at the present moment leads the van of indebtedness, so during the reign of the ex-Emperor did she set the example of reckless expenditure in war and warlike equipments, which has proved so mischievous to the finances of nearly all the leading European nations. The continued series of deficits in a wealthy country like France, may be ac-

counted for by her extravagant military expenditure; the example of France was followed by the neighbouring nations, so that in a few years all the leading continental countries were provided with bloated armaments, to support which they all, with the exception of Germany,

had to incur annual additions to their burden of debt. The following table shows the amount of the debt of the principal European countries, their average annual increase of debt, the numerical strength of their armies, and their military expenditure in 1865:—

	Average Annual Increase.	Amount of Debt in 1870.	Numerical Strength of Army in 1865, on Peace Establishment.	Cost of Army in 1865.
		£		£
England . . .	Debt of England is decreasing . .	800,700,000	148,242	15,060,237
France . . .	From 1853 to 1870 £18,500,000. <sup>1</sup>	550,000,000 <sup>1</sup>	404,192	17,384,961
Germany . . .	Paying off fast. . . . .	170,900,000	419,836	14,494,222
Russia . . .	From 1854 to 1869 £11,500,000 .	300,000,000	1,000,000	21,656,052
Austria . . .	Since 1849 £9,000,000 . . . . .	310,000,000	269,100	10,336,762
Italy . . .	From 1861 to 1869 £22,000,000 .	285,000,000	196,100	11,556,500
Spain . . .	From 1861 to 1870 £9,000,000 .	237,000,000	84,290	3,310,174
Turkey . . .	From 1850 to 1870 £5,000,000 .	104,000,000	148,680	6,000,000

<sup>1</sup> Exclusive of the war indemnity.

Mr. Dudley Baxter, in his work on *National Debts*, shows that within the last twenty-one and a half years, the total indebtedness of the world has increased by 2,218,000,000*l.*, or at the rate of 103,000,000*l.* per year. Within the last twenty-two years, France has increased her debt by 370,000,000*l.*; Austria, by 185,000,000*l.*; Russia, by 200,000,000*l.*; Italy, by 250,000,000*l.*; Spain, by 114,000,000*l.*; the new German Empire, by 120,000,000*l.*; and Turkey, by 100,000,000*l.* "These amounts only include 65,000,000*l.* borrowed for the Franco-Prussian war; and omit more than 100,000,000*l.* borrowed by other nations during 1870, but not yet appearing in their official accounts."<sup>1</sup> They also omit the amount to be paid by France as the war indemnity. It has been calculated by Mr. Baxter that only 12 per cent, or one-eighth of the total of the national debts of the world, has been raised for productive purposes, and that the remainder, 88 per cent, has been spent in war, warlike preparations, and other unproductive purposes.

Excluding for the present any consideration of the indebtedness of Eng-

<sup>1</sup> "National Debts," by Dudley Baxter, M.A.

land and Germany, the foregoing table, and the figures which succeed it, show that all the countries referred to are, in time of peace as well as in time of war, steadily spending more than their income; that this extravagance is in a great measure due to the example set by France in her military expenditure, and that in fact these nations are ruining themselves in order to be ready at any moment to fly at each other's throats. We often hear the present century spoken of as one of great enlightenment and civilization. If the extensive armaments of continental countries are necessary, in order to secure them from the rapacious designs of their neighbours, no boast should be made of the progress of civilization; if on the contrary these armaments are unnecessary, and the military expenditure is just so much money thrown away, then surely no boast should be made of enlightenment.

In a former page the condition of these heavily indebted nations was referred to as if they were already on the high road to bankruptcy. We did not mean by this expression to imply that France, Prussia, and Austria, &c. would go through an international bankruptcy court, and pay so many

shillings in the pound. Nations, unlike individuals, are never called upon to pay up the whole capital of their debts; and as long as they can go on paying interest to their creditors, they are nominally solvent. But in the industrial competition among nations those countries will, *ceteris paribus*, be most successful who are least heavily weighted by taxation. It is therefore probable that those nations who are so recklessly heaping up the burden of their debts may, in so doing, be sowing the seeds of their own industrial ruin. The rate at which they raise money will have to be increased if they go on borrowing in this extravagant manner, and the taxation necessary to pay the interest will be a heavy burden on industry, and will tend to diminish the profits of capital, and the wages of labour. At the same time, the rate of interest having risen in consequence of the loan-operations of the Government, it will become relatively more advantageous to the capitalist to invest in the loan than to employ his capital in carrying on production, and hence a double tendency will be working to diminish commercial prosperity. There is also a special danger connected with the policy of taxation on native industries, the nature of which may be illustrated by the following example. At the present time, in France, a manufacturer may be employing his capital in a glove manufactory. Previous to the war, he could obtain in this industry a return on his capital of 10 per cent, whereas in Government securities he would only have realized 4 per cent. After the war, the Government rate of interest is raised to 6 per cent, and a tax is placed on gloves in order to raise the extra revenue required to pay the interest on the new loans, and to defray the other expenses of the war. Hence the profits of productive industry are diminished to, say, 7 per cent. In this case the only reward which the capitalist will receive for his risk and for his labour of superintendence will be 1 per cent; for he could obtain 6 per cent by buying Government stock

without incurring any risk, and without having to undertake any labour. This reward he would probably regard as insufficient, and he would either withdraw his capital from industry, and invest it in Government stock, or he would remove himself and his capital to another country, such as Belgium, where the manufacture of gloves was not subjected to onerous taxation. If he did either of these things, the productive industry of France would suffer by the withdrawal of the whole amount of the glove-merchant's capital. The obvious reply to such an argument is, that a tax on gloves would not diminish the profits of capital, but would merely increase the price of gloves; so that the incidence of the tax would be on the consumer, not on the capitalist. Quite true; but if a tax is placed on French gloves, and their price is in consequence raised, it will be necessary simultaneously to place an import duty on all foreign gloves as well, or the consumer would avoid the tax by using Belgian or Spanish gloves rather than those made in France. Thus taxes on home products necessarily imply the imposition of duties on imports. It is almost unnecessary to point out that there is but one step between this policy and one of protection. As soon as the excise and import duties are imposed, and the natural consequence ensues, that owing to an increase in the price of commodities the demand for them diminishes, it will be thought that the slackness of the home trade is caused by foreign competition; and what then will be so easy as a return to the protective system by increasing the import duties while the taxes on home products remain unchanged? It can hardly be doubted that this course will be adopted by France, if she is merely waiting for the expiration of the commercial treaties in order to impose import duties on foreign goods; and this just at a time when it is beginning to be universally recognized that there is nothing so paralysing to the industry of a country as Protection; when even

in America the question "Does Protection protect?" is receiving on all sides a negative answer.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the French Budget in July last, says :—

"It deeply interests Europe to know whether France is going to resume the system of protection which she abandoned in 1860, but it is still more interesting to learn how she is to pay her debts. The Chamber will not have duties on raw material; M. Thiers will not have income-tax. Two important elements of revenue are thus rejected, but the necessary money must be raised somewhere, and the Chamber has to select the source. The solution which is most talked about is an Excise-tax on clothes and furniture, or more correctly on the stuffs employed in the manufacture of those two classes of objects. . . .

"But France cannot impose duties on her home products until she can simultaneously lay equal taxes on similar articles imported from other countries; if she did, her own manufactures would be swept away from their own market. But as she cannot tax foreign goods until the Commercial Treaties now in force have been modified, the consequence is that, however skilfully the new plan may be devised, it will be impossible to apply it, or to raise a shilling by it, until new Treaties have been made. Meanwhile, the revenue will fall short in proportion to the taxes not realized, and the deficit will grow in the same degree."

It has been already pointed out how highly improbable it is that France, if she has recourse to import duties, will refrain from re-entering upon a protective policy. In fact, it is openly avowed that the discussions on the Budget really turn on the old controversy between Free Trade and Protection; and it may be assumed that from the day in which the new taxes on home products are adopted, France will return to the policy of Protection, which she was for a short time induced partially to abandon.

In another column of the number of the *Times* just quoted, the American correspondent gives an abstract of a paper lately published by the Hon. David A. Wells, formerly United States Commissioner of Revenue, in which he demonstrates the disastrous effect of protection in America, and showing that it injures not only the consumers of the protected commodities, but also the

manufacturers and labourers engaged in the protected industries.

If therefore, as appears likely, the same scale of expenditure is continued in France, it is more than probable that she will return to Protection. This has been the policy pursued in America, and even the boundless resources of the United States have not been sufficient to prevent or counteract its damaging effects upon industry, and upon the general well-being of the community. How much more disastrous, then, will this policy be in an old country like France, with few undeveloped resources, with no boundless extent of cultivable land, and with a people much less energetic and enterprising than the inhabitants of the United States?

The material prospects of France, in whatever light they are regarded, are of the most gloomy nature. She has saddled herself with an enormous burden of debt, which has probably withdrawn capital from productive employment, and to pay the interest on which vexatious and injurious taxation is necessitated. The one chance of recovering her position would be by a penurious economy, and by a reduction of the military expenditure to its very smallest dimensions. These are remedies which France will be the last country in the world to adopt. Even now, the most popular man in France would probably be he who would involve her in another war, where she would have a chance—however remote—of regaining her military prestige. Under existing circumstances, the debt of France must continue to increase, and the burden on her industry become each year heavier. What will be the effect of this on her position as an industrial country? It has been well pointed out that, in time of peace, the industrial competition of nations gives a great advantage in the markets of the world to the country least weighted by debt. If this is true, what will in the future be the industrial position of France and those other European nations which are each year adding millions to the burden of their debt? The debt of Italy for the last

nine years has been increasing at the annual rate of £22,000,000; Austria is a country of uninterrupted deficits; Russia is the same; and the financial condition of Spain and Turkey is so notorious as to need no comment. In the industrial competition of nations the indebtedness of these countries may in future be just sufficient to turn the scale against them; and England, Germany, and America would then be left as the three great industrial nations of the world.

It may perhaps be thought that if a heavy debt is sufficient to prevent industrial success, England would have succumbed long ago under the burden of what, until last year, was the largest debt of any nation in the world. But it must be remembered that though the capital of our debt overtopped that of any other country, yet during the last fifty-five years, the proportion per head of the population of debt-charge to income has been rapidly and steadily diminishing; while in other countries, notwithstanding the fact that their estimated incomes per head have in some instances increased more rapidly than the estimated income per head in England, the proportion per head of debt-charge to income has been scarcely at all reduced, and in some countries has been even augmented. The following tables, taken from Mr. Baxter's work on National Debts, illustrate the different relative position of England to other continental countries in 1815-20, and in 1870:—

NATION.	Estimated income per head.	Annual debt-charge per head.	Percentage of debt-charge to income.	
	£ s.	s. d.		
United Kingdom .	19 0	34 8	9.	1815-20
France . . . . .	6 10	4 7	3.5	
Austria . . . . .	6 10	2 4	1.8	
Prussia and German States .	6 10	1 8	1.3	
United Kingdom .	28 0	15 9	2.3	1868-70
France . . . . .	21 0	9 9	2.3	
Austria . . . . .	16 15	7 3	2.2	
German Empire .	19 0	3 9	1.0	

From these tables it appears that while the estimated income per head in England has increased from £19 to £28, the annual charge per head has been reduced by considerably more than one-half, and the percentage of charge to income by more than two-thirds. On the other hand, the estimated income per head in France has more than trebled; the debt-charge per head has more than doubled; and the percentage of debt-charge to income has decreased by barely one-third. A comparison of other figures in the tables, showing the condition of Austria, reveals even more startling results, and shows why it is that England, although encumbered by an enormous debt, is in a financial and industrial position very superior to that of those continental countries whose percentage of debt-charge to income is similar to her own. England is at present the greatest industrial nation in the world; America is fast treading on her heels, and she may in future anticipate a powerful rivalry from Germany. It will be interesting to examine what special points of advantage each of these three nations possesses in the great industrial competition of the future; and also what special disadvantages each country labours under.

Dealing in the first place with the indebtedness of each country, we find that Germany will, in a few years, be practically free from debt. Although, as previously shown, the nominal capital of her debt is £170,900,000, yet of this £68,315,000 has been spent on railways and other remunerative public works, so that the total unremunerative debt is £102,600,000. Considering the debt as a whole, the annual interest is £7,340,000, and the charge per head 3s. 9d. "But to pay this," says Mr. Baxter, "the German States have the net receipts of their railways, and the produce of the public mines and iron-works, which in Prussia and Saxony and other States (without the domains and forests) balance the interest of the debts. The French payments will cancel a large portion of the debts, or be accumulated in funds or investments.

The Germans alone of the great Powers will be practically free from debt, and not only so, but they will also possess great surplus funds and State property for the relief of taxation, and for use in war." This immense advantage of freedom from indebtedness is not shared either by England or by America. We have already referred to the condition of the debt of England, but the indebtedness of the United States remains to be described. On July 1st, 1861, the debt of the United States was £18,000,000. On July 1st, 1865, after four years of civil war, the debt had risen to £551,000,000. On January 1st, 1871, after five years and a half of peace, it was reduced to £466,400,000. Hence, in the four years of war, the debt was increased by the average annual rate of £133,000,000, while in the five years and a half of peace the average annual reduction has been more than £15,000,000. It is therefore evident that in relation to their indebtedness America and Germany are in a much better position than England; we can never hope to rival the rapidity with which the United States debt has since the war been paid off; and it is still more unlikely that we shall ever approach the freedom from indebtedness that will, in no very distant period, be enjoyed by the German empire. But in other matters besides that of national indebtedness, the financial and industrial prospects of England compare unfavourably with those of America and Germany. At each end of the social scale in England there are vast numbers of unemployed and consequently unproductive persons. It is not intended to be implied that the production of wealth either directly or indirectly is the only worthy object of existence. It is not necessary to enter into any disputed questions of morality; it is simply intended to enumerate the circumstances which have a bearing upon the industrial position of a country; and among these circumstances must be included the proportion which the productive classes of the population bear to the unproductive classes. In no country

are there such great extremes of wealth and poverty as there are in England. Profuse luxury in one class and abject pauperism in another have long been marked characteristics of English society. The luxurious unemployed and the pauperized unemployed are more numerous, in proportion to the population, in England than perhaps in any other country. Beside these two classes of non-productive persons, there is another extremely numerous class in this country which is certainly less productive than the corresponding class in America and Germany. We refer to women. Except in the working class and in the lower middle class, the women of England are almost entirely non-productive. Nearly all trades and professions are closed against them. If they happen to be wealthy they seldom employ their wealth productively. When it is remembered that a married woman could, up to a year ago, be legally robbed by her husband even of her earnings, it is not necessary to point out any other circumstance to account for the fact that women as a class are not either productive capitalists or labourers. In America the marriage law offers no discouragement to women engaging in industry either in the capacity of capitalists or labourers. And women accordingly engage in trades and professions in far greater numbers than in this country. In Germany a great deal of agricultural and other labour is performed by women of the poorest class, whilst women of the middle and even upper classes do nearly all the household and domestic work, a great proportion of which is strictly productive. The conclusion is therefore inevitable that the wealth of England supports a larger proportion of non-producers, consisting principally of rich idlers, paupers, and women, than either America or Germany, and that therefore, compared with those countries, England in this respect also stands at a disadvantage.

There is another matter of great industrial importance in which again it must be confessed that England compares unfavourably with Germany and

the United States ; and this is education. England may be said to be now fairly awake to her shortcomings in this respect, and she has at last begun in earnest to set about educating her labourers ; but there are most formidable difficulties in her way, arising from the extreme poverty and pauperism of large masses of her people, which render it certain that it will be many years before her population will attain to the educational standard of Germany and America.

Again, if we look at the undeveloped resources of the three countries, both England and Germany are far outdistanced by America. But if, it may be asked, England is behindhand in so many respects, to what causes may be attributed the industrial predominance she has hitherto possessed ? Her supremacy may be in part no doubt accounted for by the disadvantages under which other countries have laboured. The resources of America are only now in process of development ; up to the time of the civil war a large proportion of her soil was tilled by slave labour, with all its economic disadvantages ; the political struggle produced by the Slavery question culminated in a civil war costing the American nation unprecedented sacrifices both of blood and treasure ; added to these disadvantages, the industry of America is still suffering from the policy of Protection, which has nearly crippled and threatens completely to destroy some of her most valuable trades and manufactures. The political corruption of the United States, again, cannot fail to have a bad influence on commerce as well as on every other national interest ; and it has probably had its share in producing the tendency to wild and unscrupulous speculation which has of late years specially characterised monetary proceedings in America.

Political considerations are almost sufficient to account for the fact, that Germany has not been, up to the present time, a formidable rival of England. The consolidation of the German empire is one of the most recent of important political events ; previous to its accom-

plishment, the fiscal, financial, and commercial systems of nearly all the small independent German kingdoms were as bad as they could be. The greater part of Germany was impoverished and devastated in the beginning of the century by the Napoleonic wars ; and the recent wars in which Germany has engaged, though costing her, in consequence of her triumphs, a smaller amount of money than might have been expected, must yet have inflicted upon her the severest losses in the stagnation of trade, and in the prolonged absence and death of large numbers of her industrial population. As it has been in the past, so probably will it be in the future, that the industrial prospects of Germany have more to fear from political than from any other causes. The political future of America and of England will probably be similar to their political past. Changes there will necessarily be, but they will be gradual and not spasmodic ; they will be the progress of a free people towards further developments of the already accepted doctrines of equality and the Divine right of each individual to liberty ; but who dares imagine that this will be the political future of Germany ?—a country where political liberty is almost unknown, where the least sign of dissatisfaction with the despotism of the Emperor and Prince Bismarck is put down with a high hand, where democrats are thrust into prison merely for declaring their opinions, and where workmen on strike are shot down like dogs ? There are plenty of signs that the German nation is beginning to be discontented with the continuance of the paternal tyranny it has so long endured ; but the paternal tyranny is very powerful, and will die hard before it yields to the assaults of democracy. It is an important sign of the times, that the International Society contains about six times as many members in Germany out of a population of 40,000,000, as in England and America, with a joint population of 64,000,000. With despotism so strong on the one hand, and the spirit of revolt so active on the other, it

cannot be expected that the political future of Germany will be unbroken by storms.

England then, it would seem, owes her industrial supremacy partly to removable and removing causes which have operated to depress the industry of other nations; but partly also to the character of her people, to her financial and commercial policy, to her comparative freedom during the last half-century from war and political disturbances, and lastly, to her colonial possessions, which form at once a partial outlet for her surplus labour and a source from which vast accumulations of capital are derived. These comprise the chief of the advantages which England possesses in the industrial competition of nations. Her principal disadvantages consist of the magnitude of her national debt; the uneducated condition of her labourers; the rapid growth of pauperism, and the numerical strength of the unemployed part of her population. Can any of these sources of danger be removed? We have already referred to the very marked reduction of the percentage of debt-charge to income in this country during the last fifty years, and also to the legislative efforts lately made to provide for the education of the people. The more perplexing problems of pauperism and idle luxury still remain, presenting no hopeful features, becoming each year more difficult of solution, and showing no tendency at all to solve themselves. With regard to the growth of luxury and of the numbers of unproductive persons, it may be urged that the total productiveness of the nation is as great as it is desirable it should be, and that leisure is as essential to the highest well-being of a nation as industry. This must be most readily admitted; we have never urged that there is too much leisure in England, but that this leisure is too unequally distributed. One class, for instance, passes through life surfeited with leisure; the principal occupation of the members of this class consisting of seeking means of killing time; whilst members of another class are reduced

into mere human machines, rising early and late taking rest, in one unceasing round of work. We read in one column of a paper of railway servants, pointsmen, and engine-drivers being kept at work nineteen, twenty-four, and even thirty hours at a stretch; while we find another column filled with expressions of pity and sympathy for those sadly overworked public servants who pass the London season in going from laying a foundation stone to a flower show, from the flower show to pigeon shooting, from pigeon shooting to a banquet, from the banquet to a ball; and then, in order to complete the ghastly contrasts, one may find in another page an account of the life of the children employed in brick-fields. There are some instances in which babies of three years and a half old have been found at work in brick-fields; the usual age is from nine to ten. At this age children are employed to carry loads of clay almost as heavy as their own bodies; they are kept at this severe toil from fourteen to sixteen hours a day; and in going backwards and forwards with their load they frequently walk an average distance of fifteen miles daily. If the superabundant leisure which is nearly killing one class with *ennui* could be a little more equally distributed, might it not be hoped that these wretched brick-field children would come in for some share of it? The juxtaposition of repletion and starvation would then be less revoltingly frequent.

It is impossible in this place to do more than merely allude to the growth of pauperism—the remaining subject which we enumerated as a source of danger to the industrial greatness of England. At the present moment there is in London a decided diminution in the number of paupers as compared with the returns of two or three previous years. It is, however, doubtful how far this improvement is produced by permanent causes; it may indeed be feared that the tide is steadily rising, and that the decrease of pauperism we are now witnessing is merely the recoil of the great wave of destitution that

spread over London in 1866-7. We are far from imagining that pauperism or any other really great social difficulty can be removed by an Act of Parliament; but, though legislation cannot cure an evil, it may be that past legislation has increased and aggravated it, and in this case much good work in the way of repeal can be done by Acts of Parliament. If it be true that "The State can have just as many paupers as it chooses to pay for, and that the number of paupers is really decided by Act of Parliament as much as the number of soldiers and sailors"—then the nation should demand through its representatives that legislation should do its utmost to remove the evil that legislation has produced.

Considering the recent alarming increase of pauperism and the manner in which it threatens our national prosperity, and considering further how large a proportion of our pauperism can be traced directly to the operation of the Poor Law, there is no subject at once so important and so practicable that can engage the attention of statesmen; but there seems unfortunately at the same time no subject on which a more perverse determination is shown to evade any recognition of the true cause of the evil. If this determination is persevered in, and if Poor Law reformers pursue the course they have hitherto generally adopted, of encouraging overpopulation by endeavouring to prevent or counteract its effects, pauperism must go on increasing; it will become each year more dangerous to the welfare of the State, and less amenable to the control of legislation. Of all the four sources of danger to England's commercial prosperity, previously enumerated, it is probably the most serious. Our national debt is decreasing; much can be done to diffuse education among the bulk of our people; the most serious

disadvantages of the distribution of wealth and of leisure are moral and social rather than economic; but the spread of pauperism is equally dangerous, whether it is considered from the industrial, social, or moral point of view: it is in reality the parent of the chief difficulties in respect to the education and the overwork of children and some other classes of labourers: there is hardly an important social difficulty that cannot be traced to its agency. No speculations as to the industrial prospects of England are worth the paper they are written upon, if they do not take into account the probable future of pauperism. We therefore say in conclusion that if, in the future industrial competition of nations, England is to keep either first or second in the field, she must devise some means not only of checking the growth of pauperism, but of eradicating the disease from her social system. And those who deal with this question of pauperism should remember that it is not to be remedied by cheap food, by reductions of taxation, or by economical administration in the departments, or by new forms of government. Nothing will permanently affect pauperism while the present reckless increase of population continues. And nothing will be so likely to check this increase as the imposition by the State on parents of the whole responsibility of maintaining their offspring. There is no doubt that the greatest authority on this subject was right when he said, "that if the government and constitution of this country were in all other respects (than this) as perfect as the wildest visionary thinks he could make them; if parliaments were annual, suffrage universal, wars, taxes, and pensions unknown, and the civil list fifteen hundred a year, the great body of the community would still be a collection of paupers."

## THE CURRENT STREET BALLADS OF IRELAND.

BY WILLIAM BARRY.

AMONG the series of ballads composed by Mr. Thackeray, the reader may recollect the *Molony* division, supposed to be the contributions of an Irish minstrel who had a trick of putting his social, political, and sentimental views into verses of a very quaint and original pattern. Maginn, Father Prout, and Lover had indeed previously discovered the humorous value of the notion which consisted in nothing more than giving a certain artistic expression to forms of lyrical doggrel which were extremely popular in Ireland. It is curious enough that the taste for these odd effusions still survives amongst a people who are becoming thoroughly Anglicized in most of their habits and customs. The fairies have gone from the land, the Holy Wells are neglected, the cry of the Banshee is never heard, the wakes are decorous, the Chincauns have abandoned the hills, the waters of Killarney are deserted by the equestrian spectre of O'Donoghue, but the ballad—the *Molony* ballad—flourishes as briskly as ever. At the racecourses, fairs, and regattas, the ballad minstrel is certain of bringing about him or her a large audience, and may be seen disposing of the wares in thick sheaves at the close of each ditty. The peasantry, when coming to the market town for small purchases, invariably bring back in a basket or wallet the newest ballad; and in the cabins, and even farmhouses, a few of the broadsheets will be found pasted on the walls under the coloured effigy of a saint performing a miracle, or of Napoleon prancing over the peaks of the Alps on a steed. It should be noted that the Irish street ballad has nothing but its bad type and paper in common with the *Catnach* doggrel sung by the bawling vagabonds who hawk

gallows and gutter literature about London. It is rarely indeed coarse; it is never consciously blasphemous. The ruffians in college gowns who here attend park meetings, chanting a mock litany and mock hymns, would be stripped of their trappings, and probably put under a pump, by an Irish mob, before they had well roared through the introduction of their entertainment. The audience of the Irish ballad-monger and singer never relish an indecent or irreverent allusion. They enjoy fun, pathos, and an odd kind of gentility—yes, gentility is the word—in the verses. The ballads are thickly ornamented with big words thrown into them, for the sake of display rather than of sense. They have an air of ragged, boastful scholarship, that is quite indescribable. References to classic deities and names are abundant; and Virgil, Ovid, and Homer are alluded to in a tone of confident acquaintance with these writers. The fact is, that most of the older ballads were manufactured by the hedge-schoolmasters and poor scholars, as they were called. The hedge-schoolmaster was not unfrequently an aspirant for admission to Maynooth, who underwent a severe course of self-preparation by acquiring some knowledge of Latin and Greek. Having failed in his main enterprise, having discovered that he had no “vocation,” the rejected or disappointed candidate for the priesthood, unfit for field labour, and too old to learn a trade, possessing pedantic pride in his learning, such as it was, usually set up as a teacher of the rustics, and as the local bard and poet of his parish. To him we are probably indebted for the mythological machinery of the ballad. This element has been retained in the current

lyrics with singular fidelity to the traditional construction of the lays of the ditch-pedagogues.

The passion of love forms, of course, one of the principal themes of the Irish ballad-monger. He treats the subject generally, with a modest gallantry and distance which is now out of date with poets. His alarms, distractions, and fevers are expressed in language suggestive of our modish period, when ladies and gentlemen addressed each other as nymphs and swains. These songs remind you at once of the coffee-house Eclogues in which battered town toasts and hooped beauties were depicted listening to the flageolets of shepherds, and the elegant miseries of rural lovers with Virgilian titles. The minstrel seldom very much despairs or threatens to die when deceived, or when the object of his affection is inaccessible. Here is a stanza from "The Western Cottage Maid," a popular Munster lyric, in which the reader will perceive how completely naturalized the celebrities of heathenness are in the productions to which I am referring :—

"It was in the month of May, when lambskins  
sport and play,  
As I roved out for sweet recreation,  
I espied a lovely maid sequestered in a  
shade,  
On her beauty I gazed with admiration.  
How graceful and divine, how benignant  
and sublime,  
More delicious than the fragrance of Flora ;  
More splendid, tall, and straight, than the  
poet can implicate  
Of the celebrated beauty called Pandora.  
To see her rolling eyes, like stars in azure  
skies,  
Or bright Cynthia when ascending from  
the ocean ;  
To see her golden hair hang on her shoulders  
fair ;  
She's an ornament of beauty and propor-  
tion."

In another song the poet describes a catastrophe which occurred to him in the character of a sportsman. While on a shooting expedition he sees his mistress taking shelter from the rain under a tree. She has turned her apron over her head, and in this guise he mistakes her for a swan in the dusk,

and kills her on the spot. The moral of the tragic story is contained in the opening verse :—

"Come, all ye wild fowlers that follow the gun,  
Beware of late shooting at the setting of the  
sun.

It is on a misfortune that happened of late  
On Molly Bawn Gowrie, and her fortune  
was great."

The ballad of "Molly Astore" is a high favourite, possessing an amount of literary polish and careful rhythm which raises it above the level of its order :—

"As down on Banna's banks I strayed  
One morning in May,  
The little birds with blithest notes  
Made vocal every spray ;  
They sung their little tales of love,  
They sung them o'er and o'er.  
A grammachree, Ma Colleen Ogue,  
Ma Molly Astore !

The daisy pied and all the sweets  
The days of nature yield,  
The primrose pale, the violet blue,  
Lay scattered o'er the field :  
Such fragrance on the bosom lies  
Of her whom I adore.  
A grammachree, Ma Colleen Ogue,  
Ma Molly Astore !

Oh, had I all the flocks that grazed  
On yonder yellow hill,  
Or lowed for me the numerous herds  
That yon green pastures fill,  
For her I love I'd freely part  
My kind and fleecy store.  
A grammachree, etc.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,  
For thee I'll ever mourn ;  
While life remains in Patrick's breast,  
For thee 'twill ever burn.  
Tho' thou art false, may Heaven pour  
Its choicest blessings down.  
A grammachree, Ma Colleen Ogue,  
Ma Molly Astore !"

Many of the love lyrics allude to the good fortune which sometimes befell farmers' boys, by ladies of rank and station marrying them off-hand, and then starting with them for America.

"You lovers now, both one and all,  
Attend unto my theme ;  
There is none on earth can pity me  
But them that feel the pain.  
I lived between Rathcormac  
And the town of sweet Fermoy,  
But now I'm in America  
With my father's servant boy !"

Ladies are in these effusions generally distinguished by their complexions; thus we get the "Colleen Bawn" (the fair girl), the "Colleen Rhue" (the red-haired girl). The "Colleen Rhue" is a very old and popular composition. It should be understood that the word Rhue does not signify brown or auburn, but that downright red that was so fashionable a dye for the hair a few seasons ago in London, and which is said to have been the colour of those tresses which Paris admired on Helen. There is a prevalent opinion in the country that the red-haired people are descendants of the Danes, but the belief at any rate does not seem to have created a prejudice against them, as the bards constantly refer in the most enthusiastic terms to the women of this complexion. In the "Colleen Rhue" we have the poet describing how he walked out on a summer's morning, and suddenly beheld a lovely creature approaching him, whom he addresses in a mythological vein of compliment.

"Are you Aurora, or the goddess Flora,  
Aurenana (*sic*) or Venus bright,  
Or Helen fair, that goddess rare,  
That Paris stole from Grecian sight ?

Kind sir, be easy, and do not tease me,  
With your false praises so jestingly.  
I'm not Aurora, or the goddess Flora,  
But a rural female to all men's view,  
And my appellation is the Colleen Rhue.

Was I Hector, that noble victor,  
Who died a prey to the Grecian skill,  
Or was I Paris, whose deeds were various,  
As an arbitrator on Ida's hill,  
I'd range through Asia, likewise Arabia,  
Or Pennsylvania, seeking for you,  
Or seek burning regions, like famed Orpheus,  
For one embrace of thee, Colleen Rhue."

The lady rejects these advances with considerable warmth, and the poet apostrophises the gods, begs of them to take pity on his sufferings, and assist him in finding a mistress who will not treat him as cruelly as the red-haired girl.

"Now, ye gods and goddesses, whose power is prevailing,  
Give ear, I pray you, to my sorrowful tale ;  
Likewise, ye Muses, who ne'er refuses,  
The wounds of Cupid I pray to heal.

A peregrination to a foreign nation,  
My determination, I hope, will prove true,  
In hopes to find a maid more kind,  
Than that blooming fair one, sweet Colleen Rhue."

A ballad known as the "Mountain Phoenix" is of a more practical turn, and celebrates the domestic felicity of a personage who has the good fortune to be married to a "juvenile damsel" who is as learned in household duties as Mrs. Primrose, and who is also an accomplished artist in embroidery.

"She'd draw with her needle the map of old Erin,  
The Garden of Eden, and the Temple of Rome,  
The ship in full sail when she's ploughing the ocean,  
The fox in the chase, and the goose that he stole.

How happy I feel when I'm out in the garden,  
To know that young Peggy is cheerful at home ;  
She's at work in the house or she's rocking the cradle,  
Or singing a song the child to console.  
She's always in humour, and never contrary,  
But smiling and pleasing wherever she go,  
And she nurses the baby without hesitation,  
While we feel as content as the king on his throne."

The Irish peasant's interest in field sports—hunting especially—is strong enough to establish a sentiment of admiration and respect for each local master of foxhounds; and hence we find a section of the ballad literature devoted to chronicling performances in the pigskin. The point at which the hounds meet in Ireland is attended by a host of enthusiastic idlers, who will even run on foot for a considerable distance after the chase, neglecting their work with a happy-go-lucky indifference as to the result, which renders their enjoyment of the recreation as complete as if they could afford to command it at pleasure. It is difficult to conceive, much more to depict, the intense concern and emotion with which they will watch the career of a certain racehorse, especially if the horse bears an Irish name; the delight with which they will hang on the skirts of a coursing match,

or volunteer as beaters and game-carriers for the fowler. Unlike the English peasantry or yeoman classes, the Irish farmer or peasant is almost invariably ignorant of the gambling associations of Cup events, or of the perilous excitements of poaching. The ballad-mongers, in preparing sporting lyrics for their patrons, always confine themselves to the healthy and legitimate aspects of the different pursuits which they chronicle. The "County Galway Blazers" have had as many songs written about them as would fill a volume. I suspect that the masters of the renowned pack must have kept a poet for the kennel, who was probably changed during successive administrations of the hunt. A catalogue of names hints at individual subsidies to the bard, demanded on the principle of contributions to a book of peerage, or on the plan of supplying a church window with stained glass by charging certain willing parishioners for the honour of exhibiting their coats of arms in the transparency.

"Hark, the morning breeze salutes the slumbering trees ;  
The ant and humming bees their labour doth begin.  
The lark aloft doth wing, and cheerfully doth sing,  
To praise our potent King while sluggards sleep in sin.  
The shepherds' lutes distil their dancing canticle ;  
The stag ascends the hill while the fox runs through the dew ;  
Poor puss in terror flies, her footsteps in disguise.  
Arise, ye Blazers, rise, and take the morning dew !

These Blazers we can trace from a great Milesian race,  
Whose birth without disgrace our poet can extol ;  
Great Burkes and Blakes you know, young Kirwan also,  
Great Perse of Roxboro', where peers did often call.  
There's Yelvertons and Bradys, Walshes, Darcys, Dalys,  
Butlers, Lamberts, Halys, and Dillons likewise ;  
There's Nugents, Kellys, Frenches, Rathburnis, Trenches,  
Hamiltons and Lynches, all where Reynard dies !"

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"Russell's Hunt" is worth quoting a verse of, if only to show the ingenious manner in which the poet casts away the trammels of rhyme :—

"Ye Muses nine, your aid incline while I relate of hunting,  
Brave Michael Russell of Ballinabowla exceeds all other sportsmen.  
For fishing, fowling, coursing, grousing, and hunting in due season,  
For steeple-chase, fox-hunting race, all other men has headed."

Attached to nearly every town is a minstrel, who is invariably supplied with at least one ditty descriptive of the landscape and romantic attractions of the locality. This ballad is mostly inscribed "In Praise"—of Cork, of Dublin, or wherever the place it was fitted for might be. Not only the towns, but rivers and country seats and mansions have their "praises" chaunted. Kilkee (a small watering-place in Clare) is thus celebrated :—

"Kilkee by the Ocean, you're handsome  
In the West of the land co. Clare,  
Where statesmen and ladies of honour  
They go for to take the fresh air.  
The breeze from the green swelling water  
Is good for the health to repair,  
And houses quite fit for an earl  
You will find in Kilkee, I declare."

The concluding verse finishes with a rather equivocal hint as to the impression made on a visitor by Kilkee on the whole :—

"The strand is the finest for certain  
That ever mine eyes did behold,  
And boxes for ladies while bathing,  
In case that the day may be cold !  
So when you repair to your lodging,  
The natives are generous and kind ;  
No doubt but you'll give them your blessing  
The day that you leave them behind."

Of the river Lee there are hundreds of "praises." Here is a specimen of one, which is being constantly re-issued :—

"On the banks of the Lee the angler finds pleasure,  
Casting his fly with judgment and skill ;  
Each purling fine stream he can fish at his leisure,  
The salmon and trout he is certain to kill.

The lark and sweet linnet to the sportsman  
     give pleasure,  
 The blackbird and thrush in sweet concert  
     together,  
 The woodcock and partridge, the grouse and  
     the plover,  
 The fowler can meet on the banks of the  
     Lee."

It is difficult at present to find any traces of political street ballads in Ireland. The prosecutions for seditious literature, and the zeal of the constabulary in arresting the few musical apostles of rebellion, appear to have effectually prevented the manufacture or performance of Tyburn doggrels. The national poems of the newspapers—many of them exceedingly vehement and pathetic productions—do not in reality touch the masses of the people. They form the reading of the artisans and shopmen, who indulge in more or less sentimental patriotism. In the former periods of insurrection this was not the case. The masses of the people, the peasantry especially, were regularly instructed in treason by the wandering ballad-singers, who were coached and crammed by the leaders of movements against English rule. The ballads were then either sung in the Irish language, or the translations were veiled in the most cautious manner, like the Charlie songs, and the different Stuart toasts of Jacobites. Many of these compositions were never committed to print, but were handed on from bard to bard, from one fireside to another. There are still extant some pieces of this character, containing old allusions, regrets, and legends, which are scarce understood by those who deliver them. It is worthy of note that the so-called national melodies of Ireland, which are accepted as expositions of Irish life and character, are, as far as the letter-press is concerned, as unlike reality, as unsympathetic with Irish feeling, as the Irish stage heroes of Mr. Boucicault are to the Wicklow or Tipperary farmers. They are never heard out of the drawing-room or middle-class junketings; the people know absolutely nothing about them, and would not care for them if they did. Moore's butterfly and filagree fancies

would be quite unintelligible to the Irish peasant, although he might recognize some of the music, which has been clipped and trimmed, and often spoiled, to make a cage for Thomas Little's humming-birds. Moore's Melodies are as Irish as his Oriental poems are Oriental, and are glittering with fatal prettinesses and conceits which give them a perfumed, mincing, and artificial air, which renders the association between his verses and the music an alliance so incongruous that its perpetration is rather a scandal than a compliment. Again, the poets of the *Nation* or the *Irishman*, whose literary craft and tone is as completely Anglican as if they resided in London, never seemed to have studied the art of giving form, in a candid and characteristic manner, to the native humours and peculiar aspirations of their countrymen. For example, they never address them in that brogue and broken English which contains as many bright and passionate phrases as the Scotch used by Burns. Lover, Ferguson, Dr. Anster, D. F. McCarthy, "Speranza," and several contemporary contributors to the Dublin national press, have written ballads and versified legends of unusual spirit and feeling; but not a line of theirs is to be found in the farmhouses or cabins of the peasantry, where the "Colleen Rhue," "Molly Asthore," or the "Shan Van Voght" are familiar names. The only political street ballads of current interest that I could pick up were cautiously and obscurely worded, except, perhaps, "The Green Hills of Holy Old Ireland," which I imagine must never have been sung within earshot of a policeman:—

"Oh give me a rifle and away I will go  
 To the green hills of holy old Ireland,  
 Her freedom to win and to close with the foe  
 On the green hills of holy old Ireland.  
 For a soldier am I of Dame Nature's own  
     mould,  
 Like my father, a rebel, fast, fiery, and bold,  
 And a rebel I'll be in death I lie cold  
 On the green hills of holy old Ireland !

Oh give me a pike with a shaft long and  
     straight,  
 On the green hills of holy old Ireland,

Like those that my grandsires bore in '98  
On the green hills of holy old Ireland.  
For vengeance and Erin with vigour and  
zest,  
In the work that's to free this fair Isle of  
the West,  
'Twill oft find a sheath in the proud foe-  
man's breast,  
On the green hills of holy old Ireland !

Oh give me a tribute of some silent tear  
On the green hills of holy old Ireland,  
When the freedom we won has brought plenty  
and cheer  
On the green hills of holy old Ireland,  
Where the Sun-burst shall wave as the flag  
of the free,  
Like the proud stars and stripes on the  
mighty blue sea,  
And a newly-made nation a grave gives to  
me  
On the green hills of holy old Ireland !"

The execution of Allen, Larkin, and  
O'Brien at Manchester in 1867, was  
the occasion of a series of ballads, to  
which there are constant additions.  
The broadsheets are usually ornamented  
with a margin of black, and with a  
blurred illustration of a cross. "A New  
Song sympathising with the Fenian  
Exiles" is introduced with a warning  
prologue, touching the advisability of  
being on the watch for spies, and is  
probably intended as a hint to the  
crowd in the vicinity of the performer  
that they should give him notice if they  
observed a suspicious and unsympa-  
thising listener amongst the audience:—

"My Irish friends, come rally round  
To those few verses I'll expound,  
About the way that we have found  
To keep ourselves from danger.  
The mouth that's shut will catch no flies ;  
Beware of greedy Castle spies ;  
We just cause have to sympathise  
With dogs kept in a manger."

A few, very few, lyrics are devoted  
to the memory of O'Connell. I find  
none relative to the Mitchell and  
Meagher rebellion of '48. The people  
seem to have a much more distinct  
recollection of '98, although it must  
be now traditional. The rebellion of  
'98 was a rebellion in the overt sense of  
the word. It stirred the country from  
end to end, and was felt vertically  
through every social stratum. The at-  
tempt at insurrection in '48, and the more  
recent outbreaks of disaffection, were

confined to limited political sections,  
and were unmarked by any notable en-  
terprises, or by any striking severities  
on the part of the executive, such as  
would have developed those wails of  
anguish and rage which were drawn  
from the Irish people by the truculent  
vigour of the Government when the  
penal laws were in force. The leaders  
of the '48 movement were more indus-  
trious as poets and orators than as  
rebels, but their verses and speeches  
were in reality of English texture, and  
as much literary exercises as Macaulay's  
Lays of Rome, or Aytoun's Lays of  
the Cavaliers. The people—the pea-  
santry—are as unacquainted with the  
ballads of Thomas Davis as they are  
with the poems of Alfred Tennyson.  
I could only make out a single ballad,  
manfully and confessedly the composi-  
tion of a gentleman who was imprisoned  
for treason-felony, and who has since  
been released. The subject of the poem  
relates to the misfortunes of an Irish  
soldier in the British army ; and it en-  
forces with no little ingenuity and point  
the moral that an Irishman should  
never enlist in the British service.  
"Patrick Sheehan" returns from the  
wars a blind pauper :—

"A poor neglected mendicant I wander through  
the street,  
My nine months' pension being out—I beg  
from all I meet.  
As I joined my country's tyrants, my face I  
ne'er will show  
Among the kind old neighbours in the Glen  
of A-herlow.  
Then, Irish youths, dear countrymen, take  
heed of what I say,  
For if you join the English ranks you'll  
surely rue the day ;  
And whenever you are tempted a soldiering  
to go,  
Remember poor blind Sheehan or the Glen  
of A-herlow !"

The land question formed the motive  
of many suggestive lyrics ; but the most  
telling and effective were sung, not pub-  
lished. The propagandists of the service-  
able agitation were discreet enough not  
to compromise their cause by inviting  
the alliance of the minstrels who  
chanted the praises of "Rory of the  
Hill." I have been informed, however,

that in several Tipperary market towns short methods with landlords have been not unfrequently expressed in an operative style. This, at any rate, is mild enough :—

“Ye landlords, now on you I call,  
Attend unto this statement :  
With your tenantry at once agree,  
And give them an abatement !  
Our gracious Queen will sign the Bill  
When she hears about the movement,  
And likewise say landlords must pay  
For every improvement !

The hand of God that holds the rod  
Is sure, but may be tedious ;  
His holy will it must be done,  
And stand throughout all ages.  
The poison-blast, thank God, is passed,  
The hurricane is over ;  
All tyrant landlords must consent,  
Or fly into Hanōver !”

Polemical topics are not popular as a rule with the ballad minstrels. Years ago there was a famous controversial duel between a priest and a parson in Dublin, respectively named Pope and Maguire ; and the details of the encounter with casuistical single-sticks or shillelaghs were dwelt upon with unction and perseverance by the street bards. The memory of the engagement has now apparently passed off, but a small triumph of mixed proselytism and romance has been celebrated in “A New Song, called the Lady’s Conversion to Catholicity.” The lady argues for the doctrines of her Church against her lover, who gets the best of the dispute in the end. She surrenders in the following terms :—

“She says, my dearest Johnny, *if all you say  
be true,*  
I see it would be folly not to go so far with  
you.  
I’ll forsake my religion, though my friends  
will me disown,  
While I live I’ll be contented, and die in the  
Church of Rome.

This couple they got married, and may they  
have success.  
Unknown to friends or parents, they do one  
creed profess.  
Altho’ she was hard-hearted, at length she  
did resign,  
And now she is converted—which was not  
her design.”

“A Sorrowful Lamentation on George Henry Moore” runs thus :—

“Now, you gods and goddesses,  
Assist my slender quill ;  
Likewise, ye gentle Muses,  
These lines for to fulfil.  
It is of a worthy gentleman  
I sing and deep deplore,  
His name is George Henry Moore,  
A true member for Mayo.”

The Irish disposition to treat death with levity comes, I believe, in a great degree from a sort of nervous reaction. There are few people who have a more profound consciousness of the unsightliness of mere physical decay, and in some ballads I have come across expressions of this feeling of a terrible and even revolting intensity. The writers of these dismal chants dwell with the unction of Monk Lewis upon charnel objects and incidents. Effusions of this character are mostly composed and sung in the Irish language. One of an inoffensive kind, “O’Reilly’s Penance,” has been translated literally, and is indeed a very odd and striking production. It opens with a reference to the “death of the bolster,” *i.e.* death in a sick bed, which has to be undergone, and then ensues a quaint looking back as it were of the spirit at the tenement it has abandoned.

“When my corpse will be laid on a table  
along the room,  
With a white shroud on me down to my feet,  
My lawful wife by me, and she crying  
bitterly,  
And my dear loving children making their  
moans,  
The night of my wake there will be pipes  
and tobacco cut,  
Snuff on a plate on a table for fashion’s sake,  
Mould candles in rows like torches, watch-  
ing me,  
And I cold in my coffin by the dawn of the  
day.

It’s the green table (the grave) we face most  
bashfully,  
Where our good and bad actions are tried  
aright.  
Our Saviour, so glorious, will then come  
forward,  
Like beams of the sun, and dressed all in  
white,  
With His gold arm-chair and His table of  
silver,

Far brighter than amber, our souls to delight.  
Then all wicked creatures will be shaking  
and shivering,  
For hell will be open ready to swallow them.  
The great accounting day will be on Mount  
Calvary.  
On Monday morning at a trembling hour,  
The trumpet will sound to awake our  
slumbers,  
All at the age of thirty-three years old.  
The blazing planets will fall from the firmaments,  
The earth will be shaken with earthquakes  
and whirlwinds,  
But small numbers are branded to stand on  
the right."

As a rule, religious topics, or matters connected with them, are not made the subjects of the popular ballads. The only exception to the practice is to be observed in association with the Pope and his political troubles. His Holiness is to depend for the restoration of the provinces he has lost upon Marshal MacMahon.

"The Christian faith by great Saint Patrick  
To us was preached in days of yore,  
The cross he planted to be our standard,  
Under which we'll die for the Church of  
Rome.  
Our Holy Father, Christ's vicar, told us  
That the Church of Rome cannot be defied,  
For the hand of God it is her protection,  
And MacMahon brave will our Pope reinstate."

Garibaldi is an object of supreme dislike and execration to the Irish peasantry. The general impression about him is that he is a renegade Roman Catholic, and an assassin and blasphemer by trade. When he lost favour with the Italian Government, the Irish street minstrel seized the opportunity at once, and came out with "The Downfall of Garibaldi:"—

"You Roman Catholics, now attend  
Unto these verses I have penned;  
It's joyful news, you may depend,  
Concerning Garibaldi!

This traitor he is caught at last,  
And into prison he is cast;  
He'll surely pay for what is past,  
The villain Garibaldi!

CHORUS.

Let us rejoice, both one and all,  
From Kerry unto Donegal,  
While I relate the sad downfall  
Of General Garibaldi!

In deeds of blood he took delight,  
He thought too long he had been quiet;  
I think the Pope I'll put to flight,  
Said General Garibaldi!

With this design, as you may see,  
Sardinia's King would not agree;  
Proclaimed a rebel for to be  
Was General Garibaldi!

The knave resolved to have his way,  
The King's command would not obey,  
And then, without much more delay,  
He fought against Sardinia!

The battle raged with sword and gun,  
There he was wounded with his son,  
We hear his glass is nearly run.

Alas! poor Garibaldi!

Now, of his wounds if he should die,  
We'll dress in black, you may rely,  
And rub an onion to each eye,  
As we weep for Garibaldi!"

The side taken by the Irish people with reference to the late war has been consistently French, and the peasantry would not believe in the disasters of the nation, which they always regarded as in possession of an invincible army. The Germans are hated. Martin Luther was a German, and the Hessian troops imported into Ireland in '98 committed excesses, the recollection of which has been preserved in a proverb. The finer lines of politics are not considered in the matter at all; the Irish hold to their sympathies with, and admiration for, the French, through good report and evil report, never wavering in faith, hoping against hope, reading victories backwards in the most loyal adhesion to their sentimental attachment. The prowess of Sarsfield's brigade, the names of MacMahon, O'Reilly, Kavanagh, and Dillon, in the French service; the weak and probably dishonest efforts at invasion of Ireland by Napoleon; the French aid to the Irish during the famine; the influence of the St. Omer-trained priests, who have almost now died off, but whose culture and manners were thoroughly appreciated by their flocks,—these circumstances, taken together, will assist the reader in estimating the measure of partisan feeling for France which exists in Ireland. The failure of MacMahon was felt almost as profoundly in Dublin amongst certain classes as it was in Paris. The number

of pieces of occasion on the war, and their singular confusion of facts, would defy classification. The minstrels usually descend into the theological drift at the close of their performances.

"If other Powers don't give them aid,  
I'm sure the French are not afraid;  
We wish them well—may they succeed,  
For they believe the Roman Creed!

And now to end my warlike theme,  
The French and Irish are the same;  
And for their welfare now we hope,  
Because they love the present Pope!"

Prize-fighting has never flourished in Ireland. An Irishman is never mercenary where hard hitting is concerned, and the system and organization of the Ring is virtually unknown in the island. The transplanted Irishman, however, occasionally distinguishes himself in the profession of slogging, and his foreign reputation is at once seized upon in his native country as a fact to be proud of from a national and patriotic rather than from a P.R. aspect. Tradition and ballads inform us of a tremendous set-to on the Curragh of Kildare, between Cooper of England and Donnelly of Ireland, when Donnelly won the victory and the heart of a countess who saw him fight. The giant Baldwin, or O'Baldwin, who two years ago was, from stress of police and the unaccommodating disposition of railway directors, unable to bring off his tussle for the belt in London, paid a visit to Ireland, where he met with a warm reception from the peasantry of his natal parish, and a local poet laid the following tribute of rhymes at his feet:—

"You lovers all of manly art and self-defence,  
attend

The praises of a hero brave that lately I have  
penned.

His name is Edward Baldwin, from the  
town of sweet Lismore;

He now has challenged England for 1,000*l.*  
and more.

Now, to conclude and finish, and end my  
fighting song,

Let us drink unto brave Baldwin and Dan  
Donnelly that's gone;

For so true and brave two Irishmen ne'er  
fought on British shore,

Not forgetting brave John Morrissey, a native  
of Templemore."

The dog-tax has inspired a bard to protest against it in the following fashion:—

"You dog-fanciers of Ireland of every degree,  
sir,

I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto  
me, sir,

It's about the dogs I'm going to sing,—don't  
think that I am larking,

You must all pay two-and-sixpence if you  
keep a dog for barking.

With your bow-wow-wow."

During the siege of Paris, the street minstrels continued to prophesy victory for the French, and defeat to the Prussians constantly.

"They think to conquer Paris, but its walls  
are very strong.

Brave Trochu and his army will die there to  
a man;

He's sworn that the Crown Prince and his  
army he will defeat,

And what won't die outside the walls will  
fall in the retreat."

"A new Song on the Recapture of Orleans by the French," by John O'Callaghan, had a great run of popularity last year. The chorus, "Fagimind suir mar a Ta shea," is not easily translatable; it signifies literally "leave things as they are," but it has an aside meaning implying a threat and punishment.

"War to the knife now in France is the cry;  
Onward to glory, to conquer, or die.

The Prussians and Germans in turn do fly,  
I'm told they are falling in swarms;

I think they had better get ready in time,  
And make no delay, but run back to the

Rhine,  
For as shure as the sun in the heavens do

shine,  
They'll get Fagimind suir mar a Ta shea.

Here's a health to the French, who were  
never afraid,

And that fortune may learn the young Irish  
brigade.

My curse on the blackguards who basely  
betrayed

The soldiers of France and its people.

When the Prussians are beaten and peace is  
proclaimed,

The Sardinian devil the Frenchmen will  
tame,

To impose the Pope shure he thought it no  
shame,

He'll get Fagimind suir mar a Ta shea."

It will be understood that all the ex-

tracts in the foregoing pages are strictly taken from the common street ballads. They may serve to give the English reader a novel insight into certain obscure phases of Irish humour and sentiment. The airs to which the verses are sung are almost invariably in minor keys, and are often, I suspect, the inspirations of a moment, especially when the ballad is bran-new and unattached by tradition to a popular melody. The singer walks slowly along while performing the ditty, and offers copies for sale without interrupting his chant. A crowd strolls after him, and for one who comes to buy, twenty stay to listen. You might safely purchase the entire contents of the minstrel's portfolio or

wallet without finding a single verse of a coarse description. The good time for the bard is the season of the contested election. He is then regularly retained, and has his selected opponent, with whom he may probably attempt conclusions in the style of the pipers in the "Fair Maid of Perth." These election lyrics are ferocious and eloquent in denunciation, to a degree that often verges on what might be termed the poetry of unlimited abuse; but the street minstrel is decidedly most amusing when he treats of sporting, religion, war, love, and politics, in the original fashion which the reader has just had an opportunity of inspecting.

## MR. HELPS AS AN ESSAYIST.

BY CANON KINGSLEY.

It is now nearly thirty years ago that Mr. Helps's name began to be revered by many young men and women, who were struggling to arrive at some just notion of the human beings around them, and of the important, and often frightful problems of the time. They admired him as a poet, and as an historian; but they valued him most as a critic, not of art or of literature, but of men and the ways and needs of men. Dissatisfied with the narrow religious theory then fashionable in London pulpits, which knew no distinctions of the human race save that between the "unconverted" many and the "converted" few, they seemed to themselves to find in his essays views wider, juster, more humane, more in accord with the actual facts which they found in themselves and in the people round them, and more likely, too, to result in practical benefit to the suffering and the degraded. And well it was for them that they did so. Some of them were tempted to rush from one religious extreme into another, which offered them just then not only the charms of novelty, but those of genius, of culture, of manly and devoted earnestness. Others were tempted in a very different direction. They were ready to escape from a narrow and intolerant fanaticism into that equally narrow and intolerant revolutionist infidelity which has for the last eighty years usurped the sacred name of Liberty.

There were those among both parties who received at once from Mr. Helps's book an influence none the less powerful because it calmed and subdued. It was new and wholesome for many, then in hot and hasty youth, to find the social problems which were so important to them equally important to a man of a training utterly different from theirs,

and approached by him in a proportionally different temper. They were inclined at first to accuse that temper of dilettantism. It had no tincture of Cambyses' vein, none even of Shelley's. It threatened not thrones, principalities, nor powers. It promised not to build up an elysium on their ruins. The sneer of lukewarmness rose to many men's lips; and the playful interludes which were interspersed throughout the volumes seemed to justify their suspicions. Were not these mere fiddlings while Rome was burning? impertinent interruptions to the one great work of setting the world to rights out of hand?

But, as they read on, they found themselves compelled to respect the writer's temper more and more, even though it seemed to lack fiercer and bolder qualities which they valued (and rightly) in some of their own friends. They were forced to confess at the outset that Mr. Helps did not approach social problems in that spirit of selfish sentimentalism which regards the poor and the awful as divinely ordained means by which the rich and the superstitious may climb to heaven. Neither did he approach them in the spirit (if the word spirit can be used of aught so spiritless) of that "*philosophie du néant*," the old *laissez-faire* political economy which taught men, and taught little else, that it is good for mankind that the many should be degraded in order that the few may be rich. They saw that Mr. Helps had, like Mr. John Stuart Mill, righteous and chivalrous instincts, which forbade them both to accept the reasonableness of any reasoning which proved that. They saw, too, that both possessed elements of strength which they themselves lacked, namely, calm and culture; a calm and a culture

which did not interfere with a deep tenderness for the sorrows and follies of mankind, and with a deep indignation now and then at their wrongs ; but which tamed them and trained them to use, converting them, to quote from memory an old simile of Mr. Carlyle's, "from wild smoke and blaze into genial inward heat."

I do not wish to push further the likeness between two remarkable men. But I am certain that many who owe much to them both, will feel that the influence of both has been in some respects identical, and that they have learnt from both a valuable lesson on the importance, whether to the thinker or to the actor, of culture and calm.

It has been good then—to confine myself to Mr. Helps's books—for many young men and women to be taught that it is possible to discuss, fairly and fully, questions all-important, many exquisitely painful, some seemingly well-nigh hopeless, without fury, even without flurry ; that such a composure is a sign, not of carelessness, but of faith in the strength of right, and hope in its final triumph ; that, as the old seer says, "he that believeth will not make haste," and that it is wise "not to fret thyself, lest thou be moved to do evil ;" that all passion, even all emotion, however useful they may be in the very heat of battle, must be resolutely sent below, and clapt under hatches, if we intend to ascertain our own ship's position, or to reconnoitre the strength of our enemies ; that only by a just patience in preparation, can we save from disaster an equally just fierceness in execution ; that without *σωφροσύνη*, even *θῦμος*, "the root of all the virtues," is of no avail : because without it we shall not have truly seen the object on which the *θῦμος* is to work ; shall not have looked at it on all its sides, or taken measure of its true proportions. Good it was for them, too, to find, as they read on through Mr. Helps's books, that those sides, those proportions could only be ascertained by much culture, much reading, observation, reflection, concerning many men and many matters ; that the scholar and the man

of the world were probably as necessary now to the safe direction of human affairs, as they ever have been ; that the weakness of the average ideologue lay in this—not that he had too many ideas, but too few ; that the danger now, as always, lay not in "latitudinarianism" (whatever that may mean), but in bigotry ; not in breadth, but in narrowness ; and that "Cave hominem unius Scientiæ," like "Cave hominem unius Libri," though undoubtedly true, was capable of an interpretation by no means complimentary to the man of one science. Good also for them was it, to learn on the testimony of a witness whom they could not well impeach, that those who had then, and have still, the direction of public affairs were not altogether the knaves and fools, the robbers and tyrants, which they were said to be by the then Press of Holywell Street, and even sometimes in the heat of the Debating Society, by their own young kinsmen ; that they were men of like passions, and of like virtues, with those who were so ready to take their places, to do all that they had left undone ; that they were but too fully aware of difficulties in any course of action, of which the outside aspirant knew nothing, and which he would be, therefore, still more unable to face ; that though the slothful man is too apt to say "there is a lion in the path," the fool is also too apt to say that there is none ; and that though anything like reverence for one's elders has been voted out of court for at least a generation, yet a little humility as to our own value, a little charity towards those who are trying to get the work done with such tools as the British nation allows them, might conduce to a better understanding between private men, and a better understanding of public men, of all parties and opinions.

No two men have done more, I believe, to save this generation from two or even three extremes of fanaticism, than Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Helps ; and that because they have been just to all that was vital and sound in the Middle Ages, just to all that was vital and sound in the French Revolution ; and, be it

remembered, to all that was vital and sound in the young Puritan time of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Thus they have earned the right to be heard, and they have on the whole been heard, when they have preached, not indeed content with the established order of things, but at least patience, charity, and caution in reforming it. The extraordinary sale of the cheap edition of Mr. Carlyle's works, principally, I am told, among the hard-working classes, is a hopeful omen that the "public," in spite of all its sillinesses, is after all, though very slowly, amenable to reason; and the day may come when a cheap edition of Mr. Helps's essays—at least a selection from them—may find favour with those who are to be (so we are told) henceforth the chief power in the British Empire; and who therefore need to know what the British Empire is like, and how it can, and cannot, be governed. "Essays in the Intervals of Business," "The Claims of Labour," "Friends in Council," "Companions of my Solitude," and last, but not least, the recent "Brevia" and "Thoughts on War and Culture"—all these would furnish to the poorest, as well as to the richest, many a weighty, and I believe many a welcome lesson, concerning himself, his family, his countrymen, his country, and his duty to them all. If it be objected that these essays are only adapted to cultivated men and women, and deal only with an artificial stately society, I should demur. Mr. Helps seems to me to ground his sayings, whenever he can, on truths which are equally intelligible to, because equally true for, all men. His aphorisms, even on Government, would stand good just as much for the grocer and his shop-boy as for the statesman and his subordinate, and would "touch the witness"—as Friends say—of the one neither less nor more than that of the other; while for manner, as well as for matter, many a page of Mr. Helps's might be profitably intercalated into an average sermon, were it not that the "purpureus pannus" might not enhance the homespun, and much less the shoddy, of the rest of the discourse.

I believe that many ministers of religion, of all parties and denominations, would agree with what I have said. We parsons owe Mr. Helps much more than he knows, or than, perhaps, it is good for him to know. His influence—though often of course indirect and unconscious—has been very potent for some years past among the most rational and hearty of those who have had to teach, to manage, or to succour their fellow-creatures; and it is most desirable just now that that influence should increase, and lay hold of the young men who are growing up. It is more than probable that the laity will, ere long, have a far larger share than hitherto, in the internal management of Church affairs; and to do that work well the religious layman will require more than piety, more than orthodoxy, indispensable as those will be. He will require a great deal of that practical humanity, and a great deal of that common sense, of which Mr. Helps's books are full; for without them, and as much of them as can be obtained, both from laymen and clerks, the Church of England will be in danger of being torn to pieces by small minorities of factious bigots, who do not see that she was meant to be, and can only exist by being, a Church of compromise and tolerance; that is, a Church of practical humanity, and practical common sense.

Tolerance—which after all is, as Mr. Helps says, only another name for that Divine property which St. Paul calls charity,—that is what we all need to make the world go right. If anyone wishes to know Mr. Helps's theological opinions concerning it, let him study the last few noble pages of the second series of "Friends in Council." And if he wishes to know Mr. Helps's moral opinions concerning it, whether or not he considers it synonymous with licence, with indulgence either to our own misdeeds or to those of others, let him read whatever Mr. Helps has written on the point on which all men in all ages have been most "tolerant"—when their own wives or daughters were not in question; the point on which this generation is

becoming so specially tolerant, that no novel or poem seems likely to attract the enlightened public just now, unless it dabbles with some dirt about the seventh commandment. Whenever Mr. Helps touches—and he often touches—on the relations between men and women, and on love, and the office of love in forming the human character, he does so with a purity and with a chivalry which is becoming, alas! more and more rare. In one of his latest books, for instance, “Casimir Maremma,” there is a love scene which, at least to the mind of an elderly man, not *blasé* with sensation novels, rises to high pathos. And yet the effect is not produced by any violence of language or of incident, but by quiet and subtle analysis of small gestures, small circumstances, and emotions which show little, if at all, upon the surface.

This analytic faculty of Mr. Helps’s is very powerful. It has been sharpened, doubtless, by long converse with many men and many matters; but it must have been strong from youth; strong enough to have been dangerous to any character which could not keep it in order by a still stronger moral sense. We have had immoral analysis of character enough, going about the world of late, to be admired as all *tours de force* are admired. There have been, and are still, analysts who, in the cause of art, as they fancy, pick human nature to pieces merely to show how crimes can be committed. There have been analysts who, in the cause of religion, as they fancied, picked human nature to pieces, to show how damnable it is. There have been those again, who in the cause of science, as they fancied, picked it to pieces to show how animal it is. Mr. Helps analyses it to show how tolerable, even loveable, it is after all, and how much more tolerable and loveable it might become by the exercise of a little common sense and charity. Let us say rather of that common sense which is charity, or at least is impossible without it; which comprehends, because it loves; or if it cannot altogether love, can at least pity or deplore.

It is this vein of wise charity, running through all which Mr. Helps has ever

written, which makes his books so wholesome to the student of his fellow-men; especially wholesome, I should think, to ministers of religion. That, as the wise Yankee said, “It takes all sorts to make a world;” that it is not so easy as we think to know our friends from our foes, the children of light from those of darkness; that the final distinction into “righteous” and “wicked” requires an analysis infinitely deeper than any we can exercise, and must be decided hereafter by One before whom our wisdom is but blindness, our justice but passion; that in a word, “Judge not, and ye shall not be judged,” is a command which is founded on actual facts, and had therefore better be obeyed: all this we ministers of religion are but too apt to ignore, and need to be reminded of it now and then, by lay-sermons from those who have not forgotten—as we sometimes forget—that we too are men.

And it seems to me, that a young clergyman, wishing to know how to deal with his fellow-creatures, and not having made up his mind, before all experience, to stretch them all alike upon some Procrustean bed of discipline (Church or other), would do well to peruse and ponder, with something of humility and self-distrust, a good deal which Mr. Helps has written. Let him read, for instance, the first half of “Essays written in the Intervals of Business,” and if he does not at first appreciate the wisdom and worth of much therein, let him set down his disappointment, not to any dulness of the author’s, but to his own ignorance of the world and of mankind: that is, of the very subject-matter which he has vowed to work on, and to improve.

I would ask him, for instance, to consider such a passage as this:—“We are all disposed to dislike, in a manner disproportionate to their demerits, those who offend us by pretensions of any kind. We are apt to fancy that they despise us; whereas, all the while, perhaps, they are only courting our admiration. There are people who wear the worst part of their characters outwards; they offend our vanity; they rouse our fears; and under these in-

fluences we omit to consider how often a scornful man is tender-hearted, and an assuming man, one who longs to be popular and to please."

I would ask the young man, too, to read much of "Friends in Council," not merely the essays, but the conversations also. For in them, too, he will chance on many a wise apophthegm which will stand him in good stead in his daily work. Especially would I ask him to read that chapter on "Pleasantness;" and if he be inclined to think it merely a collection of maxims, acute enough, but having no bearing on Theology or on higher Ethics, let him correct his opinion by studying the following passage concerning a certain class of disagreeable people:—

"After much meditation on them, I have come to the conclusion that they are, in general, self-absorbed people. Now to be self-absorbed is a very different thing from being selfish, or of a hard nature. Such persons, therefore, may be very kind, may even be very sensitive; but the habit of looking at everything from their own point of view, of never travelling out of themselves, prevails even in their kindest and most sympathetic moments; and so they say and do the most unfeeling things without any ill intention whatsoever. They are much to be pitied as well as blamed; and the end is, that they seldom adopt ways of pleasantness, until they are beaten into them by a long course of varied misfortune, which enables them to look at another's grief and errors from his own point of view, because it has become their own."

Full of sound doctrine are those words; but, like much of Mr. Helps's good advice on this and on other subjects, not likely to be learned by those who need it most, till they have been taught them by sad experience.

And for this reason: that too many of us lack imagination, and have, I suppose, lacked it in all ages. Mr. Helps puts sound words into Midhurst's mouth upon this very matter, in the conversation which follows the essay. It enables, according to him, a man "on all occasions to see what is to be said and

thought for others. It corrects harshness of judgment and cruelty of all kinds. I cannot imagine a cruel man imaginative; and I suspect that there is a certain stupidity closely connected with all prolonged severity of word, or thought, or action."

No doubt: but what if it be said in defence of the stupid and cruel, that imagination is a natural gift; and that they therefore are not to be blamed for the want of it? That, again, it would doubtless be very desirable that every public functionary, lay or clerical, should possess a fair share of imagination; enough at least to put himself in the place of some suitor, whose fate he seals with "a clerk's cold spurt of the pen:" but that imagination is a quality too undefinable and transcendental to be discovered—at least the amount of it—by any examination, competitive or other?

The answer is, I think, to be found in Mr. Helps's own example. The imagination, like other faculties, grows by food; and its food cannot be too varied, in order that it may assimilate to itself the greatest number of diverse elements. Whatever natural faculty of imagination Mr. Helps may have had, it has evidently been developed, strengthened, and widened, by most various reading, various experience of men and things. The number and the variety of facts, objective and subjective, touched in his volumes is quite enormous. His mind has plainly been accustomed to place itself in every possible attitude, in order to catch every possible ray of light. The result is, that whenever he looks at a thing, though he may not always—who can, in such a mysterious world?—see into the heart of it, he at least sees it all round. He has acquired a sense of proportion; of the relative size and shape of things, which is the very foundation of all just and wise practical thought about them.

And this is what young men, setting out as thinkers, or as teachers, are naturally apt to lack. They are inclined to be bigots or fanatics, not from conceit or stupidity, but simply from ignorance. Their field of vision is too narrow; and

a single object in it is often sufficient to intercept the whole light of heaven, and so become an *eidolon*—something worshipped instead of truth, and too often at the expense of human charity. In the young layman there is no cure, it is said, for such a state of mind, like the House of Commons; and in default of that, good company, in the true sense of the word. Mr. Helps makes no secret, throughout his pages, of what he owes to the society of men of very varied opinions and temperaments, as able as, or abler than himself. But all have not his opportunities; and least of all, perhaps, we of the clerical profession, who need them most, not only because we have to influence human hearts and heads of every possible temper, and in every possible state, but because the very sacredness of our duties, and our conviction of the truth of our own teaching, tempt us—paradoxical, as it may seem—towards a self-confident, blind, and harsh routine. What is the young clergyman's cure? How shall he keep his imaginative sympathy strong and open?

Certainly, by much varied reading. The study of the Greek and Latin classics has helped, I believe, much in making the clergy of the Church of England what they are—the most liberal-minded priesthood which the world has yet seen. The want of it has certainly helped to narrow the minds of Non-conformists. A boy cannot be brought up to read of, and to love, old Greeks and Romans, without a vague, but deep feeling, that they, too, were men of like passions, and it may be sometimes of like virtues, with himself; and he who has learnt how to think and how to know, from Aristotle and Plato, will have a far juster view of the vastness and importance of the whole human race and its strivings after truth, than he who has learnt his one little lesson about man and the universe from the works of one or two Divines of his own peculiar school. He will be all the more inclined to be just to the Mussulman, the Hindoo, the Buddhist, from having learnt to be just to those who worshipped round the Capitol or the Acropolis. One sees, therefore, with much regret, more and

more young men taking orders without having had a sound classical education, and more and more young men so over-worked by parish duty, as to have really no time left for study. Under the present mania for over-working everybody, such Churchmen as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries saw—literary, philosophic, scientific, generally human and humane—are becoming more and more impossible; while a priesthood such as may be seen in more than one country of Europe, composed of mere professionals, busy, ambitious, illiterate, is becoming more and more possible.

One remedy, at least, is this, that more varied culture should be insisted on, by those who have the power to insist; that if not a sound knowledge of the best classic literature, at least a sound knowledge of the best English, should be demanded of young clergymen. Let such a one have—say only his Shakespeare—at his fingers' ends, and he will find his visits in the parish, and his sermon in the pulpit also, all the more full of that "Pleasantness," which is, to tell the truth, nothing less than Divine "Charity."

Such are a few of the thoughts which suggested themselves to me while reading Mr. Helps's later books, and re-reading—with an increasing sense of their value—several of his earlier ones. If those thoughts have turned especially towards the gentlemen of my own cloth, and their needs, it has been because I found Mr. Helps's Essays eminently full of that "sweetness and light," which Mr. Matthew Arnold tells is so necessary for us all. Most necessary are they certainly, for us clergymen; and yet they are the very qualities which we are most likely to lose, not only from the hurry and worry of labour, but from the very importance of the questions on which we have to make up our minds, and the hugeness of the evils with which we have to fight. And thankful we should be to one who, amid toil no less continuous and distracting than that of any active clergyman, has not only preserved sweetness and light himself, but has taught the value of them to others.

## THE LEGAL PROFESSION IN AMERICA.

BY JAMES BRYCE.

AMONG English institutions there is perhaps none more curiously and distinctively English than our bar, with its strong political traditions, its aristocratic sympathies, its intense corporate spirit, its singular relation (half of dependence, half of patronage) to the solicitors, its friendly control over its official superiors, the judges. Any serious changes in the organization of such a body are sure to be symptomatic of changes in English society and politics at large, and must have an influence far beyond the limits of the profession. Such changes have of late years begun to be earnestly discussed; and in the prospect of their attracting much attention during the next few years, it becomes a matter of more than merely speculative interest to determine how far the arrangements of our bar are natural, how far artificial; or in other words, to ascertain what form the legal profession would tend to assume if it were left entirely to itself, and governed by the ordinary laws of demand and supply. Suppose a country where this has happened, where the profession, originally organized upon the English model, has been freed from those restrictions which ancient custom imposes on it here,—what new aspects or features will it develop? Will the removal of these restrictions enable it better to meet the needs of an expanding civilization? And will this gain, if attained, be counterbalanced by its exposure to new dangers and temptations? Such a country we find beyond the Atlantic: a country whose conditions, however different in points of detail from those of England, are sufficiently similar to make its experience full of instruction for us.

When England sent out her colonies, the bar, like most of our other institutions, reappeared upon the new soil, and soon gained a position similar to

that it held at home, not so much owing to any deliberate purpose on the part of those who led and ruled the new communities (for the Puritan settlers at least held lawyers in slight esteem), as because the conditions of a progressive society required its existence. That disposition to simplify and popularize law, to make it less of a mystery and bring it more within the reach of an average citizen, which is strong in modern Europe, is of course nowhere so strong as in the colonies, and naturally tended in America to lessen the individuality of the legal profession and do away with the antiquated rules which had governed it at home. On the other hand, the increasing complexity of relations in modern society, the development of so many distinct arts and departments of applied science, brings into an always clearer light the importance of a division of labour, and, by attaching greater value to special knowledge and skill, necessarily limits and specializes the activity of every profession. In spite, therefore, of the democratic aversion to class organizations, the lawyers in America soon acquired professional habits and an *esprit de corps* similar to that of their brethren in England; and some forty years ago they enjoyed a power and social consideration relatively greater than the bar has ever held on this side the Atlantic. To explain fully how they gained this place, and how they have now to some extent lost it, would involve a discussion on American politics generally. I shall not therefore attempt to do more than describe some of those aspects of the United States bar which are likely to be interesting to an English lawyer, indicating the points in which their arrangements differ from ours, and endeavouring to determine what light their experience throws on those weighty

questions regarding the organization of the profession which are beginning to be debated among us.

In the United States, as in most parts of Europe and most of our colonies, there is no distinction between barristers and attorneys. Every lawyer, or "counsel," which is the term whereby they prefer to be known, is permitted to take every kind of business: he may argue a cause in the Supreme Federal Court at Washington, or write six-and-eightpenny letters from a shopkeeper to an obstinate debtor. He may himself conduct all the proceedings in a cause, confer with the client, issue the writ, draw the declaration, get together the evidence, prepare the brief, and manage the trial when it comes on in court. Needless to add that he is employed by and deals with, not another professional man as our barristers do, but with the client himself, who seeks him out and makes his bargain directly with him, just as we in England call in a physician or make our bargain with an architect. In spite, however, of this union of all a lawyer's functions in the same person, considerations of practical convenience have in many places established a division of labour similar to what exists here. Partnerships are formed in which one member undertakes the court work and the duties of the advocate, while another or others transact the rest of the business, see the clients, conduct correspondence, hunt up evidence, prepare witnesses for examination, and manage the thousand little things for which a man goes to his attorney. The merits of the plan are obvious. It saves the senior member from drudgery, and from being distracted by petty details; it introduces the juniors to business, and enables them to profit by the experience and knowledge of the mature practitioner; it secures to the client the benefit of a closer attention to details than a leading counsel could be expected to give, while yet the whole of his suit is managed in the same office, and the responsibility is not divided, as in England, between two independent personages. Nevertheless, owing to causes which it is not easy

to explain, the custom of forming legal partnerships is one which prevails much more extensively in some parts of the Union than in others. In Boston and New York, for instance, it is common; in the towns of Connecticut and in Philadelphia one is told that it is rather the exception. Even apart from the arrangement which distributes the various kinds of business among the members of a firm, there is a certain tendency for work of a different character to fall into the hands of different men. A beginner is of course glad enough to be employed in any way, and takes willingly the smaller jobs; he will conduct a defence in a police-court, or manage the recovery of a tradesman's petty debt. I remember having been told by a very eminent counsel that when an old apple-woman applied to his son to have her market-licence renewed, which for some reason had been withdrawn, he had insisted on the young man's taking up the case. As he rises, it becomes easier for him to select his business, and when he has attained real eminence he may confine himself entirely to the higher walks, arguing cases and giving opinions, but leaving all the preparatory work and all the communications with the client to be done by the juniors who are retained along with him. He is, in fact, with one important difference, to which I shall recur presently, very much in the position of an English Queen's Counsel, and his services are sought, not only by the client, but by another counsel, or firm of counsel, who have an important suit in hand, to which they feel themselves unequal. He may, however, be, and often is, retained directly by the client; and in that case he is allowed to retain a junior to aid him, or to desire the client to do so, naming the man he wishes for, a thing which the etiquette of the English bar forbids. In every great city there are several practitioners of this kind, men who undertake only the weightiest business at the largest fees; and even in the minor towns court practice is in the hands of a comparatively small knot of people. In one New England

city, for instance, whose population is about 50,000, there are, one is told, some sixty or seventy practising lawyers, of whom not more than ten or twelve ever conduct a case in court, the remainder doing what we should call attorney's and conveyancer's work.

Whatever disadvantages this system of one undivided legal profession has, and it will appear that they are not inconsiderable, it has one conspicuous merit, on which any one who is accustomed to watch the career of the swarm of young men who annually press into the Temple or Lincoln's Inn full of bright hopes, may be pardoned for dwelling. It affords a far better prospect of speedy employment and an active professional life, than the beginner who is not "backed," as we say, can look forward to in England. Private friends can do much more than with us to help a young man, since he gets business direct from the client instead of from an attorney; he may pick up little bits of work which his prosperous seniors do not care to have, may thereby learn those details of practice of which, in England, a barrister often remains ignorant, may gain experience and confidence in his own powers, may teach himself how to speak and how to deal with men, may gradually form a connection among those for whom he has managed trifling matters, may commend himself to the good opinion of older lawyers, who will be glad to retain him as their junior when they have a brief to give away. So far he is better off than the young barrister in England. He is also, in another way, more favourably placed than the young English attorney. He is not taught to rely in all cases of legal difficulty upon the opinion of another person. He is not compelled to seek his acquaintances among the less cultivated members of the profession, to the great majority of whom law is not much of an art and nothing of a science. He does not see the path of an honourable ambition, the opportunities of forensic oratory, the access to the judicial bench, irrevocably closed against him, but has the fullest freedom to choose whatever line

his talents fit him for. Every English lawyer's experience, as it furnishes him with cases where a man was obliged to remain an attorney who would have shone as a counsel, so it certainly suggests cases of persons who were believed, and with reason believed, by their friends to possess the highest forensic abilities, but literally never had the chance of displaying them, and languished on in obscurity, while others every way inferior to them became, by mere dint of practice, fitter for ultimate success. Quite otherwise in America. There, according to the universal witness of laymen and lawyers, no man who is worth his salt, no man who combines fair talents with reasonable industry, fails to earn a competence and to have, within the first six or seven years of his career, an opportunity of showing whether he has in him the makings of something great. This is not simply due, as might easily be supposed, to the greater opportunities which everybody has in a new country, and which make America the working man's paradise, for, in the eastern States at least, the professions are pretty nearly as much crowded as they are in England; it is owing to the greater variety of practice which lies open to a young man, and to the fact that his patrons are the general public, and not, as in England, a limited class who have their own friends and connections to push. Certain it is that American lawyers profess themselves unable to understand how it can happen that deserving men remain briefless for the best years of their life, and are at last obliged to quit the profession in disgust. In fact, it seems to require an effort of politeness on their part to believe that such a state of things can exist in England and Scotland as that which we have grown so familiar with that we accept it as natural and legitimate. A further result of the unity of the whole profession may be seen in the absence of many of those rules of etiquette which are, in theory at least, strictly observed by the English lawyer. It is not thought undignified, except in the great cities of the eastern States, for a counsel to

advertise himself in the newspapers: in Canada, as well as in the States, one frequently sees respectable firms soliciting patronage in this way. A counsel is allowed to make whatever bargain he pleases with his client: he may do work for nothing, or may stipulate for a commission on the result of the suit, or even for a certain share in whatever the verdict produces—a practice which is open to grave objections, and which, in the opinion of more than one eminent American lawyer, has produced a good deal of the mischief which caused it to be seventeen centuries ago prohibited at Rome. The sentiment of the Boston bar seems to be on the whole opposed to the practice, but, so far as one can learn, there is no rule against it there or elsewhere. A counsel can bring an action for the recovery of his fees, and, *pari ratione*, can be sued for negligence in the conduct of a cause.

Respecting the condition of legal education, a subject on which so much has been said and written in England these last few months, it is hard to say anything general which shall also be true. (Most of our errors about the United States arise from our habit of taking what is true of some one place to be true generally. New York, for instance, is supposed by most English visitors to be typical, which is a good deal more absurd than for a stranger to take Liverpool as typical of England.) Like ourselves, the Americans have no great feeling for *die Wissenschaft*, and law is with them, as in England, much more an art than a science. One hears very little said about the value of studying it theoretically, nor is any proof of such study required from candidates for admission to the profession. But as a matter of fact the provision for instruction in law is as good, or better, all things considered, than in England, and is certainly more generally turned to account. Harvard, which stands in the front rank of American Universities, has a most efficient law-school, with three permanent professors, and several (at present four) occasional lecturers, among them men of the highest professional reputation, who

undertake the work more for the love of it than for the inadequate salaries offered, and worthily sustain the traditions of Judge Story, some of whose great works were delivered as lectures to a Harvard class.<sup>1</sup> In New York, the institution called Columbia College is fortunate in possessing a professor of great legal ability and an extraordinary gift of exposition, whose class-rooms, like those at Harvard, are crowded by large and highly intelligent audiences. Better law-teaching than Mr. Dwight's it is hardly possible to imagine; it would be worth an English student's while to cross the Atlantic to attend his course. Many of the lesser Universities and Colleges have attached to them law-schools of greater or less fame, but sufficient to bring some sort of instruction within the reach of any one who cares to have it.<sup>2</sup> The teaching given

<sup>1</sup> "The course of study in the Harvard Law School will comprise the following subjects, of which some are required and others elective:

REQUIRED STUDIES.

"1. Real Property. 2. Personal Property. 3. Contracts. 4. Torts. 5. Criminal Law and Criminal Procedure. 6. Civil Procedure at Common Law. 7. Evidence.

ELECTIVE STUDIES.

"*Commercial Law*.—1. Sales of Personal Property. 2. Bailments. 3. Agency. 4. Negotiable Paper. 5. Partnership. 6. Shipping, including jurisdiction and procedure in Admiralty. 7. Insurance.

"*Equity, Real Property and kindred subjects*.—8. Real Property. 9. Evidence. 10. Jurisdiction and Procedure in Equity. 11. Principal and Surety, including guarantee. 12. Domestic relations. 13. Marriage and Divorce. 14. Wills and Administration. 15. Corporations. 16. Conflict of Laws. 17. Constitutional Law. 18. Debtor and Creditor, including Bankruptcy.

"All the required subjects, and as many as possible of the elective subjects (eleven in 1870-71), will be taught every year."—(Prospectus of the Harvard University Law School, Cambridge, Mass.)

<sup>2</sup> For instance, the State University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor (a University which has just signalized itself by admitting women to its classes on equal terms with men), has a law-school with four professors, who lecture on the following subjects:—

"(a.) On Equity and Equitable Remedies, Criminal Law, United States' Jurisprudence, and International Law.

"(b.) On Contracts, Bills and Notes, Partnerships, and the Law of Corporations and Agency.

"(c.) On Constitutional Law, Estates in Real

is of a definitely practical character, and bears only on our English and American Common Law and Equity. Jurisprudence, using the term to mean the science of law in general, is not recognized as a subject at all; nor is the Civil Law regularly studied anywhere in the northern or middle States; international law, where taught, is usually deemed a part of the literary or historical, not of the legal course. Attendance on law classes is purely optional, so that the demand which exists may be taken to prove the excellence of the article supplied.

The right of admitting to practise is in all or nearly all the States vested, or supposed to be vested, in the judges, who usually either delegate it to the bar, or appoint on each occasion one, two, or three counsel to examine the candidate. Occasionally, as for instance in Philadelphia, he is required to have read for a fixed period in some lawyer's office, but more commonly nothing more than an examination is demanded, and the examination, nowhere severe, is often little better than a form. In Massachusetts applicants may be, but are rarely, plucked; in New York, less scrupulous in this as in most respects than other cities, the whole thing is said to be a farce, and people whose character and whose attainments are equally unsatisfactory, find their way into the profession. Unless the opinion of their fellow-citizens does them great injustice, many of the New York judges are not quite the men to insist on a rigid standard of professional honour and capacity. An admission in any one State gives a title to practise within its limits only; but practically, he who has been admitted in one State finds no difficulty of being admitted *pro forma* to the court of another in which he may happen to have a case. On the whole it may be said that very little care is taken in America to secure the competence of

practitioners. In this, as in other matters, the principle of *laissez faire* is trusted to, and the creditably high level of legal knowledge and skill in the best States is due rather to a sense of the value of systematic instruction among the members of the profession itself than to the almost nominal entrance examination. The experience of America seems on the whole to confirm the main conclusion of Mr. Dicey's singularly clear and vigorous article<sup>1</sup> on legal education, that our chief aim ought to be to provide thoroughly good instruction in law, and that examinations should rather be used to test this instruction than trusted to as in themselves sufficient to produce a body of competent practitioners.

The strictly practical character of the legal instruction given, good as much of it is, has been followed by one unfortunate result. There is but a slight interest in the scientific propriety of law, or in the discussion of its leading principles; an American lawyer seems quite as unwilling to travel out of the region of cases as any disciple of Lord Kenyon or Mr. John William Smith could have been. More has been done in the way of law reform there than here in England, for the Americans are more impatient of practical inconveniences than we are, more dexterous in getting rid of them, and less hampered by the complexity and slowness of their political machinery. Most, if not all, of the northern States have codified their statutes, have united legal and equitable jurisdiction in the same court, and greatly simplified the law of real property. But this has all been done in a sort of rough and ready way, with no great attention to elegance of form. The codification of case-law has (I speak again of the northern and eastern States) been very little discussed, and the attempts made are, in a scientific point of view, far from satisfactory. Among the

Property, The Domestic Relations, Wills, &c., and Uses and Trusts.

"(d.) On Pleading and Practice, Evidence, Personal Property, Easements, and Bailments."

Not a very philosophical distribution of topics.

<sup>1</sup> In the December number of this Magazine. I may add, however, that the entrance examinations in America seem to be much laxer than could be wished, and that most of the leading lawyers desire them to be made more strict.

individual American lawyers there are many men of the highest powers—men whose learning and acumen would have put them in the forefront of the bar in England had they lived here, and enabled them to rival the best of our English judges. But those who take a speculative interest in law, and study its philosophy and its history, seem to be extremely few, fewer than in England. As every lawyer practises both law and equity, and as the bulk of the law altogether is much smaller than in England, an average New England town-practitioner has probably a better general knowledge of the whole field than a person of corresponding talents and standing in this country, and is probably smarter and quicker in using his knowledge. On the other hand, there are fewer men who are masters of a special department; the judges are in most States (Massachusetts is a conspicuous exception) inferior people, whose decisions carry little moral weight, and before whom counsel naturally acquire a comparatively slovenly habit of arguing. There is, therefore, some danger that the case-law may gradually decline, may grow looser and less consistent; while from unlearned popular bodies, such as the State Legislatures, no finished legislation can be expected. In this condition of things, the value not only of the reports of the Federal Courts, whose judges are mostly persons of some mark, but of our own English reports, is very great. Pretty nearly every lawyer of standing takes in the Law Reports as they appear, and the decisions contained in them, although not legally binding, are cited with as much readiness and enjoy as much moral weight as they do here. An English judge can have no more legitimate subject for pride than in reflecting that every decision he gives—I might say, every dictum he utters—is caught up, and bears with it almost the force of law over the vast territory that stretches from the Bay of Fundy to the Golden Gate.

As in the United States the bar includes the whole mass of the attorneys

as well as those whom we should call barristers, its social position ought to be compared with that of both the branches of the English profession taken together. So regarded, it seems to be somewhat higher than in England; naturally enough, when we remember that there is no hereditary aristocracy to overshadow it, and that in the absence of a titled class, a landed class, and a military class, the chief distinction which common sentiment can lay hold of as elevating one set of persons above another is the character of their occupation, and the degree of culture and intelligence which it implies. Such distinctions, however, carried more weight in days when society was smaller, simpler, and less wealthy than it has now become. The growth of great mercantile fortunes has in America, as in England, and perhaps even more notably there, lowered the relative importance and dignity of the bar. An individual merchant holds perhaps no better place compared with an average individual lawyer than he did forty years ago; but the millionaire is a much more frequent and potent personage than he was then, and outshines everybody in the country. Now and then a great orator or a great writer achieves fame of a different and higher kind; but in the main it is the glory of successful commerce which in America and Europe now draws admiring eyes. Wealth, it is true, is by no means out of the reach of the leading lawyers: yet still not such wealth as may be and constantly is amassed by contractors, share speculators, hotel proprietors, newspaper owners, and retail storekeepers. The incomes of the first counsel in cities like New York are probably as large as those of the great English leaders; one firm, for instance, is often mentioned as dividing a sum of 250,000 dollars a year, of which the senior member may probably have 100,000. It is, however, only in two or three of the greatest cities that such incomes can be made, and one may doubt whether there are ten or fifteen counsel in the whole country who, simply by

their profession, make more than fifty or sixty thousand dollars a year.

Next after wealth, education and power may be taken to be the two elements or qualities on which social standing in a new and democratic country depends. As respects education, the bar stands high—higher, it would seem, than either of the two other learned professions, or than their new sister, journalism. Most lawyers have had a college training, and are by the necessity of their employment persons of some mental cultivation; in the older towns they (in conjunction with the professors of the University, where there is one) form the intellectual *élite* of the place, and maintain worthily the literary traditions of the Roman, French, and English bar. It is worth noting, that the tendency of their professional training is, there as well as here, to make them conservative in professional matters. They have the same dislike to theorists, the same attachment to old forms, the same cautiousness in committing themselves to any broad legal principle, which distinguish the orthodox type of the English lawyer, and tend to reproduce faithfully on the shores of the Mississippi the very prejudices which Bentham assailed eighty years ago, at a time when those shores were inhabited only by Indians and beavers. In Chicago, a city of yesterday, special demurrers, replications *de injuriâ*, and all the elaborate formalities of pleading which were swept away by our Common Law Procedure Acts, flourish and abound to this day. As for power, the power of the bar in politics is considerable, although the rise of a class of professional politicians has of late years weakened it. The affairs of private persons are of course, to a great extent, in their hands; but the simpler state of the law, especially the law of land, and the absence of complicated settlements, make a man rather less dependent on his solicitor than an English country gentleman is almost certain to be. The machinery of local government is largely worked by the lawyers, and the conduct of legislation (so far as it is not of a

purely administrative character, or does not touch on popular questions) is left to them; that is to say, if any permanent change is to be made in the private law of the community, or in procedure, the lay public can hardly help trusting them. . . . When they act together as a class upon class questions, they can put forth very great strength. In some States it is entirely the will of the lawyers that has delayed law reforms, and in a good many, where the judiciary is elective, a fairly respectable selection of judges is ensured by the joint action of the bar, whose nominees are usually accepted by the bulk of sensible lay citizens. This happens, one is told, in Philadelphia, as well as in Chicago and many cities of the West.

The decline of the influence of the bar in politics opens up a group of historical questions which one can only touch on, and which a stranger can indeed hardly hope to have mastered. In the earlier days of the Republic lawyers played a great part, as lawyers have done wherever free governments exist. So in England, long before the days of Somers; so still more conspicuously in France, most of the leaders whom each revolution has brought to the top having been men of the robe, as Grévy, Favre, Gambetta, and other people of eminence are now. In America, most of the Presidents, indeed nearly all, except the soldiers, have been lawyers; witness, among others, the last four, Fillmore, Buchanan, Lincoln, and Andrew Johnson. So too were Webster and Clay; and so, to come down to the notable and the notorious men of to-day, are Seward, Sumner, John T. Hoffman, B. F. Butler, A. O. Hall. The absence of any permanently wealthy and influential class, such as the landed gentry form in England, gives the American advocate a special advantage in public life, over and above those which he derives from his practice in speaking and his habit of dealing with legal questions; and he finds another in the fact, that such constant reference is made in American politics to the written Constitution.

Those who have been trained to interpret it are allowed to claim the position of political hierophants, the stewards of sacred mysteries.

This predominance belonged to the lawyers in De Tocqueville's time, and he rejoiced to see it. Since then, however, great changes have passed upon the country. Politics have become a profession—latterly, a gainful profession—and the more gainful the less honourable. The great extension of public works, especially of railways, has put immense pecuniary interests at the disposal of Congress, and of the State Legislatures. The unfortunate practice of making all the appointments in the Civil Service temporary, and giving them for political reasons, has become established, and various other ways have been discovered of making politics pay. The formation of a class of men who devote themselves to politics solely (some of whom, of course, were originally lawyers) has done a good deal to jostle the legitimate lawyers out of political life, and probably something also to lower the average tone of those who still mingle in it. The extent to which this evil—for such it must be called—prevails, varies in different places, according to the character of the population. New York is, of course, conspicuously the worst; the most prominent leaders of the Irish rabble which has latterly governed it being men whom, whatever their profession, no respectable lawyer would recognize as social equals. There are, however, a good many other places where a barrister of high character and legal note would feel that, in throwing himself into politics, he was entering a distinctly lower arena than that of the law-courts, and undertaking to deal with people among whom he must not expect to find the same sense of honour and the same mental refinement which he was accustomed to among his professional brethren. The men who now lead the profession in the United States certainly do not carry their due weight in politics.

Whether it is true, as one is so often told in America, that the corruptions of

politics have affected the tone of the bar itself, is a question on which a stranger's impressions are worth little or nothing. In America, as in England, there is a considerable tendency to exaggerate the present evils of the country, and one never knows how much deduction to make. There is no doubt, however, that the distinctive character of the bar, as a profession, separated by its usages from the rest of the community, and bound by peculiar rules, is much less marked than in England. The levelling and equalizing tendency which has been already noted as potent in modern civilization, is most potent under democratic institutions; the spirit which has destroyed class privileges is hostile to anything which marks off any set of men from the rest of the community, and does not spare even a professional organization in such slight external badges of caste as a professional dress. Neither wig, bands, gown, nor any other peculiar dress, is worn by the American barrister, nor even by the American judge, save only by the members of the Supreme Court, who appear in gowns when they sit at Washington.<sup>1</sup>

This point is forcibly put by an able writer in the *American Law Review* for April 1861:—

“Lawyers are rightly called the most conservative class in a democracy, and their influence in the government pronounced to be the most powerful existing security against its excesses. It follows that the class of politicians who profit by those excesses must be hostile to the legal profession, and the antagonism is none the less real for being unavowed. The people are never jealous of lawyers, they trust the legal profession because its interest is really the same with their own, and because its intelligence guides them best in pursuing that interest. In doing so it thwarts the demagogue, whose interest it is to flatter popular passion or vanity. The French publicist held the opinion that lawyers would always maintain the lead in a democracy. He could not forecast the influences which in the last quarter of a century have so enormously increased the control of mere politicians. . . . The democratic principle is a slow strong solvent of forms and symbols,—so strong that it may even be artfully misdirected to attack the

<sup>1</sup> Similarly, academical dress has disappeared from the American Universities.

substance and weaken the reality of the thing symbolized. Therefore much of the democratic teaching of the day encourages a sort of unformed notion that the destruction of class peculiarities will have a magical power to efface differences of nature and make all men alike wise, good, and happy. Such a notion easily breeds the mistake of regarding superior morality and intelligence as an unwarranted privilege. Any eminence is undemocratic, the Cleon of the hour exclaims; superiority of any kind is treason to the great Declaration; and any calling or profession that rests upon such superiority, and maintains and protects itself by cherishing it, is unconstitutional, or we will speedily make it so."

The subject of the article from which I quote is the formation of the Bar Association of New York, and the somewhat gloomy views it expresses seem to be suggested chiefly by the phenomena of that city, which, as has already been remarked, are quite exceptional. It is true, however, that throughout the States the bar is very much less of a caste or guild than it is in England, and that its members are less sensitive to professional opinion. The circumstances of the country, and the pervading faith in the principle of *laissez faire*, have prevented the establishment of any system of professional government: there is no tribunal corresponding to our Inns of Court. The control, which is by law vested in the State judges, is not and could not well be used to much purpose. Even so apparently trivial a circumstance as the absence of a peculiar costume has contributed to weaken the feeling of the collective dignity and responsibility of the profession, and of the duty which each member owes to the whole body—has increased that perilous sense of the loss of the individual in the mass which is so marked in huge and swiftly changing communities. I am far from meaning to say that, except perhaps in such a place as New York, the want of a stricter system has as yet been injuriously felt. Where the tone of society is high and pure, as it is in by far the greater part of the country, and conspicuously in New England and the best of the western States, the tone of the bar is high and pure also. But

where bad symptoms have shown themselves, there have been no legal and efficient means of dealing with them.

This state of things has led, in these last few months, to the formation in New York City of a voluntary organization intended to foster the *esprit de corps* of the profession, and enable it to act more effectively in the pursuit of common objects, and above all (although for obvious reasons this has not been prominently put forward) to exercise a sort of social censorship, by excluding or expelling unworthy persons from its membership. So far, this Bar Association is a mere club, with no official position; but it is hoped that it may some day acquire regular disciplinary powers. Its leaders are men of the highest character and abilities, and the example they have set in founding it has already been followed by the establishment of similar organizations in Pennsylvania and Maryland.

One naturally asks, what is there that we in England may learn from a survey of the condition and prospects of our profession in the United States? Many of its characteristics are intimately bound up with social and political phenomena unlike those of England, and are therefore to us matters rather of speculative than of practical interest. Others, as for instance the results attained by the schools of law, which have a considerable influence in elevating the tone of the profession, as well as in making it more efficient, deserve to be carefully noted with a view to imitation. And a great deal of light is certainly thrown by a study of the state of things in America upon a question which has already been raised in this country, and is likely to be more and more eagerly discussed, especially if our courts are still further localized,—the question whether or no the present separation between barristers and attorneys ought to be maintained. Before concluding, a few words may be said upon this matter.

There are two sets of persons in England who complain of our present arrangements—a section of the solicitors, who are debarred from the exercise of

advocacy, and therefore from the great prizes of the profession, as well as, to a considerable extent, from public life; and a section of the junior bar, whose members, depending entirely on the patronage of the solicitors, find themselves, if they happen to have no private connections among that branch of the profession, absolutely unable to get employment, since a strict code of etiquette forbids them to undertake certain sorts of work, or to do work except on a fixed scale of fees, or to take work directly from a client, or to form partnerships with other counsel. An attempt has been made to enlist the general public in favour of a change, by the argument that law would be cheapened by allowing the attorney to argue and carry through the courts a cause which he has prepared for trial; but so far the general public has not responded.

There are three points of view from which the merits or demerits of a change may be regarded. These are the interests respectively of the profession, of the client, and of the nation and community at large.

As far as the advantage of the profession, in both its branches, is concerned, the example of the United States seems to show that the balance of advantage is in favour of uniting barristers and attorneys in one body. The attorney has a wider field, greater opportunities of distinguishing himself, and the legitimate satisfaction of seeing his cause through all its stages. The junior barrister finds it far easier to get on, even as an advocate, and, if he discovers that advocacy is not his line, is able to subside into the perhaps not less profitable or agreeable function of a solicitor. The senior barrister or leader does no doubt suffer, for his attention is more distracted by calls of different kinds; he is sometimes obliged, even if he has junior partners, to take up petty work for the sake of keeping a client; he finds it less easy to devote himself to a special department of law and elect to shine in it; he assumes all the weight of responsibility for the whole conduct of the case, which with us is so divided between counsel

and attorney that either can charge a miscarriage on the other.

The gain to the client is, perhaps, even clearer; and even those (few, very few) American counsel who say that for their own sake they would prefer the English plan of a separation, admit that the litigant is more expeditiously and effectively served where he has but one person to look to and deal with throughout. It does not suit him, say the Americans, to be lathered in one shop and shaved in another; he likes to go to his lawyer, tell him the facts, get an off-hand opinion, if the case be a fairly simple one (as it is nine times out of ten), and issue his writ with some confidence: whereas under the English system he would either have to wait till a regular case for the opinion of counsel was drawn, sent to a barrister, and returned written on, after some days, or else take the risk of bringing an action which turned out to be ill-founded. It may also be well believed that a case is, on the whole, better dealt with when it is kept in one office from first to last, and managed by one person, or by partners who are in constant communication. Mistakes and oversights are less likely to occur, since the advocate knows the facts better, and has almost invariably seen and questioned the witnesses before he comes into court. It may indeed be said that an advocate does his work with more ease of conscience, and perhaps more *sang-froid*, when he knows nothing but his instructions. But American practitioners are all clear that they are able to serve their clients better than they could if the responsibility were divided between the man who prepares the case, and the man who argues or addresses the jury.

The client, however, is also a member of the nation, and the nation has an interest, over and above that which some of its members have as litigants, in the administration of justice and the well-being of the legal profession. It is concerned to have the scientific character of the law maintained and the work of legislation done, not only with substantial good sense, but with elegance

and symmetry of form. It is also concerned to see that those whose occupation makes them the natural guardians of the law and a check upon any misconduct of the bench, should maintain their influence and exercise it with zeal and public spirit. The political functions of the legal profession, important in all States, are perhaps most important in a democracy, where it is an element of permanence, advising and controlling the ever-fluctuating currents of popular opinion. These functions cannot be rightly discharged unless the profession sets an example to the country of purity, dignity, and self-control. Now the most important part of the profession, for political purposes, is that part, corresponding to the bar in the English sense of the term, which is in direct contact with the judges, which conducts causes in the courts, which cultivates oratory, and thereby influences representative assemblies and public meetings. This comparatively small body can, owing to its very smallness, be kept under a strict control, may cherish a strong professional feeling, and may therefore be with safety allowed certain exceptional privileges. In the immense mass of the whole profession it is all but impossible to maintain an equally high standard of honour and duty. The scientific character of the law, its precision and philosophical propriety, may perhaps be best secured by setting apart (as in England) a section of the profession who can the better devote themselves to it in that they are not distracted by undertaking work which is not properly legal, such as is much of the work done in an attorney's office. The conscience or honour of a member of either branch of the profession is exposed to less strain where the two branches are distinct. The counsel is under less temptation to win his cause by foul means, since he is removed from the client by the interposition of the attorney, and therefore less personally identified with the success of the client's scheme. His relation to the judge is a more independent one than if his fee were to depend on his success in the suit, as it does where a share of the proceeds or a

commission on the proceeds is given to the advocate, a practice hard to check where the advocate is also the attorney: he is therefore less likely to lead a judge astray or take advantage of a judge's corruption. He probably has not that intimate knowledge of the client's affairs which he must have if he had prepared the whole case, and is therefore less likely to be drawn into speculating, to take an obvious instance, in the shares of a client company, or otherwise playing a double and disloyal game. Similarly it might be shown that the attorney also is less tempted than if he dealt immediately with the judge, and were not obliged, in carrying out the schemes of a fraudulent client, to call in the aid of another practitioner, amenable to a strict professional discipline. And lastly, it is urged that where, as in England and generally in America, judges are taken exclusively from the bar (whereas on the Continent the judicial profession is distinct from that of advocacy), it becomes specially important to provide that no one shall mount the bench who has not proved his talents as an advocate, and acquired in that capacity the confidence of the public.

Such are some of the arguments which one hears used in America as grounds for preferring the double system, and they are worth considering, although it may well be thought that their force would be greatly diminished if some more effective tribunal existed than now exists there for trying and punishing professional offences.

Which way the general balance of advantage lies is too intricate a question to be discussed at the end of a paper. But most people will admit that our present English rules are not satisfactory, and that the example of America is on the whole in favour of a somewhat freer system. It has, for instance, been suggested that there should be an easier and quicker passage from either branch of the profession to the other than is now permitted here; that barristers should be allowed to be retained directly by the client, even though he must have the

attorney's part of the work done by an attorney; that barristers should be permitted to form partnerships among themselves, and to do work for lower fees than etiquette now allows, even gratis if they wish, maintaining however the prohibition to bargain for a payment by the result. It is argued, and with much force, that there is no reason why students preparing for the one branch of the profession should not be educated along with candidates for the other, and allowed to compete in the same examinations. In any case, it is pretty clear that a change of some kind will come, or rather that the change already begun by the establishment of the County Courts will be carried further. There is still time to provide that such change should take a good form, and should not consist, as some reformers wish it to do, simply in the absorption of the bar by the attorneys. This, I venture to think, would be a misfortune, not perhaps for the present members of the bar, but for the country at large.

Our English bar and bench have been in so wholesome a state for the last two centuries, despite the political crises we have passed through, that we are perhaps too apt to fancy such a state of things normal, and to underrate the dangers of a lapse. The circumstances of New York City, whose judges were forty years ago as reputable as those who sit at Westminster, is a serious warning that the evils whose existence we have so often heard of in Spain, Italy, and France, may come to prevail in English-speaking communities also. As fresh pestilences arise when the old forms of disease seem worn out, so the perpetual vices of mankind assume a new shape in a new era, being in substance still the same. In the Middle Ages the perversions of justice were mostly due to the oppressions of a king, or of powerful nobles; now fraud takes the place of violence, and we have to fear the influence of huge masses of ignorant men swayed by unscrupulous leaders, and of prodigious accumulations of wealth in the hands of individuals and companies. Fortunately, the danger in America is less than it might appear, less than it

would be in a small country like England. The territory is so extensive, the different States so independent, and in many respects so unlike one another, the general tone of the population so healthy, that the infection need not spread quickly, and may be checked (as at this moment in New York) before it has spread far. The moral, however, which the bare existence of such mischiefs teaches, is none the less grave. That moral is, in its most general form, the extreme importance of repressing corruption in all its forms; and in doing so, of not simply trusting to public opinion, however sound for the moment, but of providing some regular means of noting and pouncing upon the evil in its first beginnings. More particularly, it suggests to us the desirability of doing everything to enhance the dignity of the judicial office, and to quicken in its holders a sense of their responsibilities; and it warns us to keep within moderate limits the jurisdiction of local courts, whose judges have not that protection against dangerous influences which their social position, their incomes, and a watchful public opinion give to the eminent men who sit in the Superior Courts of Common Law and Equity.

The example of our country is of the more consequence, as it influences so many communities elsewhere, and especially in the colonies,—communities exposed to dangers and temptations similar to those of New York. That its example is on the whole so good is legitimate matter for satisfaction. Much has been said lately of the decadence of England; nor is there any harm in having our weaknesses pointed out, so long as suspicion is not thereby sown between ourselves and our true natural allies. But no country can be in a state of decay while it continues to uphold public purity—the purity of the bar, of the bench, and of political life. Such purity is not only a chief source of a people's happiness, but the great source of its strength; for it is the foundation of that mutual confidence between citizen and citizen, between the governors and the governed, on which, in moments of national peril, everything depends.

## THE CHINESE AUDIENCE QUESTION.

ENGLISH manufacturers seem to be slowly awakening to the fact that their future prosperity is largely bound up with China; and if they have not yet quite mastered the nature of the obstacles which interpose between them and their reputed 350 millions of potential customers, it is probably because they have only as yet bestowed a languid and spasmodic interest on the subject. Wider outlets for the increasing production of the country they feel to be a necessity; and nothing will persuade them that such outlets cannot be found in China, if only they knew how to set about it. So far, well. But the precarious character of even the existing trade appears to excite less attention than it deserves. At present we enjoy nearly a monopoly of the trade in textile fabrics for China; but considering that we have to bring our raw material across the ocean, and that we have competitors in the business who are making great strides, what reason is there why our neighbours, having facilities for obtaining the raw material and facilities for manufacture almost equal to our own, and cheaper labour, should not make ever-increasing inroads on our monopoly? Again: the principal article which we export to China is cotton cloth, while China itself produces cotton of an excellent quality. How long will it be before the introduction of the power-loom into China, and perhaps the extension of cotton cultivation, seriously curtail this branch of the commerce?

And the contingency of a purely commercial reverse is only one element of the uncertainty which surrounds our China trade. There is the risk of political convulsion, of anarchy, of international misunderstanding, which may at any time create such a check to commerce in that country as would

amount to a real calamity to our industrial population. Under such circumstances, it behoves the Government no less than the manufacturing classes to take every kind of precaution against accidents to a trade which is at once so valuable and so precarious, and to use every legitimate means to strengthen and fortify the slippery foundations on which it rests. A comprehensive policy seems here to be indispensable to the security of our interests, for foreign commerce in China cannot be dissociated from the complicated operations of our diplomacy in that country.

Our commercial relations with China may be safely left to the vigilance of those who are more directly interested in the result, but no such security exists that the questions arising out of our political intercourse with the Government shall meet with equal attention. It is true a comfortable notion prevails that in some way or other the great principles of peace and progress have been applied to our diplomatic dealings with China, which means that we have now resolved to treat her as a civilized Power. The soothing influence of such phrases on the minds and consciences of those who have no occasion to seek deeper explanations of things, is indeed marvellous; large classes of theoretical politicians find rest for their souls in these extremely edifying announcements; and some are abundantly satisfied with the simple fact that our policy in China has been changed, without caring to examine what the nature of the change has been. There are few persons who have any need to trouble themselves to analyse the *formulae* in which our new Chinese policy is embodied, and fewer still who would have the moral courage to trace it back to the utter fallacy on which it is based. We are sometimes apt to forget that it takes two to make

a bargain. It may be eminently virtuous on our part to treat China as a civilized State; but have we allowed her to choose whether or not she likes being so dealt with? whether indeed she is not insulted by the proposal to place her on the footing of Christian Powers? There is no friendship without reciprocity; and two persons cannot walk together where one only is agreed. We have made no small fuss about receiving China into the family of nations, without once asking whether the introduction would be agreeable to her. The truth is that, supposing the happy family idea to have been realized, China, so far from weeping tears of gratitude for our condescension, would deem the favour to have been entirely on the other side. But in point of fact, China has neither joined, nor does she desire to join, any family of nations at all; and she looks down on our officiousness in that direction with something more than contempt. While we are pharisaically pluming ourselves on our humility in promoting China to equality of rank with ourselves, she is in reality spurning us from her footstool. It is China that refuses to acknowledge not only the "comity" of nations, but the existence of any nation save one. It is the Emperor who, as Heaven's Vicegerent, wields the sovereignty of the whole world, and commands the obedience of all the petty chiefs such as the Queen of Great Britain and the Emperor of Germany.

We may laugh at being designated barbarians, and think it a grim joke that a man in a pigtail should style himself the Son of Heaven. If, indeed, these things only came before us as eccentricities of Oriental bombast, our amusement would be unalloyed. But it is different when these inflated pretensions take the concrete form; and it is a little beyond a joke when the Queen's representative is made to pass under the yoke of Chinese arrogance.

Though it is well known to her Majesty's advisers that their representative in Peking is excluded from access to the Emperor to whom he is

nominally accredited, the necessary consequences of this state of affairs seem not to have been realized by them. The establishment of embassies at Peking, and the opening of relations with the Central Government there, superseded the system previously in operation, of maintaining intercourse with the provincial authorities and seeking redress of grievances at their hands. The adoption of the new method of referring all disputes to the central authority required two important assumptions: one, that there was a central authority exercising effective government in the provinces; and the other, that our minister could reach it. Neither of these assumptions being well founded, the new policy has, as a matter of course, failed altogether.

It is well that there should be no mistake about this, for "the reference to Peking" has been again and again declared by the responsible Ministers of the Crown to be the keystone of our whole policy in China; attempts by consular officers, when driven to despair by the failure of the Peking system, to revert to the old one, have been visited with almost vindictive punishment. The new policy has been tried for now ten years, and by three successive ministers. In accordance with it, scores upon scores of "references" have been made to the minister. It is a matter of history that in every case the reference has failed of result. On the other hand, though it is perhaps irrelevant to the present argument, it is an interesting fact, that in the few instances where the rule has been broken through and local action taken, complete success has been attained.

While the "reference" scheme was on its trial, aggrieved British subjects were content to wait for redress and even to forego their rights, for the sake of the experiment. It is a question, however, how long the probation period ought to last, and whether the time has not already come when some better plan should be tried.

That there may be no doubt about

the failure of the "reference to Peking" system, we shall adduce the evidence of the ministers who have tried it. Sir F. Bruce certainly spared no exertion to make the thing a success, and he wrote in one of his very last despatches before leaving China :—

"My object since I have been at Peking has been to seek for redress through the Imperial Government, and to do away with the necessity of seeking redress by forcible demonstrations at the ports for violations of treaty. But it is evident that the reluctance of your Imperial Highness [Prince Kung] to enter frankly into this policy, renders my efforts ineffectual, and will force ultimately her Majesty's Government to adopt the former proceeding."

Six years later, the next minister, Sir R. Alcock, expresses his views in these words :—

"When any wrong or injustice is suffered by a foreigner, for which there is no appeal to a public court of justice and a written code of laws—if the Chinese authorities are not moved, as is too often the case, by the consul's representations—the only recourse is a reference to Peking; and then commences an interminable series of references backwards and forwards, a see-saw of correspondence on both sides between the ports and the capital, and no solution is ever arrived at."

*No solution is ever arrived at.* Such is the summing-up of a five years' experience of the "reference to the central government" policy.

If the present minister, Mr. Wade, does not ere long record a similar experience, it will probably be because British subjects and consuls will have learned at last the utter futility of submitting anything whatever to Peking.

Were the unsatisfactory position of what is called the Audience question recognized as an efficient cause of all this unbroken failure, some effort might possibly be made to adjust the matter. The position of that question appears to be this. Acting on their assumption of universal sovereignty, the Chinese authorities refuse to receive the foreign

ministers as the representatives of independent States; and the latter are denied access to the Emperor, except on the impossible condition of their prostrating themselves in token of vassalage. The result is, that the foreign ministers are without power or influence, and greatly compromise the dignity of their countries by their residence in Peking under the irksome restraints that are put upon them. The negotiators of the British Treaties intended to guard carefully against this state of affairs, for they saw very clearly what Mr. Wade so well expressed, that the foreign minister who should take up his residence in Peking and "not insist on an audience, would not practically gain access to Peking for any diplomatic purpose." The whole history of our legation is a commentary on that text. We have not got to Peking for any diplomatic purpose, and therefore might as well have had our Embassy at Timbuctoo.

As very shortly our Government will be compelled to face this question, it may interest our readers to trace its history somewhat more in detail.

The importance which Lord Elgin attached to the establishment of an Embassy at Peking, and to its proper reception, is shown by the third clause in the Treaty of Tientsin, which provides that the "ambassador, minister, or other diplomatic agent appointed by her Majesty the Queen, may reside with his family and establishment permanently at the capital, or may visit it occasionally, at the option of the British Government. He shall not be called upon to perform any ceremony derogatory to him as representing the sovereign of an independent nation on a footing of equality with that of China, &c."

But as this concession virtually amounted to a surrender of the Chinese claim to universal supremacy, the two Chinese High Commissioners resisted the article with all their might up to the very last; and after the Treaty was signed, they made a pilgrimage from Peking to Shanghai, as a kind of forlorn hope, to try what persuasion might even yet do with Lord Elgin. Their diplo-

macy was so successful that Lord Elgin was induced by them to write to his Government, that "it would certainly be expedient that her Majesty's representative in China should be instructed to choose a place of residence elsewhere than at Peking."

By way of making assurance doubly sure, however, the Peking Government ordered the entrance to the Peiho river to be barred by stakes, in order that "the barbarian vessels might never again be able to enter the inner waters," thereby in the most effective manner, as they thought, preventing any ambassador from proceeding to Peking. The disaster to our squadron at Taku, in 1859, which followed these preparations, revealed to all the world the fatal error of Lord Elgin's concession of the year before. After Taku, two things were necessary: first, to wipe out the stain of our defeat; and secondly, to repossess ourselves of the right which that piece of treachery was designed to nullify for ever. The war of 1860 achieved both purposes as completely as a military triumph could do: and yet here we are in 1871 still waiting for a settlement of the "Audience question;" still, in the language of Mr. Wade, "without access to Peking for any diplomatic purpose," just as if no Peking campaign had been fought.

As this Audience question is really the pivot of our relations with the Chinese Government, and will be the rallying-point in the unfortunate event of our again getting into difficulties with China, it is worth while to discover, if possible, what weighty considerations have induced our representatives to waive their right in the face of the disastrous experience of Lord Elgin.

It will be observed that Article III. of the Treaty of Tientsin quoted above, rather takes for granted than expressly stipulates for the right of audience; but its meaning is rendered unmistakable by the interpretation put upon the clause by Mr. Bruce, himself having been mainly responsible for the wording of the Treaty. In a despatch to the Chinese Commissioners, dated Shanghai, June 8, 1859, he informs them that he

is resolved to proceed forthwith to Peking, there to exchange the ratifications of the Treaty, "and to deliver in person the letter committed to my charge by my gracious Sovereign to his Imperial Majesty." And the supreme practical significance of this right was fully recognized by Mr. Bruce, as appears from his despatch to Lord Malmesbury, dated July 13, 1859, in which he says:—

"According to it (the Treaty of Tientsin) the British Minister is to be accredited as a representative of an independent equal Power, and the Chinese Government in its treatment of him is called upon finally to abandon the assumption of superiority which it asserted uncompromisingly during Lord Amherst's Embassy, and so lately as three years ago, when Count Putiatine first proposed to visit Peking."

And similarly Mr. Wade, at that time Chinese Secretary to the legation and now minister at Peking, observed:

"It is only by insuring the attention which must be yielded when the question of equality is no longer in dispute, that we can hope for a peaceable settlement of misunderstanding with a people whose bigotry, arrogance, and insincerity are kept in check only by their fears."

This privilege, then, of personal reception by the Emperor of China, implying the equality of Great Britain, which had been virtually surrendered by Lord Elgin in 1858, was recovered at the cost of a war in 1860; and by the Convention signed at Peking, on October 24 of that year, it was provided that—

"The arrangement entered into at Shanghai between Lord Elgin and the Commissioners Kweiliang and Hwa-shana is at an end, and that the Queen of England resumes the unqualified exercise of the authority accruing to her Majesty under Article III. of the Treaty of Tientsin."

But if so practised and hard-headed a statesman as Lord Elgin succumbed, even once, to the cajolery of the Chinese, it was hardly to be expected that those who came after him should be able to withstand their insidious attacks. By

what means our representatives in China have been persuaded to connive at the loss of our dear-bought privileges is a secret chapter of the history. From what has been written and published we should infer that, *Sinensiores ipsius Sinensibus*, they found excuses for the non-fulfilment of the Treaty which the Chinese themselves did not deign to put forward. A despatch written by Lord Russell, on the 9th January, 1861, formally authorizing the ambassador to waive his right of audience, has rendered nugatory our whole diplomatic intercourse for the last ten years. But the representations from China must have been of a very emphatic character to have induced the Foreign Secretary thus to sign away the fruit of a war which had just been concluded at a cost of six millions of money. It is unfortunately always easier to forego than to maintain rights, and circumstances in this case were eminently favourable to the *laissez-faire* policy. The old Emperor had fled to Ye-ho, where he died in 1861; his successor was then, and is still, a minor. It is not clear whether the Chinese ministers urged this as an apology for their non-fulfilment of treaty; perhaps they found no excuse necessary, since foreigners themselves were only too officious in discovering reasons why it would be injurious to China to make a public acknowledgment of the equality of barbarous kingdoms. But the minority of the Emperor has been so industriously put forward by the parliamentary mouth-pieces of our own Foreign Office as an argument against the assertion of our true position in China, that we cannot wonder if the Chinese Government make the most of the ready-made pretext, and prolong, as they are reported to be doing, the minority of their sovereign far beyond its natural term. The doctrine that the minority of the sovereign releases the nation from its engagements would hardly be a convenient one for general acceptance; but, as applied to China, the doctrine adapts itself but too easily to the natural negligence with which affairs are treated

when removed to so safe a distance from public supervision. It is true, nevertheless, that a day of reckoning is coming, and it will be found that delay in grappling with the Audience question has not rendered its pacific solution the more easy. In fact, had our representatives in China and our Foreign Office at home conspired to sow the seeds of another war with China, they could not have proceeded by a surer method than by encouraging the Chinese authorities in the belief that their treaty obligations may be disregarded with impunity.

Would we, then, have had our representatives to cut their way into the presence chamber and present their letters to the Empress Regent or the young Emperor at the point of the bayonet? Before it becomes necessary to discuss such an awkward question, peaceable means must first have been tried without effect. So far as the official correspondence can enlighten us on this subject, there is no evidence of any serious effort ever having been made to obtain an audience of either Emperor or Regent. Expressions of impatience occasionally escape the ministers, as when Mr. Wade reproached Prince Kung with not having "ventured boldly to declare to the Empire that foreign Powers are the equals of China, and that the treaties are engagements with sovereigns the equals of the Emperor; that foreign ministers are spoken of as if they were not only the subjects of the Emperor of China, but the subordinates of the Chinese Minister addressing his Majesty." But by a tacit understanding no answer is expected to such communications, which, therefore, fail of result.

An admirable opportunity was thrown in our way three years ago of marking our sense of the treatment of the Queen's representative by the Chinese Government, supposing, that is, that our own Government do feel aggrieved by that treatment, which seems somewhat doubtful. A mission was despatched from China to foreign countries, headed by an American gentleman, with two Chinese officials as "co-envoys." At

the best this travelling embassy was only calculated to supersede and stultify the functions of our own minister at Peking, and we therefore could have lost nothing by holding aloof from it. The suspicion of falsified credentials and other irregularities from which the character of the mission has only been ambiguously cleared, might have afforded additional reasons for caution in dealing with so singular an embassy. To admit under any circumstances Mr. Burlingame and his "co-envoys" to an audience of the Queen while her Majesty's representative was being treated with contumely at Peking, was clearly to condone the latter offence, and to throw away a means almost providentially provided of protesting with effect against a national indignity. What Lord Clarendon ought to have done was surely this: to refuse to receive the

Burlingame mission until Sir Rutherford Alcock had been received in a satisfactory manner at Peking. The Chinese envoys and those who sent them would of course have sacrificed the success of their mission rather than have bought it at such a price; but nevertheless such a decided stand made by us would have produced a most wholesome effect on the Chinese authorities, and at least paved the way to a settlement of the Audience Question.

On the 23rd November last, another Chinese Embassy was reported to have been received by the French Government, also without any conditions as to reciprocity having been exacted, whence it appears that the statesmen of France are no more intelligently alive to their true position in the far East than Lord Granville or Mr. Hammond.

## CHRISTINA NORTH.

BY E. M. ARCHER.

## CHAPTER VI.

IN the agitations of the preceding day, and Bernard's departure and her own thoughts, Christina had quite forgotten the mission with which she had been charged to her grandfather, and Mr. Warde's offer had passed out of her mind. Mr. North was more irritable than usual, and her mother was restless and uneasy; but Christina sat over her work, and the day seemed long, but she forgot to ask herself the cause of her mother's uneasiness or her grandfather's ill-temper.

It was late in the afternoon when Mrs. North came into the room, looking a little anxious and excited. "Mr. Warde is in the other room," she said; "can you go to him, Christina? He says that he spoke to you last night."

"Last night? yes, of course," said Christina. "It is kind of him. I suppose he has told you; but grandfather will never consent: I know he will not."

"I cannot ask him," said Mrs. North, nervously. "I told Mr. Warde it was no use begging me to do it. He is so angry when he is contradicted, and I cannot face it. But Mr. Warde said that you did not mind."

"No, I don't mind, certainly," said Christina. It seemed strange to her that anyone should be so excited about such a commonplace matter; and she did not know what it was to be afraid of anyone. Her terrors were all imaginative, and had nothing to do with things which she could prove and touch. She got up at once and threw down her work, and went to Mr. Warde, who was waiting in the front room.

"I have been speaking to Mrs. North," he said, "but she is unwilling to go to your grandfather. Will you make my

offer for me? You are not afraid," said the Vicar, and his tone was not questioning, but affirmative.

"No, I am not afraid," said Christina: and she threw back her head and laughed a little; "but you will not be vexed, I hope, if he refuses. I know he will not give in. He would die sooner than give in." And then he took his leave, and Christina went at once to her grandfather. He sat in his arm-chair, blowing clouds of smoke out of a short thick pipe, and the occupation had soothed him; he did not reproach Christina for her entrance, but even made a sort of majestic wave with his hand to intimate that she might seat herself on the low stool opposite to him. Christina was not afraid, but neither was she conciliatory. She wished that the offer might be accepted: she would have accepted it if the decision had rested with her; but yet she was not diplomatic, and had no idea of gaining her purpose in any but the most direct and abrupt manner.

"Mr. Warde has just been here," she said.

"Has he? He is always welcome. I have a great respect for Warde," said her grandfather, and he said it as if he thought that it was a declaration which would find favour with Christina; but she was too intent upon her purpose to notice this.

"He wished me to tell you," she went on, "that he does not care about the rent of this house. He hopes that you won't think about paying it at present; as he is now, he does not care about the money."

"What!" said Mr. North, and he took his pipe out of his mouth, and leant forward in his chair. "What! not care for the money! Then, confound him, he ought to care for it. Why should

I care for it more than he does? I will live upon no man's charity."

"I can't see what charity has got to do with it," said Christina; "he does not want the money, and you do."

"I do! Who told you I do? And if I did, do you think I would beg of the parson? I'd rather go on the parish at once. As to the rent, it is not due yet; and if we do run a little short, I suppose your aunt could lend me a few pounds. It is poor work being proud when your parson comes to offer you money."

"You are very queer, grandpapa," said Christina, who got on with him better than most people, just because she took no pains to be respectful: "if it was me, I shouldn't mind."

"No, I dare say that you would not; but look here, Christina, I'm not going to have any more of this nonsense. Warde has spoken to you, and you can give him his answer. So long as you say what I mean, you can say it as you like. The fellow has no more tact than an ox, and I don't suppose that you can hurt his feelings."

"I shall certainly not try," said Christina, indignantly; "I wonder that you can feel like this, grandpapa. At any rate, I am very grateful, and I shall tell him so."

"Well, tell him what you like on your own account," said Mr. North: and after Christina was gone, he sat there still, blowing out his clouds of smoke; and though he had been angry and allowed himself to fly into a passion, it was not of his passion nor of his injuries that he was thinking, but of something which had never yet disturbed him, to which he had hardly ever given a serious thought. Why was it that this offer of Mr. Warde's, joined to Christina's words, had awakened speculations as to his granddaughter's future? He wondered, as he said this, what had been the motive of the Vicar's proposal, what had roused Christina's indignation, and what she would say to him on her own account. It was not the kind of thought to which he was generally addicted, but he was proud of his granddaughter; and if it might be that Warde took an in-

terest in her, how many crooked things would it make straight! She would be provided for, taken out of harm's way; and then it would be a different thing when he was Christina's husband; he could then do many things which he could not do for them as vicar of the parish; and in spite of what he had said about marriage, he would still, under those circumstances, spare the rent, as Mr. North knew well. "As to Christina, she would give away her last crust if it was to do anyone any good," the old man said to himself, not without a certain pride in a generosity which had dwelt in him too before he had been cramped by his misfortunes. He was even somewhat softened by his own interpretation of the course things were taking; and when the next evening Mr. Warde came to receive his answer, and he watched him pacing up and down the level bit of heath behind the house with Christina, he called his daughter-in-law's attention to it with a pleased pride which had taken all the irritation and bitterness out of his voice.

"Look, Mary!" he said: and Mrs. North stood up and looked. It was a stormy evening: the heath was wet with rain, and red lights glowed under the heavy clouds which lay along the horizon; and though it was summer, the wind was blowing in chilly gusts from the north. But Christina did not seem to know it; she was pacing up and down, bareheaded, talking with grave interest, if not with animation; and the clergyman, in his broad wide-awake, with his hands crossed behind his back, was evidently deep in some discussion.

"Yes, I see," said Mrs. North drearily, and took up her work again without another word.

"He may not always know what he ought to do," said Mr. North, leniently; "but he is a good fellow. Christina might do worse."

Yes; it was true enough Christina might do worse; but her grandfather was wrong in his conjectures, and her thoughts were very far from his. To her Mr. Warde was a kind friend and counsellor, and a liberal, honest-minded

man, qualified by his age and experience to help her in her practical difficulties. And his experience had not led him to distrust and doubt and fear, as her mother feared. He had seen a great deal of life during his work as a parish priest, but he was still ready to believe in the existence and the strength of goodness, and its final triumph over evil; and this spirit was congenial to Christina.

She saw a great deal of him at this time, for he came often to the house, and he lightened the gloom of the household, silencing Mrs. North's complaints, and rousing the old man from his fits of sullen abstraction; and Christina was frankly grateful to him, and never guessed why his visits were so welcome to her grandfather and her mother: and all this time an undercurrent of uncertain happiness and excitement lay beneath this every-day exterior of monotonous routine and commonplace difficulties. Christina did not ask herself why they did not press upon her as heretofore; she did not ask herself why they had sunk into insignificance; perhaps she did not dare to ask herself questions. She did not tell herself that Captain Cleasby's visits made epochs in her life; she did not acknowledge to herself that the turns in the road, the spots on the heath where she chanced to meet him, were to be associated with those casual meetings for ever after in her mind. And she even wondered why it was an effort to speak of these meetings to her mother. Her grandfather, though he tolerated his visits and behaved to him with courtesy, never cared to hear his name; but her mother could not feel it in the same way, and though it was an effort, Christina would speak of him and sometimes quote his words. They were words which all the world might have listened to for that matter; but nevertheless it was with a reluctance for which she could give no account to herself that she brought herself to repeat them. As for Mrs. North, she paid little heed. She thought Captain Cleasby might find something better to do with his time than strolling about the lanes,

or lying upon the heather with his book, or driving into Overton as if he had not a minute to spare or was racing for a wager; but after all it was of no consequence, and, as she often told Christina, they had nothing to do with him or he with them. Perhaps it might have been otherwise if Mr. Warde had not been there to make it all safe; but thinking, as she did, that he and Christina were of one mind, and that all would be as she desired, she saw no danger for her daughter in occasional meetings with an idle young man, who was to her thinking as far out of her reach as the "bright particular star" was out of the reach of Helena. She did not think that Christina might be in her heart a radical, and that this gulf might be a mere streamlet to her. Yet all this time Christina had kept true to her word; she had not been to Captain Cleasby's house, nor had she seen his sister. This was not his fault, but she had stood firm, and had had an unknown ally in Miss Cleasby.

"Why should I make an exception in their favour?" she had said, when he urged her going to visit the Norths. "You know I am going nowhere. I shall offend the whole neighbourhood. If I call upon the Norths, I shall be expected to call upon everyone."

"That is nonsense, Augusta; they are your nearest neighbours. Why, they live at our door. If you had not been ill and kept to the house, you must have met them long ago. And it is not like a conventional civility; here the opportunity is given you of doing a real kindness. If you had seen the old man and the mother, you would be glad to be friendly to the girl. I never entered a more dismal house; and, besides, she is the only creature one cares to speak to in this lively, intellectual neighbourhood—and charming to look at."

"And in that final clause lies the germ of all your Christian charity," said his sister. She smiled a languid, half-unwilling smile, and looked at her brother, who was sitting on the end of her sofa, impatiently hitting his boot with his riding-whip.

They were in the drawing-room, a large handsomely-furnished room, with narrow French windows looking on to a terrace. The curtains were of crimson velvet, and so was the low couch on which she was half reclining; and the chairs were gilded, and so were the legs of the little tables; and there was a beautiful old clock on the high white marble chimney-piece, with the row of family miniatures hung above it; there were cabinets in *ormolu*, with old china cups and saucers inside, and all kinds of foreign curiosities were lying about.

Everything was much more splendid and luxurious than when Geoffrey North had lived there, for if the Cleasbys were not very rich, at least they were not afraid of spending their money. Yet, as in Mrs. Oswestry's tiny drawing-room, there was an air of comfortable disorder. The pianoforte was open, and the music strewn about, and the writing-table was drawn up close to the sofa for Miss Cleasby's convenience, without any regard to the housemaid's feelings; and a great black retriever lay stretched out on the bit of India matting in the sunshine which streamed in at the window, as if he were an established and lawful inmate of the drawing-room.

At first his presence might have surprised a stranger, but not when they had looked carefully at his mistress. Miss Cleasby was two years older than her brother; and though there was some refinement and an approach to beauty in her face, you yet felt, on looking at her, that although she was in harmony with the room, she was yet more in harmony with her shaggy black follower, and that the first connection was more the result of circumstances than the last. She was not slight, like her brother; her features, though regular, were wanting in delicacy of outline, and the modelling of the lower part of her face was massive. Her complexion was pale, but clear and somewhat dark, though her hair was of a pale brown, and her eyes were light grey. Her mouth was her only really good feature; but it was beautiful; not small, so as to be out of proportion with the

rest of her face, but with lovely lines about the finely chiselled lips, and with a firm, kindly expression when in repose.

If, taking her as a whole, you said there was not beauty, you must still have confessed that there was something more striking than mere physical beauty. Her voice was sweet and rich, and her placid eyes clear, and the whole expression of her face as simple as that of a healthy, generous-minded child. She was, as has been said before, half lying back on the sofa at the present moment, with one arm thrown carelessly behind her head, regarding her brother with languid amusement.

"Have it as you like," he said a little angrily; "if you have set yourself against it, I suppose it is no use arguing the point. I should have thought you would have been glad to be kind to her, and certainly it need be no penance to anyone; but if you don't like to do it, there's an end of it. Certainly, I like people better for being pretty to look at, but I am sorry for her too."

"I have no doubt you are, my dear Walter; of course it is natural, and under other circumstances you know I should say nothing against it; but here I do think your kindness misplaced."

"What kindness? It is not for me, but for you, to show the kindness. I have nothing to do with it."

"But you have everything to do with it. Look here, Walter, let your whip alone, and listen to me seriously for a little. Just forget for a minute that you are that cautious, impartial, and disinterested young man that you know yourself to be. Suppose that you are somebody else—Algy Fielder, for instance."

"I wish I was; he is twice as good-looking."

"Yes, and three times as conceited; but that does not matter just now. Very well; you—that is to say, Algy Fielder, or any other young man—come to settle down on your place in the country, where you have no society, no friends, nothing but a little fishing and shooting, and a few county meetings to

look forward to. You have never lived for any length of time in England; you take no interest in vestries, or cottages, or drainage, or poor laws; and the only person you care to speak to is one pretty girl, a girl who sees no one like a gentleman from year's end to year's end; a girl with a cross grandfather and lack-a-daisical mother, who probably, like you, has a dull life, and nothing in particular to think about. Indeed, she is much worse off than you are, for you have your books and your sketches and your music. Very well, you of course naturally do your best to make yourself agreeable whenever you come across her; and somehow or other you do come across her very often, for you have told me so yourself. Moreover, there is a little touch of romance about it; for her grandfather hates your name and everything connected with your family. You refer to this, of course, and hope that she—well, you know best how young men talk, and I won't attempt to give your words—Algy Fielder's words, I mean—and you are a man of the world, and have seen half-a-dozen girls quite as pretty as she is."

"I swear I haven't," said Captain Cleasby, under his breath. He had coloured in spite of himself, at her close approach to the fact just before, as he remembered his words to Christina when he hoped that she did not consider him a natural enemy; but now he had recovered his composure.

"Very well; if you like it better, we will say that you do for the moment think her prettier than other girls, and you talk to her just as you talk to pretty girls when you want to be agreeable; some people would say you flirt, but I don't wish to use the word."

"I don't do anything of the kind."

"Not you: we are talking of Algy Fielder, you know. Well, of course you—that is, he—being a man of the world, don't mean anything by it; but how is she to know that? Perhaps no one ever thought her pretty before."

"Then they must have been blind."

"Probably: but then ill-tempered relations are often blind to personal

attractions, and now for the first time she knows how pretty she is."

"Stop a minute, Augusta; if you must preach, at least be logical. There is a flaw in your argument. Do you suppose that the sight of me for the first time induced her to look at herself in the glass?"

"No, I never said she did not know herself to be pretty, but she did not know how pretty she was; she did not know, in fact, what it was to have others acknowledge it. Well, now we come to the root of the matter: taking all these circumstances into account, without being as conceited as Algy Fielder, you may see that there may be danger for her, and make up your mind whether the poor little girl ought to be sacrificed for your amusement."

"She is very nearly as tall as you," retorted her brother, "and not a bit like a poor little girl. You needn't make up such a piteous story, nor be so tragic. You will be telling me next that she is the rightful proprietor of this stately pleasure and these baronial halls. No, my dear Gusty, let us discourse of this temperately, and in ordinary language. To begin with, as I have said before, she is not little nor to be pitied, but I should say quite accustomed to admiration—you have not reckoned on her handsome cousin and the fascinating curate—and quite able to take care of herself. It is I that am in danger, and you take no thought for your brother. I may pine and fade, but you do not think of this."

"No, I do not think of it. I should have a better opinion of you, Walter, if I could think that you were capable of a serious attachment. Even in that case I should hesitate before forwarding your cause."

"I tell you I have no cause to forward."

"Exactly; and therefore, I say, leave the road open to the cousin and the curate."

"Such a big hulking fellow," ejaculated Captain Cleasby, discontentedly.

"But who will very likely make her a far better husband than you would."

"If that is your reason for refusing to call, it will be time enough to talk of that when I want to marry her."

"That is one of my reasons, but it is not the principal one. I now refuse to call upon her, just because I think it likely that any advances on my part will help to raise expectations which are never to be fulfilled. Put it to yourself, Walter, what should you think if it were Algy Fielder?"

"Confound Algy Fielder! I beg your pardon, Augusta, but I can't conceive what has come over you to-day with your moralizings and your Algy Fielders. Is a man never to look at a girl unless he means to marry her?"

"Of course, anywhere, with other people looking on—anywhere, when it is fair play and each side knows what the other means and has equal powers of choice; but not when to one it is play and to the other solemn earnest. I deny that Ferdinand would have had any right to look into Miranda's eyes, and all the rest of it, unless he meant to propose to her."

"You mean that he should have left her for Caliban? Well, I won't dispute the fact. But I see what it is, Gusty; you are riding your hobby so hard that you can't see the plain unvarnished fact. I will allow with my usual candour that your romance, however highly coloured, has some sort of foundation in truth. It is true enough that I did commit the indiscretion of calling upon my nearest neighbour, although I knew that he had a granddaughter; and it is also true that, finding her pretty and pleasant to talk to, I have since seen what I could of her, which is very little; and I will further allow that I should have liked you to become acquainted with her; but since you will not, there the matter ends."

"I do not say that I will not become acquainted with her. What I say is that I will not undertake the responsibility of making the acquaintance. If she comes here with her parent's sanction and at your request, it is another thing. In the natural course of things I should call; but as I call

upon no one yet, I do not make an exception in her favour. You know if she came that I should receive her kindly; but for her own sake I hope that she will not come."

"You think very badly of me, Gusty," said Captain Cleasby with a curious smile. "In the abstract you may be right enough, but you are wrong just now. Go out into the sun, and you will lose these fears of a tragedy which will never be enacted if your brother is to be entrusted with the principal part. Seriously, I will take care of her and of myself, though you are so indifferent to my chances of a disappointment; and now I must go, for I have an appointment with the architect to settle about those new farm-buildings. I am afraid I must drive past the White House, but I will promise to look the other way if I see a figure which could by any possibility be taken for Miss North, and if I am so unfortunate as to meet her on the road I will pass by on the other side. *Au revoir.*" He stood up and nodded with a smile to his sister, and stepped across the room and out on to the terrace.

## CHAPTER VII.

IN spite of his apparent unconcern, it was not altogether without being impressed that Captain Cleasby had listened to his sister's view of his conduct. He did not exactly blame himself for the past, nor did he think about it with any seriousness, but he did consider that it might be better perhaps to be more careful for the future. People might talk, and he should be very sorry to make her at all unhappy, though at present he saw no danger of it; and of course Augusta was quite wrong in the idea she had taken up of a little helpless unprotected girl, ready to lose her heart to the first man who admired her. It was quite true that Christina was utterly unlike the young ladies he had been accustomed to dance with in London and abroad, with whom, as his sister had said, it would have been all

fair play, and each party would have known what the other meant; but if she was unsophisticated, she was not the less able to take care of herself, nor the more easily dazzled by admiration, nor in the least like the little rustic beauty whose defence his sister had felt herself bound to undertake.

It was a straight road, and he paid little heed to his horse, except to keep a tight hand on the reins, and he smiled as he thought how impossible it was for Augusta to understand Christina without looking at her. She was so unlike other girls, and therein lay her charm. She was not shy, or even reserved, but frank and fearless, without a touch of self-consciousness or coquetry.

"It is a thing you cannot describe," Captain Cleasby said to himself, "but Augusta would see it in a minute if she met her." Then he drew up at the architect's door, and threw his reins to the groom, and forgot Christina in his plans and his business.

In the meantime business had also come to interrupt the train of his sister's thoughts. Captain Cleasby had not long left her, and she was still lying idly upon the sofa with a book in her hands, when there was a ring at the door, and the butler came to ask if his master was at home. There was a gentleman come to see him, and he handed her a card with the "Rev. John Warde" inscribed upon it. "The fascinating curate," said Miss Cleasby to herself. "He wished to see Captain Cleasby very particularly," the man said, "and he had brought some plans for him to look at."

"For the new school-room, I suppose. I am sorry Captain Cleasby is out. Ask Mr. Warde if he can leave the papers, Lewis; or wait,—if he can speak to me for a moment, perhaps that will do better."

She rose up lazily from her recumbent position, put aside her book, and bowed slightly as the clergyman entered the room, a little bored and a little amused at having to transact parish business with him. As for Mr. Warde, he was not the least embarrassed, but strode over

the velvet-pile carpet with his dusty boots, and sat down upon a little green satin chair with gilded legs, as comfortably as if it had been the old settee in Mr. North's parlour.

"I spoke to Captain Cleasby about the additional accommodation we require for our school-children a few days since," he began. "He seemed to think with me that the present building might very easily be enlarged by a wing to the west of the south elevation. In this way the present playground would not be encroached upon, and the effect of the exterior, although that is not of material importance, would not be interfered with. This is Mr. Gregson's drawing:" and he spread out a paper with pink and grey lines upon it, which were as unintelligible to Miss Cleasby as if they had been geometrical diagrams.

"Yes, I see," said Augusta, a little doubtfully: and she began to think how odd it was to be referred to about schools and additional accommodation, and educational improvements.

"We have ninety-four children under instruction," Mr. Warde continued, as if she must of necessity take an interest in the subject: "forty boys and fifty-four girls. I hope you will soon be able to come and see how it is working. I suppose you are better acquainted with the foreign system than with ours."

"I don't quite know. I am afraid I don't know much about either. I never thought of going to the schools abroad. I don't know anything about systems. The population did get itself educated, I suppose; but I declare I don't know where or how. It is all in the hands of the priests, I believe."

"Then it will be all new to you."

"The school? yes, of course."

"We have night schools as well, twice a week, for boys. I don't think they answer for girls, at least not in country parishes. These I manage myself, without the assistance of the school-master."

"That must be a great bore for you," said Miss Cleasby languidly.

"It is my business and part of my duty, you know," he answered, sur-

prised at this entirely new view of his position. "I shall be very glad if your brother likes to look in some evening, but it is in the Sunday-school more especially that I want a lady's assistance."

"You don't imagine that I can be of any use, I hope," said Augusta; and she was too much astonished even to be amused at the suggestion. "I know nothing whatever about children, or teaching, or anything of the kind. You could not come to a worse person. It is quite out of the question for me: and I don't imagine that my brother will be of much use; but I will tell him what you say. I could not teach half as well as I could fly, and all your little boys would laugh at me; I am sure they know a great deal more than I do."

"You could take the infants," said Mr. Warde, gravely, without disputing the assertion.

"Oh no, I could not. I once did hear a cousin of mine instructing some babies, and I could not have answered the questions she asked them:—Who was Samson's father? From what is cochineal made? What are the properties of gunpowder? And there they sat, dangling their poor little legs, and were expected to know all about it."

But Mr. Warde had done his business, and he was ready to take his leave, and had no idea of keeping up a conversation.

"You will kindly let your brother see these plans," he said; "and he will perhaps let me or Mr. Gregson know what he thinks of them." He only waited for her assent, laid down his papers on the table, and had made his bow and taken his departure before she had time to recover from her surprise.

"The bluntest, most unconciliatory man I ever had the pleasure of talking to," she said to her brother afterwards. "I do wish you could have heard him talk, as if his schools and his little boys were the most interesting and important things in life. It was no amusement, as there was no one to be amused with, but I wish that you had been there."

"Oh, I know the man well enough. He is a good fellow, in spite of the nails

in his boots. Don't fly in his face, Augusta; I am the 'Squire,' and have a position to maintain."

"By all means; be ten times the Squire, if you like, only don't call upon me to act the Lady Bountiful."

"He does not preach badly, either," Captain Cleasby went on; "no high-flown nonsense, nor unnecessary pathos. Do your duty, and don't lie or steal or slander your neighbour, or it will be the worse for you some time or other,—that was about the substance of his discourse last Sunday. I don't say it was eloquent or impressive, but at least his ploughmen stood some small chance of understanding what he meant. You shall come next Sunday, Gusty, and set a good example to the parish."

But, as it happened, next Sunday Captain Cleasby alone made his way to the little brick church on the heath, where the scattered population gathered every Sunday twice a day to hear Mr. Warde read the lessons and pray and preach. The morning had been wet, and breakfast was late at the Park; and so it came to pass that the time slipped away until it was too late for service, and Captain Cleasby played chants on the pianoforte, because, as he said, he did not want to run counter to English prejudices; and Augusta read her letters, and puzzled over the lawyer's instructions about the will and the deeds, and tried unsuccessfully to get her brother to attend.

"Walter, what does Mr. Waltham mean by your liabilities? I thought all this had been settled long ago. You told me you had no debts worth mentioning. I thought you had paid off everything before we came home. What does he mean by not seeing his way clearly? I wish you would attend to your own business letters, and not hand them over to me. The will is proved, isn't it?"

"What! the will—of course. Do just listen to this sequence; I never heard a more perfect combination of chords."

"I wish you would leave the chords alone, and attend to me for a minute. As far as I can make it out, things are all in confusion. Mr. Waltham says

something about letting you know more a few months hence, and hoping that there is really no cause for anxiety. What does he mean? I can't understand what he means."

"I never supposed that you could, my dear Gusty; lawyer's letters are not adapted to the feminine capacity."

"Then why can't you attend to it yourself? I suppose you mean Mr. Waltham to have an answer. I do wish you would tell me what he means by all this about the deeds."

"All what about the deeds?" said Captain Cleasby: and this time he was roused, and got up from the music-stool and took the letters from her and glanced at them. "I wish you wouldn't make such a row about it," he said—and he thrust the papers deep into his pocket—"there is nothing to make a fuss about; things are never settled all in a minute just after a death, and old Waltham is an uncommon admirer of his own style. Lawyers are like ladies, and like to make a fuss."

"It has nothing to do with Mr. Waltham's style, Walter; don't put me off in that way. I can't understand it all; but I am not so foolish as not to see that he thinks that your affairs—and, after all, your affairs are my affairs—are in some danger of coming to grief. Be serious for a little, and tell me what it means."

"It is a long story, and you would not understand me any better than Mr. Waltham. I would not have let you see the letters if I had thought there was anything to worry you in them. You are not strong, I believe, since that chill you caught coming over, or you would not take up these ridiculous fancies. There, let it alone; upon my word and honour, there is nothing to be worried about. Thank goodness, there is the luncheon bell: Lewis rings it with as much pomp as if there were twenty people to be summoned; but, after all, I am not sure that the pomp is misplaced: meals are the great events here. Come, Gusty, and afterwards I shall go to church to pray for your peace of mind."

She had been in the right, of course, and it was not only proper but natural that she should ask questions about what concerned her so nearly; but yet somehow he had had the best of it, and the consciousness of this pervaded his mind as he made his way across the heath to the village church. Still he was not sufficiently self-occupied to overlook the contrast which the scene before him offered:—the heavy rain-clouds making a dark purple ridge along the horizon, the patches of blue sky overhead, the gleams of sunshine on the glistening heather, the gusts of wind sweeping over the level heath; and then the church bells ringing with a peaceful regularity, and the farmers standing in knots about the church-door, and the cottagers passing in by twos and threes, and the little procession of demure school-children; and then the graves and moss-grown tombstones, where bitter tears had been shed and despairing vows made sacred, though now they were overgrown with weeds, and silent and forsaken.

Captain Cleasby was neither reflective nor sentimental, and yet he noticed it all, and carried away the picture in his mind, and thought of it in after days with the admiration of an artist.

The little church was unusually full of worshippers that afternoon. There were the old men and women walking in couples, arm-in-arm together, up the aisle; they had most of them been married at those altar rails, and one day they would sleep with their forefathers in the churchyard outside: and there were the young people, who thought that day was for them a long way off, opening the books and finding the psalm-tunes; and then the mothers hushing in their arms the babies who were too young to be left at home. And they all looked at Captain Cleasby as he walked up the aisle, and whispered to each other about him, for he was still a stranger to some of them; and yet he was the "Squire," and belonged in a way to each one of them. He walked up the aisle alone, and entered the big pew in front of the pulpit,

and then he looked to see if Christina was in her place; but he did not see her, for she was sitting on the other side of the church, with her aunt, Mrs. Oswestry. Christina never looked in his direction, but yet she knew quite well that he was there, and knew that his sister was not with him, and she was sorry for it, for she had hoped to meet Miss Cleasby and make her acquaintance in a casual way, without going against her grandfather's wishes to visit her at her own house. But Captain Cleasby was alone, and she did not now want to meet him. The service was over, the clerk had followed Mr. Warde into the vestry, the organist was playing the last voluntary, the congregation were dispersing, and as Captain Cleasby passed down the church he for the first time became aware of Christina's presence.

"Wait a little, Aunt Margaret," Christina said in a whisper: and Mrs. Oswestry, imagining that she wished to listen to the organ, did wait, until the last note had been struck and the church was almost empty. Then they also rose and made their way out. But late as they were, there was a little knot of people still gathered about the porch, and Captain Cleasby was among them. He was talking to Mr. Sim, the churchwarden, and no one could have accused him of waiting for Christina; so he had said to himself, when it had occurred to him whether it would be better not to keep up the intercourse which his sister considered so injudicious. "Nonsense, what did it matter? her aunt was with her." So he had said to himself; and he merely bowed as they came out, and finished his conversation with Mr. Sim; and it was not until they were some little distance from the churchyard gate that he came up with them, inquired after Mr. North, and asked to be introduced to Mrs. Oswestry. He saw at a glance that she was not like the women he was accustomed to meet in the neighbourhood. She was not particularly interested in him, nor anxious to be conciliatory, nor did she smile upon

him like Mrs. Gregson and Mrs. Sim. In fact, she did not, like Christina's mother, "feel the difference," but as a mother and an elderly woman she felt herself superior in wisdom and experience to any young men who might cross her path. Like Christina, she was a democrat; and moreover, she did not stand like her upon the equality of youth. She was kind, but she was grave, and not in the least disposed to admire Captain Cleasby, or give him credit for better qualities than he possessed. Neither was she surprised at the friendly way in which he talked, but considered it quite natural that he should wish to be on pleasant terms with his nearest neighbours.

"I had the pleasure of meeting your son the other day, Mrs. Oswestry," he said; "but he told me that you were away from home: and now that you have come back he has left you, hasn't he?"

"Yes, he is in the north, and will be absent for some time."

"And in the meantime you are to be quite alone?" and then he turned to Christina. "Don't you think it is your duty to go and take care of your aunt in his absence?" he said, thinking how much easier it would be to see her there than at the White House.

"Aunt Margaret doesn't want me," said Christina.

"I need say nothing about that, because Mrs. Oswestry is here in person to controvert your plea."

Mrs. Oswestry was not altogether pleased by his manner. She would have thought it impertinent but for his pleasant voice and deferential looks.

"I am here, but not to controvert it, Captain Cleasby," she said; "Christina understands me when I say that I do not want her. Her proper place is at home; and when you have come to my time of life, you will find that rest and solitude have their charms. I am not apt to feel lonely. We elderly people are content to wait and look back upon the past."

"It is the looking back that I should be afraid of, when it comes to be looking far back."

"Surely not, and there is not only pleasure but profit in it. Our experience ought to be worth something to ourselves, for it is of little use to any one else."

"That is a hard saying," said Captain Cleasby; "why will young people be so perverse? But seriously, now that we all believe in the progress of the age and the march of the intellect, I really don't see why age should count for so very much. We should not have much respect for Methuselah's opinion now. He was old, but the world was young."

"Yes, the world was young, but I don't know that its wisdom has increased with its age. The same mistakes have been made over and over again, and repented of afterwards. You will grow wiser, Captain Cleasby, in reproducing commonplace follies, and gradually laying them aside."

"But at least there is hope whilst we are young. You see, Miss North, we need not despair, and may learn our duties in time. But whilst we are on the subject of duties, won't you tell Miss North that she owes something to society, and that it is a social duty to come and see my sister?"

"Captain Cleasby cannot understand our ways," said Christina, colouring as she spoke; "we do not visit people, and grandpapa remembers old times, and he does not like to be reminded of them."

"He need never be reminded, he need never be told, if your aunt will give her sanction. Come in now," said Captain Cleasby.

"No, no; Christina would not like that, and she is quite right. But she would have much pleasure, I am sure, in making your sister's acquaintance," said Mrs. Oswestry, a little coldly, for his proposition had not pleased her; "I think she is mistaken in imagining that my father would have any objection."

"Then you will use your influence. My sister has not been well, and she goes nowhere, so it would really be a charity. You will be forced to come at last," he said to Christina, with a smile; "but it would have been with a better grace and more complimentary to us if you had come of your own free will."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. OSWESTRY had seen little society. She knew nothing of the ways of the world, and she had no "small talk," as people say; but nevertheless she had read, and thought, and formed her opinions, and knew how to express them. Captain Cleasby was clever enough to perceive her superiority to the Overton ladies in general. He was not a man who cared for deference or flattery, though he was too indifferent to be irritated by it; and he thought Mrs. Oswestry a sensible woman, and saw that she was a perfect lady. Her cold yet gracious manner, her sweet voice and harmonious intonation, her plain black dress and fine face, had all prepossessed him in her favour. He was not liable to serious impressions, nor was she a woman to impress him; but yet he was not a hypocrite—it was simply his custom to be courteous; and when he said, as he took leave, "You have given me something to think of," Mrs. Oswestry was not in the least deceived, and never imagined that he would give her words a second thought. She was essentially a just woman, and it was not because she was attracted by him, but merely from a sense of what was fitting and proper, that she did not forget to urge upon her father the expediency of Christina's going to call upon Miss Cleasby.

"So Christina wants to go, does she?" said the old man, moodily. "I should have thought she would not be so anxious to go to the Park. I'd never have thought one of mine would have cared to set foot within the house again. But it's only an old man's fancy, I suppose. No one asked the young fellow to come here; but he comes when he likes; and I suppose Christina will go if she likes."

"No, I won't, if it hurts you, grandpapa."

"No, it don't hurt me—not much, any way. I shall soon be dead, and then I reckon nothing will hurt much."

"You shouldn't talk in that way, grandpapa," said Christina, steadily; she

was well accustomed to this form of complaint, and heard it with a mixture of anger and pain. "You have no right to talk as if people would be glad when you died. These people are ready to be friends with us, and I don't remember about old times, and I should like to be friends with them, but I say I would rather not go if you don't like it."

"Christina is right," said Mrs. Oswestry; "it is natural that she should be ready to make friends, but you know that she means it when she says she would rather not go if you object to it."

"I hate the subject," said Mr. North. "What do you all make such a fuss and palaver about it for? Christina can go if she has a mind, if you think she ought, Margaret. I suppose you are right—you always have been in the right since I can remember; and you were a nice little girl too, only so quiet. The sister won't be wanting to come here, I suppose. There, Christina, I hope you're pleased."

"Yes, I am, grandpapa," said Christina frankly. For her the visit to the Park had nothing painful about it. She had no recollections to make her fearful of the ghosts which might haunt those rooms; ghosts of happier days and unfulfilled hopes; ghosts which linger round the places where our happiest and saddest hours have been spent, where the commonest objects or the most trivial sounds carry us back to those bygone days, awakening our smiles or tears as we stand once more in the presence of an almost forgotten past. It may have been buried beneath other hopes and visions and cares and sorrows. Perhaps for a time we strewed its grave with flowers; perhaps we feared to pass the spot, and shrank from speaking of it even to ourselves: but yet it is not dead, and some day it may stand before us again, more near to us than the present, more comprehensible than the future, and clothed with immortality.

But as yet Christina knew nothing of this, and she had no fears.

"Shall you go by yourself?" her mother said. "I could not go—it would

be too sad for me; but perhaps your Aunt Margaret would take you if you asked her. I wonder you can like to go to that big house and strange people all by yourself."

Christina was standing before her glass, smoothing her hair back from her face, but now she turned and took up her hat.

"I don't see that the bigness of the house makes any difference," she said; "and as to strangers, it is only Miss Cleasby. I know her brother; and, besides, he is in Overton this afternoon."

"And are you going just as you are? Oh, Christina, I do think your other dress would have looked much nicer. You don't know what a grand place it is, and they are grand people too."

"Then depend upon it they won't think about my dress," said Christina lightly. But she went back to the dressing-table and tilted up the glass with her two hands so as to see herself better. And perhaps it was not wonderful that she smiled as she looked. She was a little excited by going to the Park, though she would not own to it, and her cheeks had more colour, and her eyes more brilliancy than usual, and she could not help recognizing her own beauty. If her muslin was not new, what did it matter, when it fell in such graceful folds? She turned away once more from the glass and threw back her head a little, and smiled at her mother.

"Never mind my dress," she said; "I think you make a mistake about the Cleasbys. We are every bit as much ladies and gentlemen as they are. It is only that they have more money, and that does not make any difference really. Good-bye, mother; do not vex yourself. I shall come home soon and tell you all about it."

It was singular that though Miss Cleasby was about as great a contrast to Mrs. North as could be imagined, in her manner and ways of thinking, on this occasion of Christina's first visit to the Park their expectations wore somewhat the same aspect. It was not that she felt the difference as Mrs. North felt it,

or that she had any feeling of pride or superiority; but she knew, of course, that Christina had been differently brought up from them, she knew that her belongings and all her surroundings were poor. She might be as much a lady as herself, but she could not have the same manner of speech nor cast of thought as if she had lived more in the world. It was one thing to see her amongst her natural surroundings, or standing on a picturesque bit of moorland, and quite another to see her in the drawing-room at the Park. Men could not understand until they saw; but she looked to Captain Cleasby's disenchantment, and was sorry for Christina, though perhaps it might be better that the spell should be broken before it had taken strong possession of her.

"I did not know that you had such an exclusive taste for exotics," said Captain Cleasby, when she expounded her views to him.

"I have not. For my own part I should be glad enough to get out of the stifling artificial atmosphere in which they flourish; but it does not improve matters to transplant wild-flowers into conservatories. They look shabby by the side of the natives of the place, even if they continue to exist. Depend upon it, Walter, I am right. I don't say that we have the best of it: the hill-side may be a better place than the garden, but we belong to the one and not to the other."

"Good gracious, Gusty, you talk as if we were the mighty of the land! I thought you were possessed of a more liberal spirit, you who talk rash radicalism when it pleases you. Now you are as proud as old North; as for his granddaughter, I can assure you she does not think of this for a minute. There is not the least danger of her heart fainting within her at the sight of our magnificence."

"It is not our magnificence, it is something quite different. That is why I say again I am sorry that you will keep up this acquaintance, and sorry that you have asked her to come here. You think her manners perfect now; if

you saw her with other girls, you would all at once become aware that there was something wanting; you could not explain what it is, neither can I. You think her always beautifully dressed; if you saw her in this room you would see at once that her muslin was faded, and her hat not the right shape—in fact, if you saw her in a drawing-room you would see her with other people's eyes: on the hill-side she is charming, I allow. Then all she has to do is to look pretty, but if she comes into society she has everything to learn; and if she cannot talk or behave like other people, it is not enough to look pretty."

"You have not seen her," said Captain Cleasby. "I won't tell you anything more about it, because it is impossible to make you understand. I think you will find yourself mistaken."

But after all he was not so sure about it himself, and he could not help acknowledging that there might be a great deal of truth in what his sister had said. It was quite true that Christina spoke to him freely and frankly, and with the graceful unconsciousness which was one of her greatest charms; and it was also true that she had none of the awkwardness which accompanies shyness or a sense of inferiority. She liked him, he knew, but he did not imagine that she looked up to him. All this he acknowledged to himself, but at the same time it was quite possible that Augusta might be in the right; she had put her arguments cleverly, and they swayed him in spite of himself. Perhaps she was right that, beside the girls whom he had been accustomed to meet with, the girls he had known in London and abroad, Christina might appear to a disadvantage. She must always be beautiful, but, after all, beauty was not everything. He hoped Gusty would be kind to her, but already she had succeeded in imparting her misgivings to him.

In the meantime Christina turned in at the Park gates, in happy ignorance of all the expectations which others had entertained of the manner in which she would make her entrance. She was full of vague anticipations of something

new and unknown, and charming in its novelty, which was about to be displayed before her, and she was curious and wondering what she might see and hear; but she was curious to see Miss Cleasby, because she was Captain Cleasby's sister, and because she might constitute a new element in her life, not because she was an important person in the neighbourhood, nor because she lived at the Park. And as to the impression she herself might make, she did not think of it at all. She was too proud and too unconscious, perhaps too careless of other people's opinion. She could not have been ashamed of their position, as her mother was, poor woman; but then she had no regrets to weigh her down, nor thoughts of what might have been. She cared little for her own beauty, but yet she knew that she was pretty, and perhaps the consciousness added something to her courage. But in spite of all this, in spite of her enterprise and frank simplicity, she would not have gone so easily to the Park if Captain Cleasby had been at home. She knew him, and she did not know his sister, but yet she preferred to introduce herself. This afternoon it was not until she had watched him drive past the White House on his way into Overton that she laid aside her work and announced her intention of going to the Park that afternoon. She had not asked herself why it was so; she would seek his sister, but she would not seek him. She had told her grandfather that she wished to be friends, but she felt whilst she said it that for some reason or other she could not be friends with Captain Cleasby. Perhaps, after all, her mother was right, and there was a gulf between them which could not be passed; perhaps it was true that a barrier had been raised between prosperity and poverty, between them and people of the world. Only she had not felt it so much at first, and she did not feel it now when she thought of his sister. But she knew it was otherwise with Captain Cleasby; if he came she would be glad to see him, only she could no longer be as

friendly as she had liked to be; and though she was not used to being afraid, she was afraid to go to the Park if he were to be there. He was not there to-day, however, as she knew, so she followed the butler across the great stone hall, with the glass doors opening on to the garden, and the flowering shrubs blossoming in the stands; and though her eyes were full of light, and the colour was glowing in her cheeks when the drawing-room door was thrown open for her to pass in, it was only because she was a little excited by the novelty of the thing.

Miss Cleasby was sitting at her writing table at the further end of the room, but she rose when Christina came in, and went forward to meet her, and held out her soft, shapely hand, and looked down at her, not tenderly, but with a generous dispassionate gaze, and was struck, as she could not help being struck, by her beauty. This was not the little, shrinking, village girl she had expected, to whom she had meant to be kind, since she must come and it could not be helped. Christina was very slight, but, as her brother had said, she was almost as tall as herself, and she held her head like a queen, and she looked straight into Miss Cleasby's eyes with the candid inquiring look of one who, for her part, has nothing to conceal. And then she glanced round the luxurious room, at the mirrors and the cabinets and the gilded furniture, with admiration, and no awe.

"How pretty it all is," she said: and she looked round with the open admiration of a child.

"Yes," said Augusta, vaguely. She was astonished, and had not quite recovered herself, and she sat down again and looked at Christina much as Christina looked at the new surroundings, only in her look surprise predominated. And she was much more sorry for Christina than she had been before; she was not a little, vain girl as she had imagined, but perhaps that made it worse—she would not be so easily consoled; and she was not a child, to be played with and put aside at pleasure.

Augusta was a woman of the world, and perhaps even a little *blasée*, but it had never been her habit to trouble herself to find conversation, and as she had nothing particular to say she kept silence, and leant back in her chair and twisted her pen about in her fingers. And then Christina came to an end of her survey of the room, and turned her eyes upon her again.

"I believe I am in your way; don't you want to finish your letters?" she asked; but even now there was no shyness or awkwardness in her manner.

"Not in the least; my letters will wait. It is too hot to be busy, and I am very glad of an excuse to be idle. Won't you take off your hat and stay with me, if you have nothing better to do? You know we shall live here perhaps for ever and ever, and I want somebody very much to tell me all about everything, and who are the good people who expect to be asked to dinner, and who are the people who won't come to meet them; and who is the young lady that likes to be asked to sing, and who is the young gentleman that likes to listen to her. You must tell me what the politics of the place are, you know, that I may not be treading on people's toes."

"But I don't really know anything about it, Miss Cleasby. You know grandpapa is getting old, and we see hardly anybody at all. We know so few of the Overton people, and we have no one to dinner except Mr. Warde now and then."

"Oh yes, the clergyman. Of course one's clergyman one always respects. I think I generally respect them too much to ask them to dinner. Somehow, it detracts from their dignity to see them eat; and then, I don't know anything about schools, and district visiting, and poor people. I am afraid I am not capable of clerical conversation."

"I don't know about conversation," said Christina; "but I don't think you would laugh at Mr. Warde if you knew all the good that he does. You should hear the people speak of him. And it isn't because of what he gives; he makes them independent enough, only they

know that if they are starving he will go without his dinner any day for their sake, and he doesn't care what he does if it is for their good. He takes half of the parish work in Overton, because the Vicar is an old man and doesn't care much about things; and many nights, I know, he is called up to sick people miles away from here because they like him so."

"Don't be indignant," said Augusta, lazily; "I have no doubt he is a hero. And it is fine too, when one comes to think of it, to give up one's life for people who are so far off from one, or to give up one's life for anyone at all. I wonder why he thinks it worth while."

"It is not the reward," said Christina, still a little indignant.

"No, I suppose it is not the reward: I don't quite see what reward he could look to. And yet there can be no enthusiasm to carry him on: it is not like mission work, where there is some excitement and a chance of martyrdom. It is this plodding work among carters and turnip-fields that must be so disheartening. I wonder why he thinks it worth while."

"The people like him, and that must be something," said Christina; "but I believe he would do it all the same if they did not. It is rather curious, but I believe he does it just because he thinks it right. And after all, the carters are just as nice as other people, or nicer; I don't know why you say that they are far off."

"Yes, I know; I can talk about liberty and equality and universal brotherhood too, sometimes. I don't quarrel with you for that. By all means let the ploughmen have their right, and let us share our bread and butter with them—there is enough for us all. But don't think that it will bring them any nearer. They won't understand us, and we shall not understand them."

"Do people ever understand each other?" said Christina. She began to think how little she could conceive of the feelings of those nearest to her, of those with whom she had always lived. How inexplicable to her was her grandfather's bitterness and her mother's

despondency,—and she sighed as she thought of it.

“Do we ever understand ourselves?” said Miss Cleasby: and then she paused, and her moralizing ended in sudden laughter. “We are growing dreadfully metaphysical,” she said, “discoursing in this way of social questions and human nature. But seriously, is the career of a district visitor the only one that is open to one here? because your Mr. Warde seems to expect me to go and tell his little boys all about Joseph and his brothers on Sunday afternoons, and I do not feel that my capabilities are strong in that line.”

“I don’t know why you call him my Mr. Warde,” said Christina, “and I am afraid I can’t tell you much about the parish. Of course I know the people, at least a great many of them; but I don’t go to the school, because I don’t know how to teach.”

“Poor Mr. Warde, I begin to commiserate him,” said Miss Cleasby; “he has evidently no sympathy or assistance. I do believe that I shall be obliged to offer my valuable help, after all.”

From that they went on to other subjects. Miss Cleasby spoke of her life abroad, the things she had done and the people she had seen, but all the time no word was said of Captain Cleasby or of his acquaintance with Christina.

Perhaps in each of their minds there was an unconscious reference to him in his connection with the other: Christina’s predominant feeling was that her new acquaintance was his sister, and Miss Cleasby looked at her visitor not as at a casual stranger, but as at the girl that Walter was amusing himself with. Yet they both started when suddenly a shadow darkened the window, coming between them and the level rays of the afternoon sunshine, and Captain Cleasby stepped into the room.

He stepped in from the terrace, and took off his hat and held out his hand to Christina.

“So you are here at last,” he said with a smile.

His manners were as easy and unembarrassed as ever, and his entrance was no unnatural interruption to their conversation, and yet, though he had been in their thoughts, his presence changed the aspect of things and caused a revulsion in each of their minds. Augusta leant back in her chair, rather taking the attitude of a spectator, and Christina drew a little away from her, and sent her quick, startled glances about the room, as if seeking for a subject of conversation or a pretext for departure.

“Do you remember the house at all?” said Captain Cleasby; “I suppose it has been a good deal altered, but you know you are visiting your own ancestral halls.” He had sat down on the end of the sofa opposite to his sister and Christina, and looked at them both as if he were a little curious as to the mutual relations which the visit had brought about between them.

“I remember very little about it,” said Christina; “I was only three years old, I think, when we went away,—no, I must have been older, but I don’t remember it well. I recognized the staircase, because I tumbled all the way down that flight of stairs into the hall; and I remember the passages just beyond, because Bernard, my cousin, and I used to play hide-and-seek there, but I believe that is nearly all.”

“That is very disappointing. I hoped you would have all kinds of associations, and have been able to hand down to us the traditions of the place. It seems to me you are very hard-hearted.”

“No, I am not; only I forget. I suppose, if I remembered, I should be unhappy at having to see strangers here; but I forget, and so it doesn’t matter to me.”

“And now you have said the unkindest thing of all,” said Captain Cleasby. And whilst they were speaking, Miss Cleasby sat watching, lazily leaning back in her chair, and with her eyelids half lowered over her eyes; but she roused herself and spoke, before Christina could answer her brother’s last speech, which indeed she had not thought to answer.

"We were discoursing of much pleasanter and more profitable things before you came in, Walter," she said; "men always will be so personal. Now just observe the difference: we had been considering the condition of the poor, the constitution of society, the means of reform and their effects, not to speak of human nature in all its aspects; you come idly sauntering in at the window, the idea of the most expeditious way of reaching the sofa the prominent one in your mind; and, instead of applying yourself to the solution of these weighty problems, you immediately engage us in frivolous speculations as to our individual past."

"Which at least is a subject upon which we are qualified to speak, my dear Augusta, and it is nonsense to call personal talk frivolous. When we talk of ourselves, are we not talking of the subject that lies nearest to our hearts?"

"That is your personal experience, I suppose."

"Captain Cleasby does not mean that we can get rid of other people or other things," said Christina; "at least I suppose not; he only means that they are interesting in their connection with ourselves."

"That is only another form of selfishness."

"If you like to say so,—though, considering our relationship, the doctrine has its advantages for you; for of course the consanguinity enhances the interest, and in my eyes invests you with many imaginary charms: but I will not give it up, simply because it would be an impossibility. Why are our possessions dear to us, but because they are our own? Why may we not have a peculiar affection for the places in which we have been born and bred? Why may I not take pleasure in thinking that Miss North has run about my passages and stood at my table to taste the wine in her grandfather's glass?" said Captain Cleasby, a little pathetically; but though he addressed his sister, he was looking at Christina.

"You may be right," said Miss Cleasby; and, though she was vexed

at his speech, she showed no annoyance. "I suppose we do regard our belongings, whether things or people, as worthy of more honour because of their connection with ourselves. That is why we put our great-aunt Rachel in a frame and hang her up over the mantelpiece with the other family miniatures, although, unless the artist did her great injustice, she must have been one of the plainest young women ever seen. Have you looked at her, Miss North? She hangs just between my grandmother (taken, I believe, in the character of Amaryllis) and my brother as a little boy."

"Yes, I see," said Christina: and she went to the mantelpiece, and stood looking at the miniatures hanging there by their faded ribbons on the background of crimson velvet, as they had hung before the Cleasbys went abroad, when some of the men and women who looked out from their frames in the freshness of youth were still looking back to that time and growing old and greyheaded.

"They are nearly all dead now," said Miss Cleasby. "Do you see that young man in the uniform? That was my Uncle Charlie: he was always sickly; but he would go into the army, and he was shot some time in the Peninsular War, I believe, when he was only five-and-twenty. Then there is his brother George, that square-looking man: he was a physician, and older than Charlie, but he only died two years ago. There was one other brother, Uncle Robert, and he is alive still, and the only really rich one among us. The girl there is their mother: she was pretty, I believe. Oh,—do you think the little head below like Walter? It was done when he was six years old."

It was the picture of a child in a scarlet blouse, with his fair hair cut in a straight line across his forehead, and falling down upon his shoulders. He was a delicate-looking boy, and even now there was a likeness to Captain Cleasby, in the rather deep-set eyes and in the sensitive lines about the mouth.

"Yes, I think it is like him," said Christina, smiling.

And all this time Captain Cleasby had taken no part in what was said, for, naturally, the repetition of his family history had no interest for him; and the only thing of which he was distinctly conscious was Christina, standing before him on the rug, resting one hand on the mantelpiece as she looked at the miniatures. And now he knew that his sister had been wrong in her anticipations. Christina might be different from other girls, but nothing could detract from her charm and her beauty. Augusta had been quite wrong. She was perhaps a little shy, her looks were a little startled, but there was nothing awkward in the touch of shyness; perhaps it was more attractive than the perfect confidence she had shown at first, and he felt instinctively that it was not caused by her position in the house, nor by the sight of what he had called their magnificence, nor by anything so external to herself. She was beautiful, but that was not all. Her voice was sweet and low, but it was a voice that could ring out at times, and her smile was sudden and vivid: and as to her dress, his sister was always well dressed; she was magnificent even in her mourning; but nothing could be more graceful than the soft folds of Christina's muslin. He noticed it all, even the little hand hanging down by her side. It was not so white as his sister's, it was sligher and narrower, but yet there was force about it. The misgivings his sister had raised up in his mind faded completely as he looked at Christina, standing there in her unconscious grace, frankly looking round at all there was to see; but another misgiving had arisen mingled with pleasure and pain, a misgiving which he would have put from him, but which would not be dismissed.

There are light natures which yet have the power of conceiving and in some sort comprehending passions which they have never experienced and depths which they have never sounded. What they see is strange, it is sometimes ridi-

culous, and yet they feel in themselves that it exists. Faintly and dimly was borne in upon Walter Cleasby, through the sensitive fibre of his artistic perceptions, a sense of something which moved and stirred Christina's being, and vibrated through all the jarring discords with which her life was filled. He did not seek to analyse it, he strove rather to put away from himself the knowledge of its existence; but nevertheless the sense of it would at times flash across his spirit, mingled with a fear of coming perplexity and trouble. He was not a vain man, and Christina certainly had given him no cause for vanity: she had not sought him; when he had crossed her path she had met him with a friendly frankness which had no coquetry in it; but now, though she was frank as ever, there was a certain shy excitement underlying her manner which troubled him a little.

"I must be going home," said Christina, turning from the chimney-piece and taking up her hat. There was nothing in the words; but somehow it seemed to him that the tone of her voice had changed.

"Oh, don't go yet," said Captain Cleasby; "wait a little longer. I am sure they can do without you for one afternoon. You go away just as I come home."

"But I must go," said Christina. "Good-bye, Miss Cleasby."

"Thank you for coming," said Miss Cleasby. "Good-bye. You will not expect me to come to your house; you know that I go nowhere now;" and she did not ask Christina to come again, though she was very different from what she had expected, and her visit had been an amusement and interest to her.

"We will come to the gate with you," said Captain Cleasby, "if you will allow Augusta time to make up her mind and to get up from her chair. Come, Gusty, the sun is quite low, and it will do you good to get a little air."

"Will it?" said his sister, rather doubtfully; but she did get up from her seat and consented to walk down

the hill to the gate, all three talking together of indifferent things, and loitering in the evening sunshine.

"You will come again," Captain Cleasby said to Christina, as they parted at the gate; but Christina made no direct answer, neither did his sister second his request.

"Why could you not be a little more friendly?" he said, as he turned back towards the house with his sister. "No one asks you to put yourself out of the way; but, if you like her, why not be friendly?"

"Are we to go all over the old ground again, Walter? You know very well why. She is quite unlike what I expected. I won't call her a poor little thing any longer; but I am just as sorry for her as I was before, and I know very well what it means when you are so anxious

that I should be kind to my neighbours."

"I should feel just the same about it if I were at Kamschatka. It has nothing to do with me; I can see her as much as I like without your having anything to do with it. And, after all, I am not an Apollo. You are quite ridiculous about it, Augusta!"

"No, I am not. I know you are not an Apollo,—that is nothing to the purpose; and as to your seeing her, of course you could see her; but what you want me to do is to take the responsibility off your hands, and that is an office I decline."

And then they talked of other things, and did not, as some people might have done, come to a quarrel on the subject. The Cleasbys were a sweet-tempered race—and perhaps they neither of them thought it worth while.

*To be continued.*

## AN EXPERIMENT IN MIDDLE-CLASS EDUCATION.

BY MISS SEWELL.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You asked me, when we last met, to give you the result of my small personal experiences in regard to Middle-Class Education. I have little to say, little to tell; but if all who can deal with facts are willing to contribute them to the general store, the results are likely to be more sound than any which can be obtained from theory.

It is now many years since I first asked myself what could be done to further the good education of girls belonging to the different grades of what are termed the Middle Classes. General rumour and the report of friends had told me of small private schools dotted over the country, in which the intellectual teaching left the children with the impression that the Jordan was a mountain, and Paris the capital of Turkey; whilst the moral training was strengthened by instruction in the refinements of social life, and especially in the art of getting in and out of a carriage. As I thought over the matter the conviction forced itself upon me, that the only safe foundation for cheap schools—and those to which I allude were necessarily cheap—must be the supervision and influence of educated ladies, who should make the school their personal care. That such a school should, so far as I myself was concerned, be a Church school, was a necessity. As a Churchwoman, whatever I could do in the way of education could not but rest on Church principles; for education implies moral training, moral training implies religion as its sanction, and religion implies a creed—it may be that of the Unitarian, the Roman Catholic, the Anglican—but a creed it must be.

But the parish in which alone it was in my power to work was not one in which

a Church school was likely to obtain sympathy. The time, however, came at last. A new church was built, a new district marked out, and the door was opened. *If* a school could be established, I was promised the co-operation of the incumbent.

But the “if” was a very serious one; the town was small, the population fluctuating; the upper tradesmen were few, the lower were poor, rents were extravagantly high, provisions extremely dear, the whole place was in a half-developed state, struggling into existence. And a Middle School ought to be self-supporting. The classes who were to benefit by it were in a position which made it imperative upon them to pay for their own education. Would they do so in my own neighbourhood, so as to place a good day-school, which was all I at first thought of, on a firm foundation? This was the question to be solved.

The first requisite was money. My calculations were, that it would be necessary to provide £200 a year for three years, and £100 for the first expenses. But before this sum could be secured, the need for the school without delay was pressed upon so strongly that it was determined to begin with about £150 secured for the first year, and considerably less for the two succeeding years. The expense of fitting up the school was to be provided for out of this fund. Our highest subscriptions were £5. In one or two cases we had a donation of a larger sum, but never exceeding £20. The *Guardian* was good enough to insert a letter which brought some help, but more applications for the office of governess.

I had a strong opinion myself as to this choice. It was founded upon experience. No teaching that I had ever

known was in its grounding like that of a certificated mistress from one of the great training schools. It might be narrow in its range, but it was thorough: and the order and method inculcated and insisted upon were invaluable. My friend, the incumbent, agreed with me, and we advertised in the National Society's Monthly Paper. A few weeks brought us as many, I think, as forty applications. All were put aside but three. From those three we selected one, supported by the most satisfactory testimonials. Our proposed mistress had been, when very young, a governess in a private family, and had then been most wisely recommended to go to a training school. She had made admirable use of her time whilst there, and had obtained a first-class certificate. Principles, temper, and refinement of mind and manner were guaranteed to us, and the agreement was made. She was to receive a salary of £80 per annum, and to be provided with lodging and coals, the latter in this part of the world a most expensive item.

When I say that the success of the school is mainly to be attributed to the governess, you will understand how fully our expectations were justified.

But the circle of instruction in a national school was not sufficient for that which we were proposing to set on foot. History must include far more than the History of England; French and music would be expected. How were these studies to be provided for? Music lessons could be given by a master, but I myself undertook to enlarge the children's views upon history generally; whilst by recommending books to the head governess I was able to put her in the way of extending her own sphere of instruction. French we trusted, for the time being, to a lady who was most kindly willing to help us, and who indeed continued to do so until the school was sufficiently advanced to enable us to engage a permanent teacher.

So far we had provided for the teaching, but where were we to find those willing to be taught? Our prospects were by no means promising. We put

out a prospectus, which gave the names of two gentlemen as trustees, the incumbent of the district as visitor, his wife and myself as superintendents. In reply to our proposition, we had the offer of three pupils, the children of some of the first tradesmen in the place. But at the same time we were told that a school was about to be opened by an ex-national schoolmaster and his wife, which, as it was sure to be good, would no doubt take all the third-grade children (if one may so divide them), and very probably a large proportion of the second grade upon whom our hopes had chiefly rested. When I use the word "grade" I refer much more to the sum which the parents could afford, or would be willing to pay for education, than to any social distinction. We hoped that St. Boniface School, as it was called, would attract the second as well as the upper grade; but we found, almost immediately, that in order to this the terms must be lowered. We had begun with asking £10 per annum, but we soon made an alteration, and asked £6 for children of eight years of age, with an increase of £1 each year up to £10; whilst in the case of two or more children from the same family, we made a deduction of £2 per annum for each child.

With four pupils as a certainty, and the distant hope of one or two more, we were purposing to open the school, when our governess wrote to us, asking if she might bring three children who had been left to her care, their parents being absent from England. She would pay their expenses, including the school fees, out of the sum she herself received for them. This request was in many respects advantageous to us, but it involved a very important question—Were we to take boarders? We had only contemplated a day-school. Upon consideration we enlarged our prospectus, and advertised, stating that we were willing to receive boarders for £30 per annum. We proposed giving the governess £16 per annum for each child's board, which, when the Christmas and Midsummer holidays, of six weeks each, were de-

ducted, made the rate £20 per annum. And so we began our work with seven pupils, in a small furnished house, for which we paid £77 per annum, this sum including cooking and attendance. It sounds extravagant, yet it was the only thing we could do.

Before the first year had expired, the two rooms, which were used as parlour and schoolroom, proved to be too small. We had a few more day-scholars and the hope of two more boarders. It was necessary to move our quarters. Again we had no choice. The only house which would suit us was offered to us at £125 per annum, including cooking, &c., with the stipulation that at the end of the year we were to take the house ourselves, and buy the furniture, very old and shabby though it was, at a valuation of £150. And we accepted the terms. Two kind friends advanced us £140 without interest, and the remaining ten pounds we managed to provide out of the sale of some articles which were not needed by us. The school increased very slowly. Our number had not risen to more than fourteen or fifteen day-scholars. Only one boarder had come to us, besides a niece of the governess, whose three private pupils were also very uncertain as to their stay. Still we were not in debt, and we had a small surplus to help us in the coming year, but the close of that year would bring us also to the close of the greater portion of the promised subscriptions. What was to be done then? There were few first-grade children left whom we could expect to have as day-pupils, and the second and third grade were drawn away by the new and good school set up on a liberal basis by the ex-national schoolmaster and his wife.

Boarders seemed our best hope. We advertised in different papers; and, with the idea of making our plan more thoroughly understood, I proposed myself to call upon some of the chief tradespeople in a neighbouring town, and explain the object and style of the education we proposed to give. Twelve visits I paid in one day, and at every house I was received with courtesy and apparent interest, but scarcely any hope

was held out to me—the tradespeople preferred sending their children to London, where they might be taught by “professors.”

So I returned home but little encouraged. The end of the third year drew near, and I had serious misgivings. Yet the school was making just that progress in the place which rendered me extremely unwilling to give it up. I made a fresh application for very small subscriptions; I begged for 5s. annually, and friends and acquaintances responded most kindly. When the quarter-day came round we still paid our way. But the house was all but empty of boarders, the three private pupils were removed, and there were none to take their place. We proposed to let the first-floor rooms, and an old servant of my own, who occupied the adjoining lodging-house, and had undertaken our domestic arrangements, could, we thought, manage this for us. The plan carried us on for some months, but it was at last pronounced a failure; the noise of the pianos was a disturbance to the lodgers, and the rooms did not let. By that time, however, our prospects were improving. The numbers in the school had been increased to upwards of twenty, and the subscriptions kept up so well that we had no cause for present uneasiness, even though we had been obliged to engage an assistant mistress, able to teach French. We gave her £30 per annum, which we reckoned could nearly be provided for by the music pupils, who paid four guineas a year, and were now taught in the school instead of out of it. Of course we had besides to pay the head mistress for the board of the assistant, whose expenses therefore were £46 per annum. From that time we have gone on steadily increasing; at the present moment there are thirty-three children in the school, being seven boarders and twenty-six day-pupils. Some of the latter are very young, some have only come for the winter months, but we are promised more. When the yearly accounts are made up I hope to find that we are nearly self-supporting. There will still indeed be the debt

for the furniture to be paid off, but this, by the kindness of one of the lenders, who gave up all claim to the £40 she advanced, was reduced last year to £100. I have given you all these financial details, my dear friend, for two reasons. First, because nothing of this kind can succeed which does not stand upon a firm financial basis; and, secondly, because I am anxious to show what great hope exists of being able to establish a successful Middle School under most unfavourable circumstances. If a school of the kind can succeed here, why not elsewhere?

This is the question which I confess I long to put to everyone who talks to me about Middle-Class Education for girls. For the moral effects of such a school, so far as I can myself bear witness to them, have quite equalled, if not surpassed, every expectation. The examinations prove that the children are thoroughly well instructed. I know them to be refined, respectful in manner, reverential in church, simple and modest in appearance. I hear them remarked for their quietness in the streets, and their general propriety of demeanour. All this is no doubt due to the influence of the governess. If she were not what she is, the children under her care would not be what they are. But then, on the other hand, if the governess was not competent for her position, there would be responsible persons prepared to dismiss her. If the teaching were not good, it would be proved by examination. The advantage of a school having superintendents, a visitor, and trustees, is that the parents feel confidence in it. And the advantages to the governess are, that she is freed from pecuniary anxiety, and with moderate care can live with comfort; and that she is not obliged to enter into uncomfortable relations with the parents. When anything disagreeable is to be said or done, she has only to apply to the superintendent or the visitor, and she is directed what to do; and thus she is spared the wearing conflict between what is right and what is ex-

pedient. Offence may be taken, and a pupil may leave the school, but she is not injured by it. And what is still more important, she is not obliged to forego any of the arrangements involving expense, which are required for the good of the children, and thus the school is saved from that almost unavoidable attendant upon a cheap school—petty, stingy economy—an economy which must have as lowering an effect upon the pupils, as it has upon the unfortunate governess who is striving to save for the future out of an income wholly insufficient for the present.

And if you ask me what are the social advantages of such a school, I would say it tends greatly to unite together in a common interest the different classes of society, in England often so widely separated. Because I am superintendent of St. Boniface School, I have an excuse for knowing not only the children, but the parents. We have subjects and aims in common. I meet a former pupil in the street, and we are friends. I know what are her home pursuits, and can help her in them. The young girl who assists her father in his shop will take pains to translate French and answer questions in history for me. If she were ill I should go and see her; if she were unhappy I should be allowed to try to comfort her. These are small things which affect myself individually, but on a wider scale I watch with very great interest the working of the school, for I find that the pupils who have left it still look upon themselves as connected with it. They visit it, and share any little pleasure on holidays. It is gradually becoming, though in a very unobtrusive way, a kind of centre round which the most respectable people in the town gather, and by means of which they keep up a more intimate and friendly connection with the clergyman and his family; though I am almost afraid of saying all this, because the work is on such a very diminutive scale, and of course I may be supposed to be prejudiced in its favour. We find also, that careful instruction, refined habits, and good moral training, are advantages which make people with small

incomes quite ready to overlook the distinction of class. Several of our pupils, amongst the boarders especially, belong to the professional classes. As we insist upon all the children being well-bred, though they may not be what is called well-born, they meet on a common footing in the school, and out of it their parents seek what acquaintances for them they may prefer.

You will understand now why I say that the problem of the education of girls of the middle classes is, I believe, mainly to be solved by careful expenditure upon a day-school, rather than by a large outlay for boarding schools. My experience is that the lower grades of the tradespeople cannot afford to place their girls at a good boarding school, and the upper grades will only do so where the terms are high and the education is showy. They will willingly pay sixty or eighty or a hundred guineas for instruction supplemented by a so-called London professor; but they will not pay eight-and-twenty pounds for an education which offers nothing but careful English teaching, with music and French.

It is not from the opulent tradesmen that I believe we have as yet reason to expect support for middle boarding schools, except so far as they may be willing to subscribe to them. Day-schools are, however, different. Wishing, as so many persons do, to keep their girls at home, partly because they cannot bear to part with them, and partly because they have by that means a larger sum to expend upon their boys, and to put them out in the world, there will, I believe, always be found many willing to take advantage of a good day-school, more especially if they find that it is frequented by the professional classes. Let the day-school be established, and the admission of boarders can be regulated according to circumstances. The process is slow, but I believe it is sure.

But my ambition, I confess, goes far beyond the establishment of solitary schools. I have in my mind a dream of a network of St. Boniface schools gradually spreading over the country.

I will suppose a few influential Churchmen in a diocese, with the Bishop at their head, exerting themselves to obtain the promise of a certain sum, say three or four hundred pounds per annum for five years, for the establishment of Middle Schools for girls. Let the sum be obtained, and the offer may then be made to give or lend perhaps fifty pounds per annum for the same period, to any persons who will guarantee the formation of a St. Boniface school in any town in the diocese.

With this security for the continuance of the school for five years, it might be fairly reckoned that at the end of the time there would be a certain number of self-supporting Church schools working in the diocese, having a common interest, and working upon a common system. That if successful the plan might be carried out on an increasing scale is self-evident; and I will only add on the financial question, that as soon as a school stands on its own foundation, I should require it either to repay by instalments the sum lent by the Central Society, or to accept the burden of the yearly interest.

And now as to what I mean by a "St. Boniface school." (I use the name merely because it happened to be adopted in my own experiment,—St. Boniface being in some way connected with the place in which I live.) Certainly I do not mean that every such school must be established for precisely the same grade, or regulated precisely in the same way. I would only suggest the following stipulations.

Firstly. It should be a Church of England school, of which the clergyman of the parish should be *ex-officio* visitor.

Secondly. It should have two or more lady superintendents, removable by the visitor, and to whom the governess should be responsible, an appeal being, however, allowed to the visitor.

Thirdly. The school should be submitted to the yearly inspection of some person, either lady or gentleman, appointed by the Central Committee.

Fourthly. There should be five or more trustees, who should send a yearly report of its financial condition to the Central Committee.

Fifthly. All the persons connected with the management of the school should be members of the Church of England.

Sixthly. In case of serious difference between the managers, the final appeal should be to the Bishop.

Beyond these stipulations I very much question whether I should attempt to make any rules or limitations. You will ask me what is to be done in the case of Dissenters. Are they to be excluded? Certainly not, I should say, from the day-school, but most certainly from the boarding school, unless their parents are willing that they should be brought up as members of the Church. The boarding school is the family, it cannot admit of religious differences. With regard to the day-school I should make two stipulations: one, that the child of a Dissenter should not be called upon to learn the Church catechism, for the simple reason that in it she would be required to say that she has godfathers and godmothers, and would be taught upon the principle of the baptismal vow, both of which in her case would involve a falsity; the other, that in case of attendance at church upon Church festivals which fall on the week-days, the Dissenting children should be sent home, so as not to be present at services which they have not been taught to reverence.

The duties of the Central Committee would not be at first very arduous. They would only have to collect the foundation subscriptions, to receive the yearly report, and to appoint the yearly inspectors. But much more than this might ultimately be worked out by them. I have thought sometimes of general meetings of the visitors and superintendents of the St. Boniface schools with the Bishop at their head; of discussions based not upon theory, but upon experience; I have imagined a successful self-supporting school giving of its superabundance to assist the Central Committee in more extensive

educational schemes. And if this definite work were made known and its results published, it might lead to an increase of the public interest, and thus to further subscriptions, so that ultimately there might be any number of St. Boniface schools in the diocese.

And further I have imagined a sense of self-respect and honourable pride in being educated at a school belonging to such a body. I have thought that perhaps some badge might be instituted which would mark a pupil of these special schools, some mark of distinction, given, though only rarely, by the Bishop, for superior good conduct. I have fancied that there might be cases in life when the fact of belonging to a school which in its corporate capacity was watched over by persons in high position and authority, might have somewhat the same elevating effect upon a girl which being brought up at a public school often has upon a boy.

But in all these dreams the one thing I have most dreaded has been excitement and publicity, and I should most earnestly deprecate open examinations, general competition, anything which should subject a girl to remark and admiration beyond the sphere of her own little world.

So far as each school is concerned, I should desire, above all things, that the influence exercised in it should be a woman's influence. The clergyman would of course show his interest in it, the Bishop would occasionally give it the stimulus of his personal presence; but I believe that women understand girls much better than men do, and therefore I should always desire to have each separate St. Boniface school conducted noiselessly under the supervision of ladies. For the same reason in examinations I should never desire to have a regular inspector in the form of a clergyman or layman, standing before the little frightened girls and putting to flight all their ideas by asking them questions in a form which they do not in the least comprehend. Rather I should like the children to be examined by the governess or superintendent they are accustomed to, and who can

bring out what they really know. And the persons admitted to the examination should be few—only parents and friends,—and the inspector, whether lady or gentleman, should be simply one amongst many listeners and observers; and if, when the examination was over, he or she wished to ask any additional questions, it should be, as it were, accidentally—the children should not feel they were brought out to be exhibited to strangers.

The working of such schools must of necessity vary considerably. And most assuredly, under such a complex constitution as that which I have suggested, they would not be free from the difficulties caused by the infirmities of temper and personal interests. Before I conclude, I would venture to offer one or two remarks—the result of experience—which may perhaps show how such difficulties may in a measure be overcome.

And first I would say, that when a governess is appointed she should be allowed to carry out her plans in her own way; a double government is ruin to any school. It is probable that if schools under careful supervision were permanently established and good salaries offered, there are persons now holding the position of governesses in private families who would be willing to follow the example set by our own mistress, and place themselves at a training school for a year or more, in order to learn the order and method so essential for the discipline of a school, as distinguished from pupils at home. So also the governess must be allowed to make her household arrangements to suit her own convenience, only with due regard for the good of the children. She must, in fact, feel that the superintendents are her friends rather than her rulers.

And again, it is very important to make the governesses one with the managers with regard to the pecuniary affairs of the school. I feel convinced that we must ourselves be ultimately prepared to raise the salaries of our governesses. Eighty pounds per annum

is a small sum to provide board, dress, and all extra expenses, and to lay by a sufficiency for old age. A school may begin upon these terms, but if it should succeed the salaries ought to increase according to the number of the pupils.

But in all these matters we have found it most helpful to make the governess, and to a certain extent the assistant governess, one with the managers of the school. They know the state of the finances, the difficulties that have to be met; and their interest is thus enlisted in behalf of the school apart from personal considerations. With regard to any volunteer work, such as lessons upon particular subjects given in addition to the teaching of the governess, it may be very helpful, but it is vain to expect it to supplement any fundamental deficiencies in the head mistress. And if she is fit for her position, she will be the best person to judge as to the capabilities of the volunteers. I mention this especially, because it is the rock upon which such schools are perhaps most likely to split, and long experience has taught me that delegated authority, if it is to work well, must within its own sphere be allowed to be perfectly independent.

Very truly yours,

ELIZABETH M. SEWELL.

Since writing the above, I have seen the prospectus of a school in Camden Town, which certainly seems a move in the right direction. Amongst other names it gives those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and Lord Lyttelton as a guarantee for the sound education of the children.

The school has, it seems, been long and ably conducted on a private footing by a lady—Miss Buss—who has now placed it in the hands of a body of trustees. Upper and lower schools will, it is hoped, be established on a permanent basis—the fees varying from four to six guineas in the latter, and from nine to twenty in the former. Exhibitions also are to be given to girls who, from any cause, may be considered worthy of such assistance.

## THE NEW LAW COURTS.

BY JAMES FERGUSON, F.R.S.

Few things can be more encouraging to those anxious to promote the arts of their country than the interest generally felt in Mr. Street's designs for the new Law Courts, and nothing more hopeful than the disapprobation with which they have been received. This has been so nearly universal that it would hardly be worth while to say more on the subject were it not that the real cause for dissatisfaction does not seem to be properly understood, and that unless it be clearly explained the practical application of the lesson may be thrown away.

If one thing is more clear than another, it is that the failure of the designs arises from no personal deficiency on the part of the architect. Mr. Street is a man of undoubted talent, equal in that respect to any of his professional brethren, either in this country or on the Continent. He loves his art, and has devoted his life and energies to its cultivation, more from predilection than from interest. He is an exquisite draftsman, and has, in fact, almost every qualification for a great architect; but he has thrown away all these advantages to follow a chimera, in choosing to devote his undoubted talents to reproduce the art and fashion of the thirteenth century, and resolutely shutting his eyes to the fact that he and we are living in the nineteenth. To use Canning's famous apostrophe, he might as well attempt to restore the Heptarchy! No one who knows the architecture of the thirteenth century will wonder much at this delusion. It is very beautiful and very fascinating, but it is an anachronism, as little suited to our wants and as little expressive

of our feelings as the armour or the weapons of the same age. It would be as reasonable to build our warships after the pattern of the galleys in which our Edwards and Henrys went to Crecy and to Agincourt, and to re-introduce the bows and arrows with which they fought and conquered, as to reproduce their architecture for our dwellings and civic buildings. Both were marvellously picturesque, and a poetry hangs around them from whose fascination it is difficult to escape; but both are equally unsuited to the wants and feelings of the present age.

The aspirations of which the architecture of the thirteenth century was the triumphant expression, were the result of a system which, during six or seven centuries, had been extending itself over Europe. From the time of Gregory the Great the Church of Rome had been gradually exerting its beneficent influence against the anarchy and crimes of that truly dark age. Everywhere throughout Europe her legions of ecclesiastics had been preaching peace and goodwill to blood-stained barons and their trodden-down serfs. As the only organized body having a distinct and well-defined aim, the Church by degrees absorbed nearly all the power, and by far the greater portion of the wealth of Europe. She also possessed within her ranks all the men of learning and of science—as the word was then understood—and all the arts were her hand-maidens; while it was fortunate for their development that the celibacy of the clergy deprived them of all selfish motives for hoarding, in order to transmit their wealth to their descendants. The Church was heir to all her children,

and marvellous consequently was the development of the outward signs of her wealth and greatness.

It is little to be wondered at that such a system—thousands of educated hands and brains working through hundreds of years—should result in producing a perfection in ecclesiastical architecture which we still regard with awe and reverence; and it is easy to understand why men should despair of surpassing or even of competing with it. Such a combination of power with wealth and splendour is hardly likely to occur again; but as a set-off to this we have knowledge of many arts they knew nothing about, and have powers of scientific construction which throw their greatest efforts into the shade. All we want is the purpose and an aim; but unfortunately it is very unlikely that any set of men will now go through the long and sustained series of trials and studies which can alone lead to a satisfactory result. Meanwhile, as the clergy, from whatever motives, are perfectly content with the style of the thirteenth century, they will neither discourage its reproduction nor aid in any attempt to supersede it by something more appropriate to our times. Till, therefore, a new light dawns on them, church architecture will probably remain where it was five centuries ago.

With the laity it is, however, different. As early as the fourteenth century the trammels of the ecclesiastical system of architecture were found to have become inconvenient and unsuited for civil purposes; and in the fifteenth century the advancing intelligence and gradual emancipation of the laity led them to throw them off almost entirely. The baronial halls were lighted with tall and spacious windows, and roofed with carved and gilded wood-work of the most elegant designs, and were fitted up for feasting and gaiety, in strange contrast to the gloom of the refectory. Bower and bedroom with large square-headed windows superseded the long gloomy dormitory with its pointed loopholes; light and air were everywhere introduced,

and space and brightness symbolized the fulness of manly enjoyment, in contradistinction to the gloom and solitude of the cloister, which was even then fast fading into a thing of the past.

In the sixteenth century the architecture of the country was on the point of being developed into a style as elegant and as refined as the Saracenic; and if the system of gradual development had been continued to the present day, we should have had a style in every way suited to our wants, and expressive of our feelings and our civilization. Unfortunately, towards the end of that century it met the rising tide of classical revival, both in literature and art. This collision—to use a railway phrase—was fatal to both. It resulted in the production first of a mongrel Elizabethan and then of a thoroughly debased Jacobean style, so intolerable that it was soon dismissed to make way for the Italian, or revived classical. Though this last was undoubtedly an improvement on what it superseded, it was far from being what was wanted. It contained many parts and members which were not only useless but inconvenient, and hampered the freedom of design; and, from not being native, it possessed a certain academic formality and strangeness which prevented its becoming a reality. In the early part of this century an attempt was made to obtain galvanic life, by introducing the Grecian style, with all its superior refinements and grace. It was thought that its exquisite elegance and purity would reconcile the public to its manifest incongruity and inconvenience. The effort culminated in the new buildings of the British Museum, which at last opened the eyes of all the world to the absurdity of the attempt, and drove them at once to the opposite extreme. Instead of the severe purity of the Greeks, war-paint and plumes became the order of the day, and that system too is now culminating in an anti-climax, as exhibited in the Albert Memorial and the new Law Courts.

The simple fact of two such buildings as Sir Robert Smirke's British Museum and Mr. Street's Law Courts being erected in the same city, so near to one another, and within so few years, for interchangeable purposes,<sup>1</sup> is as manifest a confession as can be made that we have no Style of architecture, and do not know what to be about. Of the two absurdities the Gothic is perhaps the less absurd. Since—as the *Saturday Review* boasts that it has repeated weekly for years past, and promises to go on reiterating while it lasts—we are Englishmen, and not Romans or Italians, and still less Greeks, there is something to be said in favour of a style which was born and bred in this country. But even then it is only half the truth. We are Englishmen, but we do not live in the thirteenth century, and there is a greater difference between the rude baron or the domineering priest, and the abject middle classes of our Middle Ages, than there is between the educated and refined upper classes in England at the present day and the polished Roman of the first centuries after the Christian era, or the Italian gentleman of the sixteenth or seventeenth century: and the art of the latter is therefore more appropriate to our state of civilization than that which expressed the wants and feelings of our semi-barbarian ancestors five centuries back.

Fifty years ago, when the Gothic system was first introduced, men were content with the thinnest film of Gothic detail spread over the walls of a thoroughly modern building. True, this was an offence against good taste; but the wants and conveniences of modern times were still attended to. We have now become such purists, that if any detail of the exterior, any internal

arrangement or article of furniture, betrays the secret of the age in which a nineteenth century building is erected, the architect is condemned as a bungler, and as ignorant of his profession. Alone of all the arts, architecture is now retrograde, and admits of no progress; and as the Gothic branch of it has now come to be practised in this country, instead of being merely an offence, it has become a standing insult to the age in which we live.

If the practice were to stop with this last example, there would probably be no great harm done. The new Law Courts might, like the frightful example of the itinerant preacher, serve as a warning, and their inconvenience and inappropriateness might prevent the repetition of such mediæval productions; but, unfortunately, we are threatened with even worse things, and the history of the new buildings about to be erected at South Kensington to accommodate the Natural History Department of the British Museum is too instructive an illustration of the system to be passed over in this place.

In 1864, when the Government first entertained the disastrous resolution to break up the British Museum and send one portion of it to South Kensington, a competition was instituted for designs for the requisite buildings. Thirty-three architects competed, and a committee of those whom the Government thought most fitted for the task was appointed to select the three best designs. The Committee had not a moment's hesitation in awarding the first prize to a design which was undoubtedly the best of those sent in, and which it appeared to them was not only appropriate for its purpose, but would also be an ornament to the metropolis. Great, therefore, was their surprise and amusement when the seals were broken, and it was found that this design was by the redoubtable Captain Fowke. Their astonishment arose from the fact that up to that time Captain Fowke was only known from some terrible things he had done at South Kensington. His

<sup>1</sup> That their purposes are interchangeable is evident from the consideration that thirty years ago Sir Charles Barry prepared a design for the Law Courts as purely and severely columnar Grecian as the Museum, which was adopted by Government; while, on the other hand, if a competition were now opened for a new museum, it is more than doubtful if a single classical design would be sent in. But of this hereafter.

first designs were such as a school-boy draws on a slate, and his 1862 Exhibition Building was only fit to be pulled down. But he was a man of architectural instincts, and, had he been educated as an architect, and escaped the trammels of the Copying School, might have done wonders. As it was, he was brought up as a military engineer, and set to work to design and carry out civil buildings before he had mastered the most elementary principles of the art. He failed of course; but ten years' experience—at the country's expense—had enabled him to remedy the defects of his early education, and his natural aptitude for the art at last enabled him to realize this very beautiful design. It was neither Grecian nor Gothic, but thoroughly nineteenth century; and had he lived and been allowed to carry it out with such ameliorations as further study would have enabled him to introduce, his building would have marked an epoch in the history of architecture in this country.

*Dix aliter visum.* One fine morning the Government, worried and perplexed by the rival claims of the competing architects, issued an ukase which was intended to settle the whole question. To Mr. Scott, as the Goth of the Goths, it was given to design and carry out the Home and Colonial Offices in the Italian style. To Mr. Street was awarded the Law Courts, because his design was the worst—a perfectly competent tribunal having awarded him only three marks in the competition, while it had assigned Edward Barry forty-three. But as a sop to keep the latter quiet—which does not, however, seem to have proved a successful expedient—he was given the new National Gallery. Because Messrs. Banks and Barry had some claim on the Government in respect to a War Office competition, they were given the Burlington House buildings; and lastly, because Mr. Waterhouse was supposed to have earned a claim by what he had done in the early stages of the Law Courts competition, to him they awarded the task of

carrying out Captain Fowke's design for the Natural History Museum.

It would be difficult to conceive a process more insulting to the judges, or more detrimental to the encouragement of architectural art, than this was, and has proved to be. Government, it is true, to save their responsibility, always insert clauses to protect themselves from legal damages in the event of their doing what they know to be a violation of the spirit of their agreement. Practically, however, no architect enters upon a competition except on the understanding that, if his design proves to be the best, he will not only get the first prize, but be employed to carry out his design. The prizes, however large, never cover the cost of a competition; and when to the cost we add the waste of energy and time, and the mental anxiety involved in the process, no man in his senses would compete if he had not faith in his judges, and confidence that the only prize worth having would be awarded to him who best deserved it. There is an end of all faith in the justice and discrimination of Government when, in defiance of this understanding, it is found that an official with no special qualifications may any day tear up all the awards of the judges, and then proceed to distribute the prizes according to his own caprice, or according to the pressure brought to bear upon him. Such a system is degrading to the profession, and it is very creditable to it that the public are still so well served, and our public buildings not infinitely worse than they are.

If the Government had any serious intention that Captain Fowke's design for a natural history museum should be carried out, they would have insisted on a pledge that this should be done with only such changes and ameliorations as the original architect himself might have introduced. Nothing of the kind was done; and what might have been foreseen as inevitable, soon came to pass. Mr. Waterhouse's position as an architect did not allow of his carrying out any other person's design, much

less that of a soldier-officer. He consequently very soon produced an entirely new design of his own, in what he is pleased to call the Norman, or according to the more fashionable modern euphuism, the "Bizzantine" style, though what its connection may have been with Byzantium I do not know. As Mr. Waterhouse very well knows, it is no more Norman than the British Museum is Greek. It is a modern building, with large openings filled with plate-glass. The roofs are fitted with skylights; swing doors, modern fire-places, plate-glass cases, and every other nineteenth-century contrivance, is sought to be introduced; but he escapes from the difficulty of designing details appropriate to the present age, under the pretext that the rude clumsy ornament he is using is correct Norman.

If this building were as truly and essentially Norman as Mr. Street's is thirteenth century, it would be so intolerable that it could not be erected. Some people think we may safely go back as far as the time of Edward III., but no human power would force British science to be content with the dark dungeons that graced or disgraced our island in the troublous times succeeding the Conquest.

Mr. Street's design, again, fails from exactly the opposite quality. It is the accuracy of imitation pervading every detail that makes it so perfectly intolerable. According to this Joshua of architects, the sun of art stood still when Edward III. died in 1377, and has not moved forward since that time. Hence the lawyers of the nineteenth century must be content to lounge in vaulted halls, with narrow windows filled with painted glass, and so dark that they cannot see to read or write in them. They must wander through corridors whose gloom recalls the monkish seclusion of the Middle Ages. They must sit on high straight-backed chairs, and be satisfied with queer-shaped furniture, which it is enough to give one the rheumatism to look at; and no higher class of art must be allowed to refresh their eyes than the heraldic devices, or the crude, ungainly

nightmare paintings of the Middle Ages. It is strange that educated men in the nineteenth century should desire this; but if they do, it is well they should have it in perfection. The more complete the *reductio ad absurdum*, the sooner the reaction will set in.

When the reviving taste for barbarism imposed a task of this sort on the late Sir Charles Barry, he submitted, as an architect must; but with characteristic common sense he chose that form of Gothic which was least offensive to modern ideas. And he further gave it a dignity and grace which hardly belong to the style, by taking the licence of putting his design for the Parliament Houses into an Italian form. The Palace at Westminster is not perfect, but it has at least this merit, that its style is two centuries nearer our time than Mr. Street's, and thus incorporates all the improvements that were introduced during those 200 years. It consequently comes so much further forward, that modern improvements and modern art are not the complete discord which they would be in a building so essentially mediæval as the Law Courts are intended to be made. In so far as it is nearer our time it is better, but the public will hardly be able to measure this advantage till they feel the inconvenience of the more archaic building.

But the important question remains, Where is all this to end? When we have got our Tudor Parliament Houses, our Edwardian Law Courts, our Norman Museum, what is to be done next? One step backward we can still see our way to—there is the Saxon. Instead of repeating the vague term "Englishmen," representing a heterogeneous medley of nationalities, let the *Saturday Review* use the more definite term, and ask, Are we not "Saxons?" With sufficient iteration its claim must eventually be admitted, and ought to be; for besides its undoubted ethnological claim, it has two merits of its own. We know so little about it that it admits of considerable latitude of design, without offence to archæologists, and its details are so

rude and lean that they must be cheap. Let the Government, then, when they issue their proposals for a competition for the new War Office, for once make up their minds beforehand, and specify the Saxon style as that to be adopted. It will admit of some novelties, and be quite as appropriate to the wants of the nineteenth century as the Norman or Edwardian styles.

When, however, we have thus completed our *hortus siccus* of dried specimens of dead styles, the prospects of the next generation of architects will be dark indeed. There will only then remain the so-called Druidical style of the Ordnance Survey. At present no doubt it is inconvenient and somewhat draughty; but if plate-glass and modern refinements may be used with the Norman, why not with the Druidical? I do not feel by any means sure that a stuccoed Stonehenge, with a glass and iron roof, would not be as good, perhaps a better representation of the architecture of the nineteenth century than many buildings which have recently been erected.

But to return to the Law Courts for a few minutes, before concluding. The particular crotchet which, besides its anachronism, renders the principal façade so unsatisfactory, is Mr. Street's determination to insist on his great vaulted hall. In his first design this hall was placed east and west, in the centre of the building. It was not seen from the outside, and was useless inside. It was therefore harmless, except that it increased the expense enormously, while it darkened the lights, and rendered the courts and passages around it noisome and inconvenient. In addition to these trifles, however, it may be added that it is not Gothic, for so far as I know no such vaulted hall was erected for any civil purpose in any country of Europe during the Middle Ages.

In the new designs the hall is placed north and south, and comes so near the front that the temptation was irresistible to justify its introduction by showing it, and making it a feature in the design.

It could not, without destroying its supposed use, be brought quite to the front, like Westminster Hall, thus making it the central feature in the façade. It must consequently be seen in perspective at some distance behind, but in order to enable this to be done the façade must be cut in two; and more than this, all the nearer features must be kept small and subdued, so as not to dwarf the distant hall. All this is quite right and logical, if the hall is to be seen. But why the hall at all? If the Government had even now the courage to say to Mr. Street, "You shall not have your vaulted hall, but must introduce a glazed court, or such a hall as Mr. Waterhouse proposed in his design," they would not only immensely improve the convenience of the Courts, but save the architect from a difficulty he does not see his way out of. He could then close up his front and introduce a central feature, with appropriate wings, which would give some dignity and proportion to the whole design, and so save it from the scattered littlenesses which every one remarks, though few are aware why they are inevitable with the present arrangements.

No re-arrangement of the parts, however, can possibly remedy the real and fundamental error which is inherent in the whole design. If the Strand were the bed of a pellucid mountain stream, and this building were designed to be placed on its banks in some remote sparsely inhabited Midland valley, for the accommodation of a congregation of barefooted friars, we might admire the picturesqueness of its details, and shut our eyes to the anachronism in consideration of its appropriateness. It is difficult, however, to realize the frame of mind in which any one could sit down at the present day seriously to prepare such a design for a Palace of Justice in the largest and richest city of the world. If the Government, when the competition was proposed, had had the courage to proscribe both the Classic and the Gothic styles, there are many architects in this country who could have furnished both elegant and appropriate

designs in styles perfectly suited to our wants and feelings. If, however, Gothic was admitted, one of two things seems inevitable. The building must either (like Sir Charles Barry's Parliament House or his son Edward's design for the Law Courts) be an Italian design in a Gothic disguise, or, if it is to be (as Mr. Street boasts that his is) a real fac-simile of the monastic or domestic architecture of the Middle Ages, it must be such as is only suited to that remote stage of civilization, and both antagonistic to the taste and inappropriate to the purposes of the present generation.

It is not pleasant to write thus of the works of men who I am proud to call my friends, and for whom personally I have the greatest possible esteem; but my belief is that they are the slaves and the victims of a thoroughly vicious system, and unless some one will speak out, even at the sacrifice of personal feelings, there is no hope that it will be amended. My conviction is, that so long as men copy, and copy only, art cannot advance beyond the schoolboy stage, and no ability, however great, will enable any one to produce a building which will be satisfactory fifty years after its erection. There are not probably in Europe two architects of greater ability or greater knowledge of their profession than Messrs. Street and Waterhouse, and their failure to produce satisfactory designs for the two buildings criticized above, is to my mind sufficient proof of the truth of the proposition that it is impossible to render the art of a bygone age suitable or appropriate to the wants or feelings of the present.

On the other hand, if men will think, and think only, of how they can best carry out a design, with the best materials and with the forms best suited for the purposes it is intended for, and ornament it in the manner most elegant and appropriate to its constructive and utilitarian necessities, without ever thinking of, or at least copying, anything done before, my conviction is, that it will be as difficult to make a bad design as on the copying sys-

tem it is to make a good one. I have arrived at this conclusion because I find that every nation in the world has been able to produce a style of architecture perfectly suitable to its own wants, and commanding the admiration of all strangers; and this though many were in a state of civilization infinitely below our own, and had neither the knowledge or the appliances which we possess. If we can revert to the thinking system, though we may blunder a little in starting at first, we may look forward with confidence to the future of architectural art in this country. We have hundreds of architects able and willing to do all that is required. The rapidity with which they learned to copy Gothic details, and the perfection of their imitations, are proofs that there is no lack of ability on their part. They could just as easily and as quickly produce designs in modern styles if they were asked for; but it is doubtful whether the public are prepared to demand this, or whether they are sufficiently educated in true art to appreciate them if obtained. On the other hand, if we are content with the copying system, we may fold our arms and despair. In no part of the world has it succeeded in any age, and it is very unlikely it should do so now.

Are the architects wise in the course they are pursuing? Is there no danger that the Government and the public may in future go to Chatham or to Great George Street for their architects? If they ever do, it will be a dark day for the arts of this country. Architecture is not an art to be learned in a day, or practised by amateurs. Long apprenticeship and severe study are requisite for success; and if architecture ever passes out of professional hands, we certainly may be more cheaply and more conveniently accommodated, but the art will probably be something one dreads to look forward to. The Institute of Architects may save us from this, but to do so it must write over its doors, "Archæology is not Architecture," and, I would add, "never can be made to take the place of true or manly art."

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1872.

## THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### MASTER ARTHUR VANISHES.

*"Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;  
And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her  
sight."*

"RAIN!" cried Queen Titania, as she walked up to the window of the breakfast-room, and stared reproachfully out on cloudy skies, gloomy trees, and the wet thoroughfares of Twickenham.

"Surely not!" said Bell, in anxious tones; and therewith she too walked up to one of the panes, while an expression of deep mortification settled down on her face.

She stood so for a second or two, irresolute and hurt; and then a revengeful look came into her eyes, she walked firmly over to my Lady, got close up to her ear, and apparently uttered a single word. Tita almost jumped back; and then she looked at the girl.

"Bell, how dare you?" she said, in her severest manner.

Bell turned and shyly glanced at the rest of us, probably to make sure none of us had heard; and then, all this mysterious transaction being brought to a close, she returned to the table, and calmly took up a newspaper. But presently she threw it aside, and glanced,

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with some heightened colour in her face and some half-frightened amusement in her eyes, towards Tita; and lo! that majestic little woman was still regarding the girl, and there was surprise as well as sternness in her look.

Presently the brisk step of Lieutenant von Rosen was heard outside, and in a minute or two the tall young man came into the room, with a fine colour in his face, and a sprinkling of rain about his big brown beard.

"Ha! Not late? No? That is very good!"

"But it rains!" said Tita to him, in an injured way, as if anyone who had been out of doors was necessarily responsible for the weather.

"Not much," he said. "It may go off; but about six it did rain very hard, and I got a little wet then, I think."

"And where were you at six?" said Tita, with her pretty brown eyes opened wide.

"At Isleworth," he said, carelessly; and then he added, "Oh, I have done much business this morning, and bought something for your two boys, which will make them not mind that you go away. It is hard, you know, they are left behind——"

"But Bell has given them silver

watches!" said Mamma. "Is not that enough?"

"They will break them in a day. Now when I went to the stables this morning to feed the horses, the old ostler was there. We had a quarrel last night; but no matter. We became very good friends—he told me much about Buckinghamshire and himself—he told me he did know your two boys—he told me he knew of a pony—oh! a very nice little pony—that was for sale from a gentleman in Isleworth——"

"And you've bought them a pony!" cried Bell, clapping her hands.

"Bell!" said Tita, with a severe look, "how foolish you are! How could you think of anything so absurd?"

"But she is quite right, madame," said the Lieutenant, "and it will be here in an hour, and you must not tell them till it comes."

"And you mean to leave them with that animal! Why, they will break their necks, both of them," cried my Lady, hurriedly.

"Oh no!" said the Lieutenant; "a tumble does not hurt boys, not at all. And this is a very quiet, small pony—oh, I did pull him about to try, and he will not harm anybody. And very rough and strong—I think the old man did call him a Scotland pony."

"A Shetland pony."

"Ah, very well," said our Uhlan; and then he began to turn wistful eyes to the breakfast table.

They sat down to breakfast, almost forgetting the rain. They were very well pleased with the coming of the pony. It would be a capital thing for the boys' health; it would be this and would be that; but only one person there reflected that this addition to the comforts of the two young rogues upstairs would certainly cost him sixteen shillings a week all the year round.

Suddenly, in the midst of this talk, Bell looked up and said—

"But where is Arthur?"

"Oh," said the mother of the young man, "he went up to town this morning at eight. He took it for granted you would not start to-day."

"He might have waited to see," said Bell, looking down. "I suppose he is not so very much occupied in the Temple. It will serve him quite right if we go away before he comes back."

"But perhaps he won't come back," said Mrs. Ashburton, gently.

Bell looked surprised; and then, with a little firmness about the mouth, held her peace for some time. It was clear that Master Arthur's absence had some considerable significance in it, which she was slowly determining in her own mind.

When Bell next spoke, she proposed that we should set out, rain or no rain.

"It will not take much time to drive down to Henley," she said. "And if we begin by paying too much attention to slight showers, we shall never get on. Besides, Count von Rosen ought to see how fine are our English rain-landscapes—what softened colours are brought out in the trees and in the greys of the distance under a dark sky. It is not nearly so dismal as a wet day abroad, in a level country, with nothing but rows of poplars along the horizon. Here," she said, turning to the Lieutenant, who had probably heard of her recent successes in water-colour, "you have light mists hanging about the woods; and there is a rough surface on the rivers; and all the hedges and fields get dark and intense, and a bit of scarlet—say a woman's cloak—is very fine under the gloom of the sky. I know you are not afraid of wet, and I know that the rest of us never got into such good spirits during our Surrey drives as when we were dashing through torrents and shaking the rain from about our faces; and this is nothing—a mere passing shower—and the country down by Hounslow will look very well under dark clouds; and we cannot do better than start at once for Henley!"

"What is the matter, Bell?" said Tita, looking at the girl with her clear, observant eyes. "One would think you were vexed about our staying in Twickenham until to-morrow, and yet nobody has proposed that yet."

"I don't wish to waste time," said Bell, looking down.

Here the Lieutenant laughed aloud.

"Forgive me, mademoiselle," he said, "but what you say is very much like the English people. They are always much afraid of losing time, though it does not matter to them. I think your commercial habits have become national, and got amongst people who have nothing to do with commerce. I find English ladies who have weeks and months at their disposal travel all night by train, and make themselves very wretched. Why? To save a day, they tell you. I find English people, with two months' holiday before them, undertake all the uncomfords of a night-passage from Dover to Calais. Why? To save a day. How does it matter to you, for example, that we start to-day, or to-morrow, or next week? Only that you feel you must be doing something—you must accomplish something—you must save time. It is all English. It is with your amusements as with your making of money. You are never satisfied. You are always looking forward—wishing to do or have certain things—never content to stop, and rest, and enjoy doing nothing."

Now what do you think our Bell did on being lectured in this fashion? Say something in reply, only kept from being saucy by the sweet manner of her saying it? Or rise and leave the room, and refuse to be coaxed into a good humour for hours? Why, no. She said, in the gentlest way—

"I think you are quite right, Count von Rosen. It really does not matter to me whether we go to-day or to-morrow."

"But you shall go to-day, Bell," say I, "even though it should rain Duke Georges. At four of the clock we start."

"My dear," says Tita, "this is absurd."

"Probably; but none the less Castor and Pollux shall start at that hour."

"You are beginning to show your authority somewhat early," says my Lady, with a suspicious sweetness in her tone.

"What there is left of it," I re-

mark, looking at Bell, who describes a fight in the distance, and is all attention.

"Count von Rosen," says Tita, turning in her calmest manner to the young man, "what do you think of this piece of folly? It may clear up long before that: it may be raining heavily then. Why should we run the risk of incurring serious illness by determining to start at a particular hour? It is monstrous. It is absurd. It is—it is——"

"Well," said the Lieutenant, with an easy shrug and a laugh, "it is not of much consequence you make the rule; for you will break it if it is not agreeable. For myself, I have been accustomed to start at a particular hour, whatever happens; but for pleasure, what is the use?"

"Yes, what is the use?" repeats Titania, turning to the rest of us with a certain ill-concealed air of triumph.

"St. Augustine," I observed to this rebellious person, "remarks that the obedience of a wife to her husband is no virtue, so long as she does only that which is reasonable, just, and pleasing to herself."

"I don't believe St. Augustine said anything of the kind," replied she; "and if he did, he hadn't a wife, and didn't know what he was talking about. I will not allow Bell to catch her death of cold. We shall *not* start at four."

"Two o'clock, luncheon. Half-past two, the moon enters Capricorn. Three o'clock, madness rages. Four, colds attack the human race. We start at four."

By this time breakfast was over, and all the reply that Tita vouchsafed was to wear a pleased smile of defiance as she left the room. The Count, too, went out; and in a few minutes we saw him in the road, leading the pony he had bought. The boys had been kept upstairs, and were told nothing of the surprise in store for them; so that we were promised a stirring scene in front of the Doctor's house.

Presently the Lieutenant arrived at the gate, and summoned Bell from the window. She having gone to the door,

and spoken to him for a second or two, went into the house, and reappeared with a bundle of coarse cloths. Was the foolish young man going to groom the pony in front of the house merely out of bravado? At all events, he roughly dried the shaggy coat of the sturdy little animal, and then carefully wiped the mud from its small legs and hoofs. Bell went down and took the bridle; the Lieutenant was behind, to give a push if necessary.

"Come up, Dick! Come along!" she said; and after a few frightened stumbles on the steps the pony stood in the Doctor's hall!

The clatter of the small hoofs on the waxcloth had brought the boys out to the first landing, and they were looking down with intense surprise on the appearance of a live horse inside the house. When Bell had called them, and told them that the Count had brought this pony for them, that it was a real pony, and that they would have to feed it every day, they came down the stairs with quite a frightened air. They regarded the animal from a distance, and then at last Master Jack ventured to go up and touch its neck.

"Why," he said, as if suddenly struck with the notion that it was really alive, "I'll get it an apple!"

He went upstairs, three steps at a bound; and by the time he came back Master Tom had got into the saddle, and was for riding his steed into the breakfast-room. Then he would ride him out into the garden. Jack insisted on his having the apple first. The mother of both called out from above that if they went into the garden in the rain she would have the whole house whipped. But all the same Master Tom, led by the Lieutenant, and followed by Bell—whose attentions in holding him on he regarded with great dislike—rode in state along the passage, and through the kitchen, and out by a back door into the garden.

"Let me go, Auntie Bell!" he said, shaking himself free. "I can ride very well—I have ridden often at Leather-head."

"Off you go, then," said the Lieutenant: "lean well back—don't kick him with your heels—off you go."

The pony shook his rough little mane, and started upon a very sedate and patient walk along the smooth path.

"Eist! Hei! Go ahead!" cried Master Tom, and he twitched at the bridle in quite a knowing way.

Thus admonished, the pony broke into a brisk trot, which at first jogged Master Tom on to its neck, but he managed to wriggle back into the saddle and get hold of the reins again. His riding was not a masterly performance, but at all events he stuck on; and when, after having trotted thrice round the garden, he slid off of his own will and brought the pony up to us, his chubby round face was gleaming with pride, and flushed colour, and rain. Then it was Jack's turn; but this young gentleman, having had less experience, was attended by the Lieutenant, who walked round the garden with him, and gave him his first lessons in the art of horsemanship. This was a very pretty amusement for those of us who remained under the archway; but for those in the garden it was beginning to prove a trifle damp. Nevertheless, Bell begged hard for the boys to be let alone, seeing that they were overjoyed beyond expression by their new toy; and it is probable that both they and their instructor would have got soaked to the skin had not my Lady Titania appeared, with her face full of an awful wrath.

What occurred then it is difficult to relate; for in the midst of the storm Bell laughed; and the boys, being deprived of their senses by the gift of the pony, laughed also—at their own mother. Tita fell from her high estate directly. The splendours of her anger faded away from her face, and she ran out into the rain and cuffed the boys' ears, and kissed them, and drove them into the house before her. And she was so good as to thank the Count formally for his present; and bade the boys be good boys and attend to their lessons when they had so much amusement provided for them; and finally turned to Bell, and

said, that as we had to start at four o'clock, we might as well have our things packed before luncheon.

Now such was the reward of this wifely obedience that at four o'clock the rain had actually and definitely ceased; and the clouds, though they still hung low, were gathering themselves up into distinct forms. When the phaeton was brought round, there was not even any necessity for putting up the hood; and Tita, having seen that everything was placed in the vehicle, was graciously pleased to ask the Lieutenant if he would drive, that she might sit beside him and point out objects of interest.

Then she kissed the boys very affectionately, and bade them take care not to tumble off the pony. The Doctor and his wife wished us every good fortune. Bell threw a wistful glance up and down the road, and then turned her face a little aside. The Count shook the reins, and our phaeton rolled slowly away from Twickenham.

"Why, Bell," I said, as we were crossing the railway-bridge, and my companion looked round to see if there were a train at the station, "you have been crying."

"Not much," said Bell, frankly, but in a very low voice.

"But why?" I ask.

"You know," she said.

"I know that Arthur has been very unreasonable, and that he has gone up to London in a fit of temper; and I know what I think of the whole transaction, and what I consider he deserves. But I didn't think you cared for him so much, Bell, or were so vexed about it."

"Care for him?" she said, with a glance at the people before us, lest the low sound of her voice might not be entirely drowned by the noise of the wheels in the muddy road. "That may mean much or little. You know I like Arthur very well; and—and I am afraid he is vexed with me; and it is not pleasant to part like that with one's friends."

"He will write to you, Bell; or he will drop down on us suddenly some evening when we are at Oxford, or Worcester, or Shrewsbury——"

"I hope he will not do that," said Bell, with some expression of alarm. "If he does, I know something dreadful will happen."

"But Master Arthur, Bell, is not exactly the sort of person to displace the geological strata."

"Oh, you don't know what a temper he has at times," she said; and then, suddenly recovering herself, she added hastily, "but he is exceedingly good and kind for all that: only he is vexed, you know, at not being able to get on; and perhaps he is a little jealous of people who are successful, and in good circumstances, and independent; and he is apt to think that—that——"

"His lady-love will be carried off by some wealthy suitor before he has been able to amass a fortune?"

"You mustn't talk as if I were engaged to Arthur Ashburton," said Bell, rather proudly, "or even that I am ever likely to be."

Our Bonny Bell soon recovered her spirits, for she felt that we had at last really set out on our journey to Scotland, and her keen liking for all out-of-door sights and sounds was now heightened by a vague and glad anticipation. If Arthur Ashburton, as I deemed highly probable, should endeavour to overtake us, and effect a reconciliation or final understanding with Bell, we were, for the present, at least, speeding rapidly away from him.

As we drove through the narrow lane running down by Whitton Park and Whitton Dean, the warm, moist winds were blowing a dozen odours about from the far, low-stretching fields and gardens; and the prevailing sweetness of the air seemed to herald our departure from the last suburban traces of London. Splash! went the horses' hoofs into the yellow pools of the roads, and the rattle of the wheels seemed to send an echo through the stillness of the quiet country-side; while overhead the dark and level clouds became more fixed and grey, and we hoped they would ultimately draw together and break, so as to give us a glimpse of pallid sunshine. Then we drove up through Hounslow

to the famous inn at the cross-roads which was known to travellers in the highway-robbery days; and here our Bell complained that so many of these hostelrys should bear her name. Tita, we could hear, was telling her companion of all the strange incidents connected with this inn and its neighbourhood which she could recall from the pages of those various old-fashioned fictions which are much more interesting to some folks than the most accurate histories. Up this long and level Bath road, which now lay before us, had come many a gay and picturesque party whose adventures were recorded in the olden time. Was it not here that Strap rode up to the coach in which Roderick Random was going to Bath, and alarmed everybody by the intelligence that two horsemen were coming over the Heath upon them; and was it not to this very village that the frightened servant hastened to get assistance? When Sophia escaped from the various adventures that befell her in the inn at Upton, did she not come up this very road to London, making the journey in two days? When Peregrine Pickle used to pay forbidden visits to London, doubtless he rode through Hounslow at dead of night on each occasion: and it is needless to say that once upon a time a youth called Humphrey Clinker acted as postilion to Matt. Bramble, and Tabitha, and Miss Liddy, when they, having dined at Salthill, were passing through Hounslow to London, and to Scotland. These, and a hundred other reminiscences, not unfamiliar to the Lieutenant, who had a fair knowledge of English novels, were being recorded by Queen Titania as we bowled along the Bath road, over Cranford Bridge, past the Magpies, through Colnbrook, and on to Langley Marsh, when the Count suddenly exclaimed—

“But the Heath? I have not seen Hounslow Heath, where the highway-men used to be!”

Alas! there was no more Heath to show him—only the level and wooded beauties of a cultivated English plain. And yet these, as we saw them then,

under the conditions that Bell had described in the morning, were sufficiently pleasant to see. All around us stretched a fertile landscape, with the various greens of its trees and fields and hedges grown dark and strong under the gloom of the sky. The winding road ran through this country like the delicate grey streak of a river: and there were distant farmhouses peeping from the sombre foliage; an occasional wayside inn standing deserted amid its rude outhouses; a passing tramp plodding through the mire. Strange and sweet came the damp, warm winds from over the fields of beans and of clover, and it seemed as if the wild-roses in the tall and straggling hedges had increased in multitude so as to perfume the whole land. And then, as we began to see in the west, with a great joy, some faint streaks of sunshine descend like a shimmering comb upon the gloomy landscape, lo! in the south there arose before us a great and stately building, whose tall grey towers and spacious walls, seen against the dark clouds of the horizon, were distant, and pale, and spectral.

“It looks like a phantom castle, does it not?” said Bell, speaking in quite a low voice. “Don’t you think it has sprung up in the heavens like the Fata Morgana, or the spectral ship, and that it will fade away again and disappear?”

Indeed it looked like the ghost of one of the castles of King Arthur’s time—that old, strange time, when England lay steeped in grey mists and the fogs blown about by the sea-winds, when there does not seem to have been any sunshine, but only a gloom of shifting vapours, half hiding the ghostly knights and the shadowy queens, and all their faint and mystical stories and pilgrimages and visions. The castle down there looked as if it had never been touched by sharp, clear, modern sunlight, that is cruel to ghosts and phantoms.

But here Bell’s reveries were interrupted by Lieutenant von Rosen, who, catching sight of the castle in the south and all its hazy lines of forest, said—

"Ah, what is that?"

"That," said Bell, suddenly recovering from her trance, "is a hotel for German princes."

She had no sooner uttered the words, however, than she looked thoroughly alarmed; and with a prodigious shame and mortification she begged the Count's pardon, who merely laughed, and said he regretted he was not a Prince.

"It is Windsor, is it not?" he said.

"Yes," replied Bell humbly, while her face was still pained and glowing. "I—I hope you will forgive my rudeness: I think I must have heard some one say that recently, and it escaped me before I thought what it meant."

Of course, the Lieutenant passed the matter off lightly, as a very harmless saying; but all the same Bell seemed determined for some time after to make him amends, and quite took away my Lady's occupation by pointing out to our young Uhlan, in a very respectful and submissive manner, whatever she thought of note on the road. Whether the Lieutenant perceived this intention or not, I do not know; but at all events he took enormous pains to be interested in what she said, and paid far more attention to her than to his own companion. Moreover he once or twice, in looking back, pretty nearly ran us into a cart, inasmuch that Queen Tita had laughingly to recall him to his duties.

In this wise we went down through the sweetly-smelling country, with its lines of wood and hedge and its breadths of field and meadow still suffering from the gloom of a darkened sky. We cut through the village of Slough, passed the famous Salthill, got over the Two Mill Brook at Cuckfield Bridge, and were rapidly nearing Maidenhead, where we proposed to rest an hour or two and dine. Bell had pledged her word there would be a bright evening, and had thrown out vague hints about a boating-excursion up to the wooded heights of Cliefden. In the meantime, the sun had made little way in breaking through the clouds. There were faint indications here and there of a luminous

greyish-yellow lying in the interstices of the heavy sky; but the pale and shimmering comb in the west had disappeared.

"What has come over your fine weather, Bell?" said my Lady. "Do you remember how you used to dream of our setting out, and what heaps of colour and sunshine you lavished on your picture?"

"My dear," said Bell, "you are unacquainted with the art of a stage-manager. Do you think I would begin my pantomime with a blaze of light, and bright music, and a great show of costume? No! First of all, comes the dungeon scene—darkness and gloom—thunder and solemn music—nothing but demons appearing through the smoke; and then, when you have all got impressed and terrified and attentive, you will hear in the distance a little sound of melody, there will be a flutter of wings, just as if the fairies were preparing a surprise, and then all at once into the darkness leaps the queen herself, and a blaze of sunlight dashes on to her silver wings, and you see her gauzy costume, and the scarlet and gold of a thousand attendants who have all swarmed into the light."

"How long have we to wait, mademoiselle?" said the Lieutenant, seriously.

"I have not quite settled that," replied Bell, with a fine air of reflection, "but I will see about it while you are having dinner."

Comforted by these promises—which ought, however, to have come from Queen Titania, if the fairies were supposed to be invoked—we drove underneath the railway-line and past the station of Taplow, and so forward to the hotel by the bridge. When, having, with some exercise of patience, seen Castor and Pollux housed and fed, I went into the parlour, I found dinner on the point of being served, and the Count grown almost eloquent about the comforts of English inns. Indeed, there was a considerable difference, as he pointed out, between the hard, bright, cheery public-room of a German

inn, and this long, low-roofed apartment, with its old-fashioned furniture, its carpets, and general air of gravity and respectability. Then the series of pictures around the walls—venerable lithographs, glazed and yellow, representing all manner of wild adventures in driving and hunting—amused him much.

"That is very like your English humour," he said,—“of the country, I mean. The joke is a man thrown into a ditch, and many horses coming over on him; or it is a carriage upset in the road, and men crawling from underneath, and women trying to get through the window. It is rough, strong, practical fun, at the expense of unfortunate people that you like.”

“At least,” I point out, “it is quite as good a sort of public-house furniture as pictures of bleeding saints, or lithographs of smooth-headed princes.”

“Oh, I do not object to it,” he said, “not in the least. I do like your sporting pictures very much.”

“And when you talk of German lithographs,” struck in Bell, quite warmly, “I suppose you know that it is to the German print-sellers our poorer classes owe all the possession of art they can afford. They would never have a picture in their house but for those cheap lithographs that come over from Germany; and, although they are very bad, and even carelessly bad often, they are surely better than nothing for cottages and country inns, that would never otherwise have anything to show but coarse patterns of wall-paper.”

“My dear child,” remarked Queen Tita, “we are none of us accusing Germany of any crime whatever.”

“But it is very good-natured of mademoiselle to defend my country, for all that,” said the Lieutenant, with a smile. “We are unpopular with you just now, I believe. That I cannot help. It is a pity. But it is only a family quarrel, you know, and it will go away. And just now, it requires some courage, does it not, to say a word for Germany?”

“Why, Bell has been your bitterest

enemy all through the war,” said Tita, ashamed of the defection of her ancient ally.

“I think you behaved very badly to the poor French people,” said Bell, looking down, and evidently wishing that some good spirit or bad one would fly away with this embarrassing topic.

The spirit appeared. There came to the open space in front of the inn a young girl of about fifteen or sixteen, with a careworn and yet healthily-coloured face, and shrewd blue eyes. She wore a man's jacket, and she had a shillelagh in her hand, which she twirled about as she glanced at the windows of the inn. Then, in a hard, cracked voice, she began to sing a song. It was supposed to be rather a dashing and aristocratic ballad, in which this oddly-clad girl with the shillelagh recounted her experiences of the opera, and told us how she loved champagne, and croquet, and various other fashionable diversions. There was something very curious in the forced gaiety with which she entered into these particulars, the shillelagh meanwhile being kept as still as circumstances would permit. But presently she sang an Irish song, describing herself as some free and easy Irish lover and fighter; and here the bit of wood came into play. She thrust one of her hands, with an audacious air, into the pocket of the jacket she wore, while she twirled the shillelagh with the other; and then, so soon as she had finished, her face dropped into a plaintive and matter-of-fact air, and she came forward to receive pence.

“She is scarcely our Lorelei,” said the Count, “who sits over the Rhine in the evening. But she is a hard-working girl, you can see that. She has not much pleasure in life. If we give her a shilling, it will be much comfort to her.”

And with that he went out. But what was Tita's surprise to see him go up to the girl and begin to talk to her! She, looking up to the big, brown-bearded man with a sort of awe, answered his questions with some appearance of shamefaced embarrassment;

and then, when he gave her a piece of money, she performed something like a curtsy, and looked after him as he returned whistling to the door of the inn.

Then we had dinner—a plain, comfortable, wholesome meal enough; and it seemed somehow in this old-fashioned parlour that we formed quite a family party. We were cut off at last from the world of friends and acquaintances, and thrown upon each other's society in a very peculiar fashion. In what manner should we sit down to our final repast, after all this journey and its perils and accidents were over? Tita, I could see, was rather grave, and perhaps speculating on the future; while Bell and the young Lieutenant had got to talk of some people they recollected as living at Bonn some dozen years before. Nobody said a word about Arthur.

## CHAPTER V.

### QUEEN TITANIA AFLOAT.

*"Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race,  
Disporting on thy margent green,  
The paths of pleasure trace,  
Who foremost now delight to cleave  
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?"*

At length we hit upon one thing that Count von Rosen could not do. When we had wandered down to the side of the Thames, just by Maidenhead Bridge, and opposite the fine old houses, and smooth lawns, and green banks that stand on the other margin of the broad and shallow river, we discovered that the Lieutenant was of no use in a boat. And so, as the young folks would have us go up under the shadows of the leafy hills of Cliefden, there was nothing for it but that Tita and I should resort to the habits of earlier years, and show a later generation how to feather an oar with skill and dexterity. As Queen Titania stood by the boat-house, pulling off her gloves with economic forethought, and looking rather pensively at the landing-place and the boats and the water, she suddenly said—

"Is not this like long ago?"

"You talk like an old woman, Tita," says one of the party. "And yet your eyes are as pretty as they were a dozen years ago, when you used to walk along the beach at Eastbourne, and cry because you were afraid of becoming the mistress of a house. And now the house has been too much for you; and you are full of confused facts, and unintelligible figures, and petty anxieties, until your responsibilities have hidden away the old tenderness of your look, except at such a moment as this, when you forget yourself. Tita, do you remember who pricked her finger to sign a document in her own blood, when she was only a schoolgirl, and who produced it years afterwards with something of a shamefaced pride?"

"Stuff!" says Tita, angrily, but blushing dreadfully all the same; and so, with a frown and an imperious manner, she stepped down to the margin of the river.

Now mark this circumstance. In the old days of which my Lady was then thinking, she used to be very well content with pulling bow-oar when we two used to go out in the evenings. Now, when the Lieutenant and Bell had been comfortably placed in the stern, Tita daintily stepped into the boat and sat down quite naturally to pull stroke. She made no apology. She took the place as if it were hers by right. Such are the changes which a few years of married life produce.

So Bell pulled the white tiller-ropes over her shoulder, and we glided out and up the glassy stream, into that world of greenness and soft sounds and sweet odours that lay all around. Already something of Bell's prophecy was likely to come true; for the clouds were perceptibly growing thinner overhead, and a diffused yellow light falling from no particular place seemed to dwell over the hanging woods of Cliefden. It gave a new look, too, to the smooth river, to the rounded elms and tall poplars on the banks, and the long aits beyond the bridge, where the swans were sailing close in by the reeds.

We had got but a short way up the river when our coxswain, without a word of warning, shot us into a half-submerged forest that seemed to hide from us a lake on the other side. Tita had so little time to ship her oar that no protest was possible; and then the Lieutenant catching hold of the branches pulled us through the narrow channel, and lo! we were in a still piece of water, with a smooth curve of the river-bank on one side and a long island on the other, and with a pretty little house looking quietly down at us over this inland sea. We were still in the Thames; but this house seemed so entirely to have become owner of the charming landscape around and its stretch of water in front, that Bell asked in a hurry how we could get away. Tita, being still a little indignant, answered not, but put her oar into the outrigger again, and commenced pulling. And then our coxswain, who was not so familiar with the tricks of the Thames at Maidenhead as some of us, discovered a north-west passage by which it was possible to return into the main channel of the stream, and we continued our voyage.

When, at length, we had got past the picturesque old mill, and reached the sea of tumbling white water that came rushing down from the weir, it seemed as though the sky had entered into a compact with Bell to fulfil her predictions. For as we lay and rocked in the surge—watching the long level line of foam come tumbling over in spouts, and jets, and white masses, listening to the roar of the fall, and regarding the swirling circles of white bells that swept away downward on the stream—there appeared in the west, just over the line of the weir, a parallel line of dark blood-red. It was but a streak as yet; but presently it widened and grew more intense—a great glow of crimson colour came shining forth—and it seemed as if all the western heavens, just over that line of white foam, were becoming a mass of fire. Bell's transformation-scene was positively blinding; and the bewilderment of the splendid colours was not lessened

by the roar of the tumbling river, that seemed strangely wild in the stillness of the evening.

But when we turned to drop quietly down stream, the scene around was so lovely that Queen Titania had no heart to pull away from it. For now the hanging woods of beech and birch and oak had caught a glow of the sunset along their masses of yellow and green, and the broad stream had the purple of its glassy sweeps dashed here and there with red, and in the far east a reflected tinge of pink mingled with the cold green, and lay soft and pure and clear over the low woods, and the river, and the bridge. As if by magic, the world had grown suddenly light, ethereal, and full of beautiful colours; and the clouds that still remained overhead had parted into long cirrhus lines, with pearly edges, and a touch of scarlet and gold along their western side.

"What a drive we shall have this evening!" cried Bell. "It will be a clear night when we get to Henley, and there will be stars over the river, and perhaps a moon, who knows?"

"I thought you would have provided a moon, mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, gravely. "You have done very well for us this evening—oh! very well indeed. I have not seen any such beautiful picture for many years. You did very well to keep a dark day all day, and make us tired of cold colours and green trees; and then you surprise us by this picture of magic—oh! it is very well done."

"All that it wants," said Bell, with a critical eye, "is a little woman in a scarlet shawl under the trees there, and over the green of the rushes—one of those nice fat little women who always wear bright shawls just to please landscape-painters—making a little blob of strong colour, you know, just like a ladybird among green moss. Do you know, I am quite grateful to a pleasant little countrywoman when she dresses herself ridiculously merely to make a landscape look fine; and how can you laugh at her when she comes near? I sometimes think that she wears those

colours, especially those in her bonnet, out of mere modesty. She does not know what will please you—she puts in a little of everything, to give you a choice. She holds up to you a whole bouquet of flowers, and says, ‘Please, miss, do you like blue?—for here is corn-cockle; or red?—for here are poppies; or yellow?—for here are rock-roses.’ She is like Perdita, you know, going about with an armful of blossoms, and giving to everyone what she thinks will please them.”

“My dear,” said Tita, “you are too generous; I am afraid the woman wears those things out of vanity. She does not know what colour suits her complexion best, and so wears a variety, quite sure that one of them must be the right one. And there are plenty of women in town, as well as in the country, who do that too.”

“I hope you don’t mean me,” said Bell, contritely, as she leant her arm over the side of the boat, and dipped the tips of her fingers into the glassy stream.

But if we were to get to Henley that night, there was no time for lingering longer about that bend by the river, with its islands and mills and woods. That great burst of colour in the west had been the expiring effort of the sun; and when we got back to the inn, there was nothing left in the sky but the last golden and crimson traces of his going down. The river was becoming grey, and the Cliefden woods were preparing for the night by drawing over themselves a thin veil of mist, which rendered them distant and shadowy, as they lay under the lambent sky.

The phaeton was at the door; our bill paid; an extra shawl got out of the imperial—although, in that operation, the Lieutenant nearly succeeded in smashing Bell’s guitar.

“It will be dark before we get to Henley,” says Tita.

“Yes,” I answer obediently.

“And we are going now by cross-roads,” she remarks.

“The road is a very good one,” I venture to reply.

“But still it is a cross-road,” she says.

“Very well, then, my dear,” I say, wondering what the little woman is after.

“You must drive,” she continues, “for none of us know the road.”

“Yes, m’m, please m’m: any more orders?”

“Oh, Bell,” says my Lady, with a gracious air (she can change the expression of her face in a second), “would you mind taking Count von Rosen under your charge until we get to Henley? I am afraid it will take both of us to find the road in the dark.”

“No, I will take you under my charge, mademoiselle,” said the Lieutenant, frankly; and therewith he helped Bell into the phaeton, and followed himself.

The consequence of this little arrangement was that while Tita and I were in front, the young folks were behind; and no sooner had we started from the inn, got across the bridge, and were going down the road towards the village of Maidenhead proper, than Titania says, in a very low voice—

“Do you know, my dear, our pulling together in that boat quite brought back old times; and—and—and I wanted to be sitting up here beside you for a while, just to recall the old, old drives we used to have, you know, about here, and Henley, and Reading. How long ago is it, do you think?”

That wife of mine is a wonderful creature. You would have thought she was as innocent as a lamb when she uttered these words, looking up with a world of sincerity and pathos in the big, clear, earnest, brown eyes. And the courage of the small creature, too, who thought she could deceive her husband by this open, transparent, audacious piece of hypocrisy!

“Madam,” I said, with some care that the young folks should not overhear, “your tenderness overwhelms me.”

“What do you mean?” she says, suddenly becoming as cold and as rigid as Lot’s wife after the accident happened.

“Perhaps,” I ventured to suggest, “you would like to have the hood up,

and so leave them quite alone? Our presence must be very embarrassing."

"You are insulting Bell in saying such things," she says warmly, "or perhaps it is that you would rather have her for a companion than your own wife."

"Well, to tell you the truth, I would."

"She shall not sit by the Lieutenant again."

"I hope you don't mean to strangle her. We should arrive in Edinburgh in a sort of unicorn-fashion."

Tita relapsed into a dignified silence—that is always the way with her when she has been found out; but she was probably satisfied by hearing the Count and Bell chatting very briskly together, thus testifying to the success of her petty stratagem.

It was a pleasant drive, on that quiet evening, from Maidenhead across the wild, untenanted country that lies within the great curve of the Thames. Instead of turning off at the corner of Stubbing's Heath, and so getting into the road that runs by Hurley Bottom, we held straight on towards Wargrave, so as to have the last part of the journey lead us up by the side of the river. So still it was! The road led through undulating stretches of common and past the edges of silent woods, while the sky was becoming pale and beautiful overhead, and the heights on the northern horizon—between Cookham and Hurley—were growing more and more visionary in the dusk. Sometimes, but rarely, we met a solitary wanderer coming along through the twilight, and a gruff "good-night" greeted us; but for the most part there seemed no life in this lonely part of the country, where rabbits ran across the road in front of us, and the last rooks that flew by in the dusk seemed hastening on to the neighbourhood of some distant village. It was a mild, fresh evening, with the air still damp and odorous after the rain; but overhead the sky still remained clear, and here and there, in the partings of the thin cloud, a pale star or planet had become faintly visible.

At last we got down into the village of Wargrave, and then it was nearly

dark. There were a few people, mostly women, standing at the doors of the cottages; and here and there a ray of yellow light gleamed out from a small window. As we struck into the road that runs parallel with the Thames, there were men coming home from their work; and their talk was heard at a great distance in the stillness of the night.

"How far are we from Henley?" said Bell.

"Are you anxious to get there?" replied Queen Titania, smiling quite benignly.

"No," said Bell, "this is so pleasant that I should like to go driving on until midnight, and we could see the moon coming through the trees."

"You have to consider the horses," said the Lieutenant, bluntly. "If you do tire them too much on the first days, they will not go so long a journey. But yet we are some way off, I suppose; and if mademoiselle will sing something for us, I will get out the guitar."

"You'd better get down and light the lamps, rather," I remark to those indolent young people; whereupon the Count was instantly in the road, striking wax matches, and making use of curious expressions that seemed chiefly to consist of *g's* and *r's*.

So, with the lamps flaring down the dark road, we rolled along the highway that here skirts the side of a series of heights looking down into the Thames. Sometimes we could see a grey glimmer of the river beneath us through the trees; at other times the road took us down close to the side of the water, and Castor got an opportunity of making a playful little shy or two; but for the most part we drove through dense woods, that completely shut off the starlight overhead.

More than once, indeed, we came to a steep descent that was buried in such total darkness that the Lieutenant jumped down and took the horses' heads, lest some unlucky step or stumble should throw us into the river. So far as we could make out, however, there was a sufficient wall on the side of the

highway next the stream—a rough old wall, covered with plants and moss, that ran along the high and wooded bank.

Suddenly Bell uttered a cry of delight. We had come to a cleft in the glade which showed us the river running by some sixty feet beneath us, and on the surface of the water the young crescent of the moon was clearly mirrored. There was not enough moonlight to pierce the trees, or even to drown the pale light of the stars; but the sharp disc of silver, as it glimmered on the water, was sufficiently beautiful, and contained in itself the promise of many a lovely night.

"It has begun the journey with us," said Bell. "It is a young moon; it will go with us all the month; and we shall see it on the Severn, and on Windermere, and on the Solway, and on the Tweed. Didn't I promise you all a moon, sooner or later? And there it is!"

"It does not do us much good, Bell," said the driver, ruefully, the very horses seeming afraid to plunge into the gulfs of darkness that were spectrally peered into by the light of the lamps.

"The moon is not for use," said Bell, "it is for magic; and once we have got to Henley, and put the horses up, and gone out again to the river, you shall all stand back, and watch in a corner, and let Queen Titania go forward to summon the fairies. And as you listen in the dark, you will hear a little crackling and rustling along the opposite shore, and you will see small blue lights come out from the banks, and small boats, with a glowworm at their prow, come out into the stream. And then from the boats, and from all the fields near—where the mist of the river lies at night—you will see wonderful small men and women of radiant blue flame come forward, and there will be a strange sound like music in the trees, and the river itself will begin to say, in a kind of laugh, '*Titania, Titania! you have been so long away—years and years—looking after servants, and the schooling of boys, and the temper of a fractious husband—*'"

"Bell, you are impertinent."

"There are true words spoken in jest, sometimes," says Tita, with a dainty malice.

"Your bearing-rein in England is a cruelty to the horse—you must take it away to-morrow," said the Lieutenant; and this continuation of a practical subject recalled these scapegraces from their jibes.

Here the road took us down by a gradual dip to the river again, and for the last mile before reaching our destination we had a pleasant and rapid run along the side of the stream. Then the lights of Henley were seen to glimmer before us; we crossed over the bridge, and swerving round to the right drove into the archway of the "Red Lion."

"No, Sir," remarked Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boswell, "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." He then repeated, with great emotion, we are told, Shenstone's lines—

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn."

And Mr. Boswell goes on to say: "We happened to lie this night at the inn at Henley, where Shenstone wrote these lines." Now, surely, if ever belated travellers had reason to expect a cordial welcome, it was we four as we drove into the famous hostelry which had awakened enthusiasm in the poets and lexicographers of bygone days. But as Castor and Pollux stood under the archway, looking into the great dark yard before them, and as we gazed round in vain for the appearance of any waiter or other official, it occurred to Tita that the Bell Inn must have changed hands since Shenstone's time. Where was our comfortable welcome? A bewildered maid-servant came out to stare at our phaeton with some alarm. Plaintive howls for the ostler produced a lad from the darkness of the stables, who told us that the ostler was away somewhere. Another maid-servant came out, and also looked alarmed. The present writer, fearing

that Tony Lumpkin, transformed into an invisible spirit, had played him a trick, humbly begged this young woman to say whether he had driven by mistake into a private house. The young person looked afraid.

"My good girl," says Tita, with a gracious condescension, "will you tell us if this is the Bell Inn?"

"Yes, 'm; of course, 'm."

"And can we stay here to-night?"

"I'll bring the waiter, ma'am, directly."

Meanwhile the Lieutenant had got down, and was fuming about the yard to rout out the ostler's assistants, or some people who could put up the horses. He managed to unearth no fewer than three men, whom he brought in a gang. He was evidently determined not to form his grooming of the horses at Twickenham into a precedent.

At last there came a waiter, looking rather sleepy and a trifle helpless; whereupon my Lady and Bell departed into the inn, and left the luggage to be sent after them. There appeared to be no one inside the house. The gases were lit in the spacious coffee-room; some rugs and bags were brought in and placed on the table; and then Tita and her companion, not daring to remove their bonnets, sat down in arm-chairs and stared at each other.

"I fly from pomp, I fly from plate;  
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;  
But risk a ten times worse fate  
In choosing lodgings at an inn:"

—this was what Bell repeated, in a gentle voice, on the very spot that is sacred to the memory of Shenstone's satisfaction.

I requested the young man in the white tie to assign some reason for this state of affairs; and his answer was immediately forthcoming. There had been a regatta a few days before. The excitement in the small town, and more especially in the Bell, had been dreadful. Now a reaction had set in; Henley and the Bell were alike deserted; and we were the victims of a collapse. I complimented the waiter on his philosophical acumen, and went out to see

what had befallen Count von Rosen and the horses.

I found him standing in a stable that was dimly lighted by a solitary candle stuck against the wall, superintending the somewhat amateurish operations of the man who had undertaken to supply the ostler's place. The Lieutenant had evidently not been hectoring his companions; on the contrary, he was on rather good terms with them, and was making inquiries about the familiar English names for chopped hay and other luxuries of the stable. He was examining the corn, too, and pronouncing opinion on the split beans which he had ordered. On the whole, he was satisfied with the place; although he expressed his surprise that the ostler of so big an inn should be absent.

When, at length, we had seen each of the horses supplied with an ample feed, fresh straw, and plenty of hay, the men were turned out and the stable-door locked. He allowed them on this occasion to retain the key. As we crossed the yard, a rotund, frank, cheery-looking man appeared, who was presumably the ostler. He made a remark or two; but the night-air was chill.

"Now," said Von Rosen, when we got into the big parlour, "we have to make ourselves pleasant and comfortable. I do think we must all drink whisky. For myself, I do not like the taste very much; but it looks very comfortable to see some people with steaming glasses before them. And I have brought out mademoiselle's guitar, and she will sing us some songs."

"But you must also," says Bell, looking down.

"Oh, a hundred! a thousand! as many as you like!" he said; and then, with a sort of sigh, he took his cigar-case out of his pocket and laid it pathetically on the mantelpiece. There was an air of renunciation in his face. Forthwith he rang the bell; and the waiter was asked to bring us certain liquors which, although not exclusively whisky, could be drunk in those steaming tumblers which the Lieutenant loved to see.

"O, come you from Newcastle?"

—this was what Bell sang, with the blue ribbon of her guitar slung round her neck:

"O, come you from Newcastle?

Come you not there away?

And did you meet my true love,

Riding on a bonny bay?"

And as she sang, with her eyes cast down, the Lieutenant seemed to be regarding her face with a peculiar interest. He forgot to lift the hot tumbler that was opposite him on the table—he had even forgotten Tita's gracious permission that he might have a cigar—he was listening and gazing merely, in a blank silence. And when she had finished, he eagerly begged her to sing another of the old English songs. And she sang—

"O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low."

And when she had finished, he once more eagerly begged her to sing another of those old songs; and then, all of a sudden, catching sight of a smile on my Lady's face, he stopped, and apologized, and blushed rather, and said it was too bad—that he had forgotten, and would himself try something on the guitar.

When, at length, the women had gone upstairs, he fetched down his cigar from the mantelpiece, lit it, stretched out his long legs, and said—

"How very English she is!"

"She? who?"

"Why, your Miss Bell. I do like to hear her talk of England as if she had a pride in it, and mention the names of towns as if she loved them because they were English, and speak of the fairies and stories as if she was familiar with them because they belong to her own country. You can see how she is fond of everything that is like old times,—an old house, an old milestone, an old bridge,—everything that is peculiar and old and English. And then she sings, oh! so very well—so very well indeed; and these old songs, about English places and English cus-

toms of village-life, they seem to suit her very well, and you think she herself is the heroine of them. But as for that young man in Twickenham, he is a very pitiful fellow."

"How have you suddenly come to that conclusion?" I inquire of our Lieutenant, who is lazily letting the cigar-smoke curl about his moustache and beard as he lies back, and fixes his light blue eyes contemplatively on the ceiling.

"How do I know? I do not know: I think so. He ought to be very well satisfied of knowing a young lady like that—and very proud of going to marry her—instead of annoying her with bad tempers."

"That is true. A young man under such circumstances cannot be too grateful or too amiable. They are not always so, however. You yourself, for example, when you parted from Fräulein Fallersleben——"

Here the Lieutenant jumped up in his chair, and said, with an unnecessary vehemence—

"Donnerwetter! look at the provocation I had! It was not my ill-temper; I am not more ill-tempered than other men: but when you know you mean very well, and that you treat a woman as perhaps not all men would be inclined to do in the same case, and she is a hypocrite, and she pretends much, and at the same time she is writing to you, she is—pfui! I cannot speak of it!"

"You were very fond of her."

"Worse luck."

"And you had a great fight, and used hard words of each other, and parted so that you would rather meet Beelzebub than her."

"Why, yes, it is so: I would rather meet twenty Beelzebubs than her."

"That is the way of you boys. You don't know that in after years, when all these things have got smooth and misty and distant, you will come to like her again; and then what will you think of your hard words and your quarrels? If you children could only understand how very short youth is,

how very long middle age is, and how very dull old age is,—if you could only understand how the chief occupation of the longer half of your life is looking back on the first short half of it,—you would know the value of storing up only pleasant recollections of all your old friends. If you find that your sweetheart is a woman compelled by her nature to fall in love with the man nearest her, and forget him who is out of the way, why devote her to the infernal gods? In after years, you will be grateful to her for the pleasant days and weeks you spent with her, when you were both happy together, and you will look back on the old times very tenderly; and then, on those occasions when you German folks drink to the health of your absent dear ones, won't you be sorry that you can't include her who was dear enough to you in your youth?"

"That is very good; it is quite true," said the Lieutenant, in almost an injured tone—as if *Fräulein Fallersleben* were responsible.

"Look for a moment," I say to my pensive pupil, "at the pull a man has who has spent his youth in pleasant scenery. When he gets old, and can do nothing but live the old life over again by looking back, he has only to shut his eyes, and his brain is full of fresh and bright pictures of the old times in the country; and the commonest landscape of his youth he will remember then as if it were steeped in sunlight."

"That is quite true," said Von Rosen, thoughtfully; but the next moment he uttered an angry exclamation, started up from his chair, and began walking up and down the room.

"It is all very well," he said, with an impatient vehemence, "to be amiable and forgiving when you are old—because you don't care about it, that is the reason. When you are young, you expect fair play. Do you think if I should be seventy I will care one brass farthing whether *Pauline*—that is, *Fräulein Fallersleben*—was honest or no? I will laugh at the whole affair then. But now, when you are ashamed of the deceit

of a woman, is it not right you tell her? Is it not right she knows what honest men and women think of her? What will she think of you if you say to her, '*Farewell, Fräulein. You have behaved not very well; but I am amiable; I will forgive you.*'"

"There, again: you parted with her in wrath, because you did not like to appear weak and complaisant in her eyes."

"At all events, I said what I felt," said the Lieutenant, warmly. "I do think it is only hypocrisy and selfishness to say, '*I hate this woman, but I will be kind to her, because when I grow old I will look back and consider myself to have been very good.*'"

"You have been deeply hit, my poor lad; you are quite fevered about it now. You cannot even see how a man's own self-respect will make him courteous to a woman whom he despises; and is he likely to be sorry for that courtesy, when he looks at it in cold blood, and recognizes the stupendous fact that the man who complains of the inconstancy of a woman utters a reflection against Providence?"

"But you don't know—you don't know," said the Count, pitching his cigar into the grate, "what a woman this one showed herself to be. After all, it does not matter. But when I look at such a woman as your Miss Bell here——"

"Yes: when you look at her?"

"Why, I see the difference," said the Lieutenant, gloomily; and therewith he pulled out another cigar.

I stopped this, however, and rang for candles. As he lit his in rather a melancholy fashion, he said—

"It is a very good thing to see a woman like that—young-hearted, frank, honest in her eyes, and full of pleasantness, too, and good spirits—oh! it is very fine indeed, merely to look at her; for you do believe that she is a very good girl, and you think there are good women in the world. But as for that young man at Twickenham——"

"Well, what of him?"

The Lieutenant looked up from the

candle; but saw nothing to awaken his suspicions.

"Oh," he said, carelessly, as we left the room, "I do think him a most pitiful fellow."

## CHAPTER VI.

### A GIFT OF TONGUES.

*"My lady is an archer rare,  
And in the greenwood joyeth she;  
There never was a marksman yet who could  
compare  
In skill with my ladie."*

EARLY morning in Henley! From over the wooded hills in the east there comes a great flood of sunshine that lies warmly on the ruddy side of the old inn, on its evergreens, and on the slopes of sweet-scented mignonette, and sweetbriar, and various blossoms that adorn the bank of the river. The river itself, lying apparently motionless between level and green meadows, has its blue surface marred here and there by a white ripple of wind; the poplars that stand on its banks are rustling in the breeze; there are swallows dipping and skimming about the old bridge, and ducks paddling along among the rushes and weeds, and cattle browsing in the deep green; and further on, some high-lying stretches of rye-grass struck into long and silvery waves by the morning wind.

All the stir and the motion of the new day have come upon us; and Henley, clean, white, and red, with its town-hall shining brightly down its chief street, and all its high clusters of old-fashioned houses backed by a fringe of dark-wooded hill, shows as much life and briskness as are usually seen in a quaint, small, old-fashioned English town. But where the silence and the stillness of the morning dwell is away up the reach of the river. Standing on the bridge, you see the dark blue stream, reflecting a thousand bright colours underneath the town, gradually become greyer in hue until it gets out amid the meadows and woods; and then, with a bold white curve, that is glimmering like silver in the north, it sweeps under that line of low, soft green hills which have grown pearly and

grey in the tender morning mist. Bell is standing on the bridge, too. The Lieutenant has brought out her sketch-book, and she has placed it on the stone parapet before her. But somehow she seems disinclined to begin work thus early on our journey; and, instead, her eyes are looking blankly and wistfully at the rich green meadows, and the red cows, and the long white reach of the river shining palely beneath the faint green heights in the north.

"Is Henley the prettiest town in the world, I wonder?" she said.

"Yes, if you think so, mademoiselle," replied Von Rosen, gently.

She lifted her eyes towards him, as though she had been unaware of his presence. Then she turned to the stream.

"I suppose, if one were to live always among those bright colours, one would get not to see them, and would forget how fine is this old bridge, with the pretty town, and the meadows, and the stream. Seeing it only once, I shall never forget Henley, or the brightness of this morning."

With that, she closed her sketch-book, and looked round for Tita. That small person was engaged in making herself extremely wretched about her boys and the pony; and was becoming vastly indignant because she could get no one to sympathize with her wild imaginings of diverse perils and dangers.

"Why, to hear you talk," she was saying at this moment, "one would think you had never experienced the feelings of a parent—that you did not know you were the father of those two poor boys."

"That," I remark to her, "is not a matter on which I am bound to express an opinion."

"Very pretty—very!" she said, with a contemptuous smile. "But I will say this—that if *you* had had to buy the pony, the boys would have had to wait long enough before they were exposed to the dangers you think so little about now."

"Madam," I observe, sternly, "you are the victim of what theologians call invincible ignorance. I might have

bought that pony and all its belongings for a 20*l.* note ; whereas I shall have to pay 40*l.* a year for its keep."

"Oh, I know," says my Lady, with great sweetness, "how men exaggerate those things. It is convenient. They complain of the cost of the horses, of the heaviness of taxes, and other things ; when the real fact is that they are trying to hide what they spend out of their income on cigars, and in their clubs when they go to town. I counted up our taxes the other day, and I don't believe they have been over 8*l.* for the whole of the last six months. Now you *know* you said they were nearly 35*l.* a year."

"And you counted in those that are due next week, I suppose?"

"Did you leave money to pay for them?" she asks, mildly.

"And you based your calculations on some solitary instalment for armorial bearings?—which you brought into the family, you know."

"Yes," she replies, with an engaging smile. "That was one thing you did not require before—I am sorry to have caused you so much expense. But you need not avoid the subject. Mrs. Quinet told me last week that she knows her husband pays every year 65*l.* for club-subscriptions alone, and nearly 40*l.* for cigars."

"Then Mrs. Quinet must have looked into your eyes, my dear, and seen what a simple little thing you are ; for your knowledge of housekeeping and other expenses, I will say, is as slight as need be, and Mrs. Quinet has been simply making a fool of you. For the Major belongs to two clubs, and in the one he pays eight guineas and in the other ten guineas a year. And he smokes Manillas at 25*s.* a hundred, which is equivalent, my dear—though you will scarcely credit it—to threepence apiece."

"The money must go somehow," says Tita, defiantly.

"That is a customary saying among women ; but it generally refers to their own little arrangements."

"You avoid the question very skillfully."

"I should have thought you would have preferred that."

"Why?" she says, looking up.

"Because you accused me of stinginess in not buying a pony for the boys, and I showed you that I should have to pay 40*l.* a year for the brute."

"Yes, *showed* me! I suppose by that pleasing fiction you will gain other 20*l.* a year to spend in Partagas, and Murias, and trumpery stuff that the tobaccoconists tell you came from abroad."

"My dear," I say, "your insolence is astounding."

"If you call speaking the plain truth insolence, I cannot help it. Bell, breakfast must be ready."

"Yes, my Lady," says Bell, coming forward demurely. "But I wasn't doing anything."

So they went off ; and the Count and I followed.

"What is the matter?" says he.

"Do you know what a 'relish' is at breakfast?"

"No."

"Then don't marry, or you will find out."

The tall young man with the brown beard and the light eyes shrugged his shoulders, and only said, as we walked to the inn—

"That is a very pleasant comedy, when it means nothing. If it was earnest, you would not find so much enjoyment in it—no, not at all—you would not amuse yourselves, like two children, instead of the parents of a family. But, my dear friend, it is a dangerous thing ; for some day you will meet with a stupid person, who will not understand how Madame and yourself do make-believe in that way, and that person will be astonished, and will talk of it, and you will both have a very bad reputation among your friends."

However, there was one amiable person at the breakfast-table, and that was Bell.

"Bell," I said, "I am going to sit by you. You never provoke useless quarrels about nothing ; you are never impertinent ; you never argue ; and you can look after a breakfast-table better than people twice your age."

Bell prudently pretended not to hear ; indeed, she was very busy helping every-

body and making herself very useful and pleasant all round. She seemed to have forgotten her independent ways ; and was so good-naturedly anxious to see that the Lieutenant's coffee was all right, that he was apparently quite touched by her friendliness. And then she was very cheerful, too ; and was bent on waking up the spirits of the whole party—but in a bright, submissive, simple fashion that the audacious young lady did not always affect.

"Did you hear the cocks crowing this morning?" she said, turning to Von Rosen with her frank eyes. "I thought it was so pleasant to be woke up that way instead of listening to the milkman coming along a dismal London square, and calling up the maidservants with his '*El-cho! El-cho!*' But did you notice that one of the cocks cried quite plainly, '*Oh, go away! Oh, go awa-a-ay!*'—which was a stupid animal to have near an inn ; and another fine fellow, who always started with a famous flourish, had got a cold, and at the highest note he went off at a tangent into something like a plaintive squeak. The intention of that crow, so far as it went, was far better than the feeble '*Oh, go away!*' of the other ; and I was quite sorry for the poor animal.—Do have some more toast, Count.—He reminded me of poor Major Quinet, Tita, who begins a sentence very well ; but all at once it jerks up into the air—goes off like a squib, you know, just below his nose ; and he looks amazed and ashamed, like a boy that has let a bird escape out of a bag."

"You need not amuse yourself with the personal defects of your neighbours, Bell," says Tita, who did not expect to have Major Quinet brought forward again. "Major Quinet is a very well-informed and gentlemanly man, and looks after his family and his estate with the greatest care."

"I must say, Tita," retorted Bell (and I trembled for the girl), "that you have an odd trick of furnishing people with a sort of certificate of character, whenever you hear their names mentioned. Very likely the Major can manage his affairs in spite of his cracked

voice ; but you know you told me yourself, Tita, that he had been unfortunate in money matters, and was rather perplexed just now. Of course, I wouldn't say such a thing of one of your friends ; but I have heard of bankrupts ; and I have heard of a poor little man being so burdened with debt, that he looked like a mouse drawing a brougham, and then, of course, he had to go into the Court to ask them to unharness him.—Do have some more coffee, Count ; I am sure that is quite cold."

"You ought to be a little careful, Bell," says my Lady. "You know absolutely nothing of Major Quinet, and yet you hint that he is insolvent."

"I didn't—did I?" says Bell, turning to her companion.

"No," replies the Count, boldly.

At this Tita looked astonished for a second ; but presently she deigned to smile, and say something about the wickedness of young people. Indeed, my Lady seemed rather pleased by Bell's audacity in appealing to the Lieutenant ; and she was in a better humour when, some time after, we went out to the river and got a boat.

Once more upon the Thames, we pulled up the river, that lies here between wooded hills on the one side, and level meadows on the other. The broad blue stream was almost deserted ; and as we got near the green islands, we could see an occasional young moor-hen paddle out from among the rushes, and then go quickly in again, with its white tail bobbing in unison with its small head and beak. We rowed into the sluice of the mill that lies under Park Place, and there, having floated down a bit under some willows, we fixed the boat to a stump of a tree, landed, and managed to get into the road along which we had driven the previous night. As we ascended this pleasant path, which is cut through the woods of various mansions, and looks down upon the green level of Wargrave Marsh, and the shining meadows beyond the other bank of the river, the ascents and descents of the road seemed less precipitous than they had appeared the night before. What

we had taken, further, for wild masses of rock, and fearful chasms, and dangerous bridges, were found to be part of the ornamentation of a park—the bridge spanning a hollow having been built of sham rock-work, which, in the daylight, clearly revealed its origin. Nevertheless, this road leading through the river-side woods is a sufficiently picturesque and pleasant one; and in sauntering along for a mile or two and back we consumed a goodly portion of the morning. Then there was a brisk pull back to Henley; and the phaeton was summoned to appear.

When the horses were put in, and the phaeton brought out, I found that Von Rosen had quietly abstracted the bearing-reins from the harness, some time during the morning. However, no one could grudge the animals this relief, for the journey they had to make to-day, though not over twenty-three miles, was considerably hilly.

Now Tita had come early out, and had evidently planned a nice little arrangement. She got in behind. Then she bade Bell get up in front. The Lieutenant had lingered for a moment in search of a cigar-case; and my Lady had clearly determined to ask him to drive so soon as he came out. But, as she had not expressed any contrition for her conduct of that morning, some punishment was required; and so, just as Von Rosen came out, I took the reins, stepped up beside Bell, and he, of course, was left to join the furious little lady behind.

"I thought the Count was going to drive," says Tita, with a certain cold air. "Surely the road to Oxford is easy to find."

"It is," I say to her. "For you know all roads lead to Rome, and they say that Oxford is half-way to Rome—*argal*—"

But knowing what effect this reference to her theological sympathies was likely to have on Tita, I thought it prudent to send the horses on; and as they sprang forward and rattled up the main street of Henley, her retort, if any, was lost in the noise. There was a laugh in Bell's eyes; but she

seemed rather frightened all the same, and said nothing for some time.

The drive from Henley to Oxford is one of the finest in England, the road leading gradually up through pleasant pastures and great woods until it brings you on to a common—the highest ground south of the Trent—from which you see an immeasurable wooded plain stretching away into the western horizon. First of all, as we left Henley on that bright morning, the sweet air blowing coolly among the trees, and bringing us odours from wild flowers and breadths of new-mown hay, we leisurely rolled along what is appropriately called the Fair Mile, a broad smooth highway running between Lambridge Wood and No Man's Hill, and having a space of grassy common on each side of it. This brought us up to Assenton Cross, and here, the ascent getting much more stiff, Bell took the reins, and the Count and I walked up the hill until we reached Bix turnpike.

"What a curious name!" said Bell, as she pulled the horses up.

"Most likely," said the Lieutenant, who was looking at an ancient edition of Cary's Itinerary, "it is, from the old Saxon *bece*, the beech-tree, which is plentiful here. But in this book I find it is Bixgibwen, which is not in the modern books. Now what is *gibwen*?"

"St. Caedwyn, of course," said Bell, merrily.

"You laugh, but perhaps it is true," replied the Lieutenant, with the gravity befitting a student: "why not St. Caedwyn's beeches? You do call many places about here by the trees. There is Assenton; that is the place of ash-trees. We shall soon be at Nettlebed; and then comes Nuffield, which is Nutfield,—how do you call your wildnut-tree in England?"

"The hazel," said Bell. "But that is commonplace; I like the discovery about St. Caedwyn's beeches better: and here, sure enough, they are."

The road at this point—something less than a mile past Bix turnpike—plunges into a spacious forest of beeches, which stretches along the summit of the hill almost on to Nettlebed. And this

road is bordered by a strip of common, which again leads into a tangled maze of bracken and briar; and then you have the innumerable stems of the beeches, showing long vistas into the green heart of the wood. The sunlight was shimmering down on this wilderness, lying warmly on the road and its green margin, and piercing here and there with golden arrows the dense canopy of leaves beyond. High as we were the light breeze was shut off by the beeches, and in the long broad cleft in which the road lay the air was filled with resinous odours, that of the tall green and yellow brackens prevailing. An occasional jay fled screaming down between the smooth grey branches, giving us a glimpse of white and blue as it vanished; but otherwise there seemed to be no birds about, and the wild underwood and long alleys lay still and warm in the green twilight of the leaves.

"It is very like the Black Forest, I think," said the Lieutenant.

"Oh, it is much lighter in colour," cried Bell. "Look at all those silver greys of the stems and the lichens, and the clear green overhead, and the light browns and reds beneath, where the sunlight shines down through a veil. It is lighter, prettier, more cheerful than your miles of solemn pines, with the great roads cut through them for the carts, and the gloom and stillness underneath, where there is no growth of underwood, but only level beds of green moss, dotted with dropped cones."

"You have a very accurate eye for colours, mademoiselle; no wonder you paint so well," was all that the Lieutenant said. But Tita warmly remonstrated with Bell.

"You know Bell," she said, "that all the Black Forest is not like that; there is every variety of forest-scenery there. And pray, Miss Criticism, where were the gloomy pines and the solemn avenues in a certain picture which was sold at the Dudley last year for twenty-five solid English sovereigns?"

"You needn't tell Count von Rosen what my income is," said Bell. "I took two months to paint that picture."

"That is a very good income," said the Lieutenant, with a smile.

"I do not like people with large incomes," said Bell, dexterously avoiding that part of the subject. "I think they must have qualms sometimes, or else be callous. Now I would have everybody provided with a certain income, say 200*l.* a year; but I would not like to prevent all competition, and so I would fix an income at which all people must stop. They might strive and strive if they liked, just like bells of air in a champagne glass, you know, but they should only be able to reach a certain level in the end. I would have nobody with more than 1,000*l.* a year; that would be my maximum."

"A thousand a year!" exclaimed Tita. "Isn't a thousand ten hundred?"

"Yes," said Bell, after a second's calculation.

"And suppose you have one hundred to pay for two boys at school, and another hundred for rent, and another hundred for the keep of two horses, and a hundred and twenty for servants' wages——"

"Perhaps, Tita," I suggest in the meekest possible way, "you might as well tell Count von Rosen what you pay for a leg of mutton, so that when he next comes to dine with us he may enjoy himself the more."

It is well that the lightning which is said to dart from women's eyes is a harmless sort of thing—a flash in the pan, as it were, which is very pretty, but sends no deadly lead out. However, as Queen Tita had really behaved herself very well since we set out from Henley, I begged Bell to stop and let us in, and then I asked the Lieutenant if he would drive.

By this time we had walked the horses nearly to the end of the pleasant stretch of beechwood, which is about a mile and a half long, and before us was a bit of breezy common and the village of Nettlebed. Von Rosen took the reins and sent the horses forward.

"Why did you not continue to drive?" said Tita, rather timidly, when I had taken my seat beside her.

"Because we shall presently have to

go down steep hills; and as the Count took off the bearing-reins this morning, we may as well hold him responsible for not letting the horses down."

"I thought perhaps you wanted to sit beside me," she said, in a low voice.

"Well, now you mention it, my dear, that was the reason."

"It would have been a sufficient reason a good many years ago," she said, with a fine affectation of tenderness; "but that is all over now. You have been very rude to me."

"Then don't say anything more about it; receive my forgiveness, Tita."

"That was not the way you used to speak to me when we were at Eastbourne," she said; and with that she looked very much as if she were going to cry. Of course she was not going to cry. She has had the trick of looking like that from her youth upward; but as it is really about as pretty and pathetic as the real thing, it invariably answers the same purpose. It is understood to be a signal of surrender, a sort of appeal for compassion; and so the rest of this conversation, being of a quite private nature, need not be made public.

The Count was taking us at a brisk pace across the bit of common, and then we rattled into the little clump of red-brick houses which forms the picturesque village of Nettlebed. Now if he had been struck with some recollection of the Black Forest on seeing Nettlebed Wood, imagine his surprise on finding the little inn in the village surmounted by a picture of a white deer with a royal crown on its head, a fair resemblance to the legendary creature that appeared to St. Hubertus, and that figures in so many of the Schwarzwald stories and pictures. However, we were out of Nettlebed before he could properly express his astonishment, and in the vast picture that was now opening out before us there was little that was German.

We stopped on the summit of Nuffield Heath, and found below us, as far as the eye could reach, the great and fertile plain of Berkshire, with a long and irregular line of hill shutting it in on the south. In this plain of Fields as they are called—Wallingford Field,

Didcot Field, Long Wittenham Field, and so on—small villages peeped out from among the green woods and pastures, where a faint blue smoke rose up into the sunshine. Here, as Bell began to expound,—for she had been reading "The Scouring of the White Horse" and various other books to which that romantic monograph had directed her,—some great deeds had happened in the olden time. Along that smooth line of hill in the south—now lying blue in the haze of the light—the Romans had cut a road which is still called the Ridgeway or Icicleton Street; and in the villages of the plain, from Pangbourne in the south-east to Shellingford in the north-west, traces of the Roman occupation were frequently found. And then, underneath that blue ridge of hill and down lay Wantage, in which King Alfred was born; and further on the ridge itself becomes Dragon's Hill, where St. George slew the beast that ravaged this fair land, and there, as all men know, is the figure of the White Horse cut on the slope to commemorate the great battle of Ashdown.

"And Ashdown, is that there also?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Well, no," said Bell, trying to remember what she had been told; "I think there is some doubt about it. King Alfred, you know, fell back from Reading, when he was beaten, but he stopped somewhere on the hills near——"

"Why not the hill we have just come up?" said the Lieutenant, with a laugh. "It is near Reading, is it not? and there you have Assenton, which is Ashenton, which is Ashendown, which is Ashdown."

"Precisely," says Tita, with a gracious smile. "All you have to do is to change John into Julius, and Smith into Cæsar, and there you are."

"But that is not fair, Tita," said Bell, turning round, and pleading quite seriously. "Assenton is the same as Ashendon, and that is the name of the place where the battle was fought. I think Count von Rosen is quite right."

"Well, if you think so, Bell, that settles it," said my Lady, looking rather pleased than otherwise.

And so we began to descend into this plain of many memories by a steep road that is appropriately called Gaugsdown Hill. From thence a succession of undulations carried us into the green breadths of Crowmarsh Field; until, finally, we drove into the village of Bensington, and pulled up at the "Crown" there, where we proposed to have some luncheon.

"This is a village of the dead," said Tita, looking down the main thoroughfare, where not a living soul was to be seen.

But at all events a human being appeared in the yard—not a withered and silent ostler, but a stout, hale, cheerful person, whose white shirt-sleeves and gold chain proclaimed him landlord. With the aid of a small boy, he undertook to put the horses up for an hour or two; and then we went into the inn. Here we found that, as the man in the yard was at once landlord and ostler, his wife inside was landlady, cook, and waitress; and in a short space of time she had brought us some excellent chops. Not much time was spent over the meal, for the parlour in which we sat—albeit it was a sort of museum of wonderful curiosities, and was, moreover, enlivened by the presence of a crack-voiced cockatoo—was rather small and dark. Accordingly, while the horses were having their rest, we sauntered out to have a look at Bensington.

It is probably not the dullest little village in England, but it would be hard to find a duller. There was an old shepherd with a crook in his hand and a well-worn smockfrock on his back, who was leaning over the wooden palings in front of a house, and playfully talking to a small boy who stood at an open door. With many old country people it is considered the height of railleury to alarm a boy with stories of the punishment he is about to receive for something, and to visit him with an intimation that all his sins have been found out. This old shepherd, with his withered pippin face, and his humorous grin, and his lazy arms folded on the top of the palings, was evidently enjoying himself vastly.

"A wur a-watchin' o' thee, a wur, and

thy vather, he knows, too, and he'll gie thee thy vairin wi' a good tharn stick when he comes hwom. A zah thee this marnin', my lad—thou'lt think nah one wur thear, eh?"

We left this good-natured old gentleman frightening the boy, and went round to the outskirts of the village. Here, at least, we found one explanation of the inordinate silence of Bensington—the children were all at their lessons. The door of the plain little building, which had *BRITISH SCHOOL* inscribed over the entrance, was open, and from within there issued a low, confused murmur. The Prussian, anxious to see something of the interior of an English school, walked up to the place; but he had just managed to cast a glance round on the rows of children when the door was politely shut in his face, and he returned, saying—

"I am not an inspector; why need they fear?"

But when, after wandering about the suburban gardens and by-ways for a space, we returned to Bensington, we found that important village in a state of profound excitement. In the main thoroughfare a concourse of five people had assembled—three women and two children—and from the doors of the houses on both sides of the street innumerable faces, certainly not less than a dozen, were gazing forth. It is true that the people did not themselves come out—they seemed rather to shrink from courting publicity; but they were keenly alive to what was going on, and Bensington had become excited.

For there had appeared in the main street a little, dry, odd old man, who was leading a small donkey-cart, and who was evidently rather the worse for liquor. He was a seller of peas. He had summoned the inhabitants to come out and buy the peas, and he was offering them at what we were told were very reasonable terms. But just as the old man was beginning to enjoy the receipt of customs, there drove into the place a sharp, brisk, middle-aged man, with a shiny face, a fine presence, and a ringing voice. This man had a neat cart, a handsome pony, and his name was printed in large

letters, so that all could read. He was also a seller of peas. Now, although this rude and ostentatious owner of the pony was selling his produce at fourpence, while the humble proprietor of the donkey sold his at threepence, the women recalled their children and bade them go to the dearer market. There was something in the appearance of the man, in the neatness of his cart, and in the ringing cheerfulness of his voice, which told you he sold good peas. This was the cause of the great perturbation in Bensington; for no sooner did the half-tipsy old man see that his rival was carrying the day before him than he leaned his arms over his donkey's head, and began to make ironical comments on his enemy and on the people of Bensington. He was apparently in the best of spirits. You would have thought it delighted him to see small girls come timidly forward to him, and then be warned away by a cry from their mothers that they were to go to the other cart. Nay, he went the length of advertising his neighbour's wares. He addressed the assembled multitudes—by this time there were nearly fifteen people visible in Bensington—and told them he wouldn't sell his peas if he was to get a fortune for them.

"Pay your foppence," he said to them, in accents which showed he was not of Bensington born, "there are yer right good peas. It's all along o' my donkey as you'll not take mine, though they're only thruppence. I wouldn't sell. I won't sell this day. Take back yer money. I won't sell my peas at a crown apiece—darned if I do!"

And with that he left his donkey and went over to the proprietor of the pony. He was not in a fighting mood—not he. He challenged his rival to run the pony against the donkey, and offered to bet the donkey would be in London a week before the other. The man in the cart took no notice of these sallies. In a brisk, practical, methodical fashion, he was measuring out his peas, and handing them down to the uplifted bowls that surrounded him. Sometimes he grinned in a good-natured way at the facetious remarks of his unfortunate antagonist;

but all the same he stuck to his business and drove a thriving trade. How there came to be on that afternoon 180 many people in Bensington who wished to buy peas must remain a mystery.

"And now," said Bell, as we once more got into the phaeton, "we shall be in Oxford in two hours. Do you think the post-office will be open?"

"Very likely," said Tita, with some surprise; "but do you expect letters already, Bell?"

"You cannot tell," said the young lady, with just a shade of embarrassment, "how soon Kate may send letters after us. And she knows we are to stop a day at Oxford. It will not be too dark to go hunting for the post-office, will it?"

"But you shall not go," said the Lieutenant, giving a shake to the reins, as if in obedience to Bell's wish. "When you have got to the hotel, I will go and get your letters for you."

"Oh no, thank you," said Bell, in rather a hurried and anxious way. "I should prefer much to go for them myself, thank you."

That was all that was said on the subject; and Bell, we noticed, was rather silent for the first few miles of our afternoon drive. The Lieutenant did his best to amuse her, and carried on a lively conversation chiefly by himself. That mention of letters seemed to have left Bell rather serious; and she was obviously not over-delighted at the prospect of reaching Oxford.

The road from Bensington thither is pleasant enough, but not particularly interesting. For the most part it descends by a series of undulations into the level plain watered by the Isis, the Cherwell, and the Thames. But the mere notion of approaching that famous city, which is consecrated with memories of England's greatest men—statesmen and divines, melancholy philosophers and ill-starred poets—is in itself impressive, and lends to the rather commonplace landscape an air of romance. While as yet the old town lies unseen amid the woods that crowd up to the very edge of the sky, one fancies the

bells of the colleges are to be heard, as Pope heard them when he rode, a solitary horseman, over these very hills, and down into the plain, and up to Magdalen Bridge.<sup>1</sup> We cared little to look at the villages, strung like beads on the winding thread of the road—Shellingford, Dorchester, Nuneham Courtenay, and Sandford—nor did we even turn aside to go down to Iffley and the Thames. It was seven when we drew near Oxford. There were people sauntering out from the town to have their evening walk. When, at last, we stopped to pay toll in front of the old lichen-covered bridge across the Cherwell, the tower of Magdalen College, and the magnificent elms on the other side of the way, had caught a tinge of red from the dusky sunset, and there was a faint reflection of crimson down on the still waters that lay among the rank green meadows. Then we drove on into the High Street, and here, in the gathering dusk, the yellow lamps were beginning to glimmer. Should we pull up at the Angel—that famous hostelry of ancient times, whose name used to be inscribed on so many notable coaches? “We put up at the Angel Inn,” writes Mr. Boswell, “and passed the evening by ourselves in easy and familiar conversation.” Alas! the Angel has now been

pulled down. Or shall we follow the hero of the Splendid Shilling, who,

“When nightly mists arise,  
To Juniper’s Magpie or Town Hall repairs?”

They, too, are gone. But as Castor and Pollux, during these moments of doubt and useless reminiscence, are still taking us over the rough stones of the “High,” some decision must be come to; and so, at a sudden instigation, Count von Rosen pulls up in front of the Mitre, which is an appropriate sign for the High Street of Oxford, and betokens age and respectability.

The stables of the Mitre are clean, well-ventilated, and well-managed—indeed, no better stables could have been found for putting up the horses for their next day’s rest. When we had seen to their comfort, we returned to the inn, and found that my Lady and Bell had not only had all the luggage conveyed to our respective rooms, but had ordered dinner, changed their attire, and were waiting for us in the square, old-fashioned, low-roofed coffee-room which looks out into the High Street. A tall waiter was laying the cloth for us; the lights were lit all round the wall; our only companions were two elderly gentlemen who sat in a remote corner, and gave themselves up to politics; and Bell, having resolved to postpone her inquiry about letters until next morning—in obedience to the very urgent entreaties of the Lieutenant—seemed all the more cheerful for that resolution.

But if our two friends by the fireplace could not overhear our talk, we could overhear theirs; and all the time we sat at dinner, we were receiving a vast amount of enlightenment about the condition of the country. The chief spokesman was a short, stout person, with a fresh, healthy, energetic face, keen grey eyes, bushy grey whiskers, a bald head, and a black satin waistcoat; his companion a taller and thinner man, with straight black hair, sallow cheeks, and melancholy dark eyes: and the former, in a somewhat pompous manner, was demonstrating the blindness of ordinary politicians to

<sup>1</sup> “Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last day’s journey; for after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above; the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another and sounded forth (some in deeper, some in a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticoes, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the University.”—*Pope to Mrs. Martha Blount*. [Stonor Park lies about two miles to the right of Bix turnpike.]

the wrath that was to come. Lord Palmerston saw it, he said. There was no statesman ever like Lord Palmerston—there would never be his like again. For was the North not bound to fight the South in every country? And what should we do if the men of the great manufacturing towns were to come down on us? There were two Englands in this island—and the Westminster Houses knew nothing of the rival camps that were being formed. And did not the North always beat the South? Did not Rome beat Carthage? and the Huns the Romans? and the Northern States the Southern States? and Prussia Austria? and Germany France? And when the big-limbed and determined men of Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Preston, Newcastle, and such towns, rose to sweep aside the last feudal institutions of this country, of what avail would be a protest on the part of the feeble and self-indulgent South?

"This kingdom, Sir," said the gentleman with the satin waistcoat and gold seals, in such lofty tones that Count von Rosen scarcely minded his dinner,—"this kingdom, Sir, is more divided at this moment than it was during the Wars of the Roses. It is split into hostile factions; and which is the more patriotic? Neither. There is no patriotism left—only the selfishness of class. We care no more for the country as a country. We are cosmopolitan. The scepticism of the first French Revolution has poisoned our big towns. We tolerate a monarchy as a harmless toy. We tolerate an endowed priesthood, because we think they cannot make our peasantry more ignorant than they are.

We allow pauperism to increase and eat into the heart of the State, because we think it no business of ours to interfere. We see our lowest classes growing up to starve or steal, in ignorance and dirt; our middle classes scrambling for wealth to get out of the state they were born in; our upper classes given over to luxury and debauchery—patriotism gone—continental nations laughing at us—our army a mere handful of men with incompetent officers—our navy made the subject of destructive experiments by

interested cliques—our Government ready to seize on the most revolutionary schemes to get together a majority and remain in power—selfishness, incompetence, indifference become paramount—it is horrible, Sir, it is Orrible."

In his anxiety to be emphatic, he left out that one "h;" it was his only slip. Our Lieutenant turned to Tita, and said:

"I have met many English people in Germany who have spoken to me like that. They do seem to have a pride in criticising themselves and their country. Is it because they feel they are so strong, and so rich, and so good, that they can afford to dispraise themselves? Is it because they feel themselves so very safe in this island that they think little of patriotism? But I have observed this thing—that when it is a foreigner who begins to say such things of England, your countryman he instantly changes his tone. He may say himself bad things of his country; but he will not allow any one else. That is very good—very right. But I would rather have a Frenchman who is very vain of his country, and says so at every moment, than an Englishman who is very vain and pretends to disparage it. The Frenchman is more honest."

"But there are many Englishmen who think England wants great improvements," said Tita.

"Improvements! Yes. But it is another thing you hear so many Englishmen say, that their country is all wrong—'going to the dogs' is what you say for that. Well, they do not believe it true—it is impossible to be true; and they do not look well with us foreigners when they say so. For myself, I like to see a man proud of his country, whatever country it is; and if my country were England, do not you think I should be proud of her great history, and her great men, and her powers of filling the world with colonies, and—what I think most of all—her courage in making the country free to every man, and protecting opinions that she herself does not believe, because it is right? When my countrymen hear Englishmen talk like that, they cannot understand."

You should have seen Bell's face—the pride and the gratitude that were in her eyes, while she did not speak.

"You would not have us go about praising ourselves for doing right?" said Tita.

"No," he said, "but you ought not to go about professing yourselves to be less satisfied with your country than you are."

Before breaking up for the night, we came to a reckoning about our progress, and probable line of route. Fifty-eight miles—that was the exact distance, by

straight road, we had got on our way to Scotland at the end of the third day.

"And to-morrow," said Tita, as she finished giving the Lieutenant his first lesson in bezique, "counts for nothing, as we remain here. Fifty-eight miles in three days looks rather small, does it not? But I suppose we shall get there in course of time."

"Yes," said Bell, gently, as she put the markers straight, "in Pollux' course of time."

My Lady rose, and in her severest tones ordered the girl to bed.

[*Note by Queen Titania, written at Oxford, the day after our arrival there.*—"If these jottings of our journey come to be published, I beg to say that, so far as I appear in them, they are a little unfair. I hope I am not so very terrible a person as all that comes to. I have noticed in some other families that a man of *obstinate will* and of *uncertain temper* likes nothing so much as to pretend to his friends that he suffers dreadfully from the tyranny of his wife. It is merely self-complacency. He knows no one dares thwart him; and so he thinks it rather humorous to give himself the air of being much injured, and of being very good-natured. I dare say, however, most people who look at these memoranda will be able to decide whether the trifling misunderstandings—which have been much exaggerated and made to look *serious*—were owing to me. But as for Bell, I do not think it right to joke about her position at all. She does her best to keep up her spirits—and she is a brave, good girl, who likes to be cheerful if only for the sake of those around her; but this affair of Arthur Ashburton is causing her *deep anxiety* and a good deal of vexation. Why she should have some *vague* impression that she has treated him badly, I cannot see; for the very reverse is the case. But surely it is unfair to make this *lovers' quarrel* the pretext for dragging Bell into a wild romance, which the writer of the foregoing pages seems bent on doing. Indeed, with regard to this subject, I cannot do better than repeat a conversation which, with *characteristic ingenuity*, he has entirely omitted. He said to me, while we were wandering about Bensington—and Bell had strolled on with Count von Rosen—

"After all, our phaeton is not a microcosm. We have not the complete elements for a romance. We have no villain with us."

"You flatter yourself," I remarked; which did not seem to please him, but he pretended not to hear.

"There will be no dark background to our adventures—no crime, secrecy, plotting, or malicious thwarting of Bell's happiness. It will be like a magic-lantern slide with all the figures painted in rose-colour."

"What do you mean by Bell's happiness?" I asked.

"Her marriage with the Lieutenant, and there is no villain to oppose it. Even if we had a villain, there is no room for him: the phaeton only holds four comfortably."

"Really this was too much. I could scarcely control my *impatience* with such folly. I have said before that the girl does not wish to marry any one; but if there were any thought of marriage in her mind, surely her anxiety about that letter points in a *different way*. Of course I was immediately taunted with scheming to throw Bell and Count von Rosen together during our drive. I admit that I did so, and mean to do so. We ought not to expect young folks to be always delighted with the society of their elders. It is only natural that these two young people should become companions; but what of that? And as to the speech about a villain, who ever saw one? Out of a novel or a play, I never saw a villain, and I don't know anybody who ever did. It seems to me there is a good deal of self-satisfaction in the notion that we four are all so *angelic* that it wants some disagreeable person to throw us into relief. Are we all painted in rose-colour? Looking back over these pages, I do not think so; but I am not surprised—considering *who had the wielding of the brush*. And yet I think we have so far enjoyed ourselves very well, considering that I am supposed to be very hard to please and very quarrelsome. Perhaps none of us are so amiable as we ought to be; and yet we manage to put up with one another somehow. In the meantime, I am grieved to see Bell, without the intervention of any villain whatever, undergoing great anxiety; and I wish the girl had sufficient courage to sit down at once and write to Arthur Ashburton and absolutely forbid him to do anything so foolish as seek an interview with her. If he should do so, it is impossible to say what may come of it, for Bell has a good deal of pride with all her gentleness.—T.]"

To be continued.

## BIRTHDAY SONGS TO AN OLD FRIEND.

## I. THE BIRD.

## I.

On the window, lifted an inch,  
 A tiny bird taps without fear,  
 A brave little chirruping finch—  
 And I slide up the sash when I hear.

## II.

Ah, the dreary November morn !  
 Ah, the weary London din !  
 Light has wither'd as soon as born—  
 But the brave little bird hops in.

## III.

He has piped me a magic tune :  
 He has perch'd on my finger and sung :  
 He has charm'd back the time all June,  
 When my neighbour and I were young.

## IV.

Do I lean back and rest, and hearken  
 To the bird that pipes on my hand ?  
 Do I walk where no winters darken,  
 In a far-away fairy land ?

## V.

There a girl comes, with brown locks curl'd,  
 My friend, and we talk face to face ;  
 Crying, "O what a beautiful world !"  
 Crying, "O what a happy place !"

## VI.

Bless'd little bird with bright eyes,  
 Perch here and warble all the day !  
 Pipe your witch-tune—ah, he flies, flies ;  
 He was sent me—but not to stay.

## II. HOME.

## I.

HOMEWARD wend we—Ah, my dear,  
From the feast of youth, and you,  
Under clouded stars or clear,  
On in front a step or two,  
Bid me sing, the road to cheer.

## II.

Cloak'd in grey on wedding white,  
Dim you glide before, and call  
O'er your shoulder, "Sad is night,  
Sing of sunshine over all;  
Sing of daytime—sad is night."

## III.

And I answer, "Day was fair;  
Day with all its joys is dead:  
Like the large rose in your hair,  
All its hundred petals shed,  
Fallen, flutter'd here and there.

## IV.

"And the sunshine you recall—  
Ah, my dear, but is it true?  
Did such sunshine ever fall  
Out of any sky so blue?  
Half I think we dreamed it all.

## V.

"Lo, a wind of dawn doth rise,  
Chirps and odours float therein:—  
Ah, my dear, lift up your eyes!  
Landmarks of our home begin;  
Breaks the morning where it lies."

MARY BROTHERTON.

Nov. 19, 1870.

## A CONVERSATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

THE following conversation took place lately amongst certain friends who have been called "Friends in Council."

As I have often before described these personages, it will not be necessary for me to do so now; and, without further preface, I will introduce my readers into their circle, and narrate the conversation which thus abruptly commenced.

*Ellesmere.* Mauleverer and I have had a long walk together, this morning. We went as far as Speenham Ponds. We talked incessantly; and I am proud to say that there was not one minute of our talk during which we agreed upon any point of any single subject—not even when we abused the absent, who are now present. And if there is any subject on which two people can agree, it is in the depreciation of their common friends.

*Mauleverer.* Ellesmere takes such shallow views. He is always on the surface of things.

*Ellesmere.* It is better to swim than to sink.

*Sir Arthur.* I suppose the controversy was upon the old subject—the misery of mankind?

*Ellesmere.* It was.

*Mauleverer.* Ellesmere does not seem to see that man is a wretched creature in himself. He makes the silly excuse for him, that it is always the unfortunate circumstance, and not the man himself, who is to blame.

*Ellesmere.* There is one thing which Mauleverer and the misery-mongers always forget. People talk a great deal about Hope as being the chief solace of

mankind: I believe that if Hope alone had been at the bottom of Pandora's box, the Mauleverers would have prevailed, and the human race would soon have come to an end. But there is something in praise of which no Poetry is made, and to express which, indeed, there is no single word that I know of, but which performs as great a part in comforting and encouraging mankind as Hope itself.

*Sir Arthur.* What can he mean?

*Ellesmere.* Well, he is beating his brains to invent a word. Shall we say "excusativeness?" That is not a pretty word—that won't do. Perhaps there is some word in Greek; but that is a doubly dead language to me now. A certain learned man, however, was expounding Aristotle to me the other day; and it seemed to me that Aristotle was one of the most skilful word-mongers that has ever appeared. Is there any word in Greek which means putting a good face upon it, or putting quite another face upon it?

*Cranmer.* This is rather hazy. I do not begin to find myself consoled for the miseries of life by what Ellesmere has hitherto said.

*Ellesmere.* I think I shall call my twin-brother of Hope, the power of making a judicious statement.

The best illustration that I can take is from the language of military despatches. For instance: "The enemy crossed the bridge, and our advanced guard fell back upon the right wing." Or thus: "We deployed from the heights and occupied a favourable position in the valley."

In civil as well as in military life, in

private as well as in public life, our advanced guard is constantly falling back upon our right wing; and we deploy from the heights to occupy a favourable position in the valley. Stupid and envious bystanders, or nasty, spying, troublesome historians, say that our advanced guard was nearly cut to pieces, and that our deploying from the heights was the inevitable result of a tremendous strategical blunder. But our power of judicious statement enables us to bear up against any amount of hostile criticism, and is, I believe, the great comfort of our lives.

Observe this, too, that the power of making judicious statements increases in due proportion with the facility for committing errors. For example: I have no doubt (whatever may be said to the contrary) that imaginative men are more prone to commit errors than other people, and they would descend into depths of despair if they had not an extra power of making judicious statements. With the imaginative man, the advanced guard does not merely fall back upon the right wing; but he says, "*We threw back* our advanced guard upon the right wing;" clearly indicating a voluntary operation. Again: he does not make his forces deploy from the heights in the way that ordinary men do. He adds several fine touches, and says: "Exactly at the right moment, in accordance with the highest strategical considerations, our forces, in admirable order, deployed from the heights, in order to occupy a most commanding position in the valley."

*Milverton.* Ellesmere has occupied some time in explanation; but what he says is perfectly true, and it may be doubted whether hope for the future would be sufficient to console men if they could not gloss over the past.

*Ellesmere.* What I complain of Mauleverer, is, that he is so detestably consistent. He does not seem to improve at all by the good conversation he hears from us. Now, I change a little; but always, I trust, in the right direction. I have become a mass of tolerance. A large and varied survey of the miseries

of mankind has led me to conclude that every man is a being much to be pitied. One cannot be angry with men, or be otherwise than tolerant of all their errors and shortcomings, when one thinks that most men have teeth—that some men shave—that we have to get up and go to bed (both of them detestable operations) every day—that there is hardly any place, however remote, in which there is not more than one delivery of letters in the course of the twenty-four hours—that any human being, however foolish, can annoy any other human being, however sensible (though thousands of miles should separate them), by informing him abruptly, in a brutal telegram, of all the unpleasant things that can happen—that pleasures are taken in such large doses as to become rather like poisons, dinners lasting sometimes three hours—that we have to live with creatures, very like and yet very unlike ourselves, who are strangely attractive to us, and whom we fondly and vainly endeavour to manage (they every day in these times becoming more unmanageable)—that children will scream at the top of their voices, and wear out shoes in the most reckless manner—that most of our abodes are but vertical continuations of sewers—that there is no good weather anywhere; it is always too hot, or too cold, or too rainy, or too shiny, or too misty, or too dazzling—that old ladies will have the windows up in a railway carriage when the wind is south, and young ladies the windows down when the wind is east—that there is such a thing as public speaking, and that no one can say or write anything with reasonable brevity—I say again that a male human being is a creature whom one cannot regard but with the utmost pity; and even his slight aberrations from perfect virtue are results which may naturally be expected to follow from the adverse circumstances that surround him.

*Cranmer.* It does not seem to me that in this talk which Mauleverer and Ellesmere had this morning, either of them could have been doing more than bring-

ing forward half-truths, and exaggerating these greatly.

*Lady Ellesmere.* For my part, I am delighted that John has arrived even at half-truths; so that they may make him a little more tolerant.

*Ellesmere.* I am not merely tolerant; I have become appreciative, in the highest degree. For instance, I am convinced that Milverton is not quite so foolish a person as I once thought.

*Mrs. Milverton.* Pardon me for interrupting the conversation; but, my dear, what did Sir John mean when he said that our houses were vertical continuations of sewers?

*Ellesmere.* I think you might have asked me to explain, Mrs. Milverton: but of course your husband knows everything better than anybody else.

*Milverton.* I wish, my dear, that I could not only explain what he said, but that I could explain it away. It seemed to me to come in ill with his minor perplexities of human life, for it indicates a most serious evil. Sanitary science has really made a great advance in our time; but the application of that science has not made anything like a proportionate advance. The subject in question is not a very savoury one; but it is one which people should be thoroughly made aware of.

There are certain gases, very injurious to human life, which are generated in our sewers and such like receptacles. Our houses, of course, have close communication with these sewers. We either make no provision against the entrance of these gases into our houses, or provision of such a kind as must be expected occasionally to fail. For instance, the water is evaporated from what are called "water-traps," and then the house is utterly defenceless against these gases.

Now look at the matter somewhat in the abstract. Here are certain noxious creatures endowed with great power of penetration. They make a perpetual effort to escape from their confinement. If the house is the only place into which they can escape, they will be sure some day or other to find a weak part in its

defences, and to make an entrance there.

If it were not so painful a thing, it would be almost ludicrous to state, and it would have delighted Swift or any other cynical satirist to state it, that we provide what we call a partial remedy for this evil by allowing these gases to escape through gratings into the streets, thus mildly poisoning the general community.

*Sir Arthur.* I am shamefully ignorant upon these subjects, Milverton; but are not these gratings necessary to carry off the rainfall?

*Milverton.* That ought to be provided for otherwise. But the main thing that is wanted in the way of remedy for this great evil is, that sewers and all such affairs should have ventilating shafts, by which these gases should be carried off into the *higher* atmosphere, and indeed, as I think, should be decomposed previously to their exit into that atmosphere.

*Cranmer.* All this would be very expensive, you know, Milverton.

*Milverton.* Yes: the cost might be equivalent, in a large mansion, to that of an Axminster carpet for one of the principal rooms; but you had much better walk upon deal boards, for the rest of your life, than live in houses which are perpetually threatened by the danger I have indicated, and have not one whit exaggerated.

*Ellesmere.* You remember our dear friend P——, the most humorous man I ever knew, and how amused he was at a little child of two or three years old, who was still called "Baby," telling him that it was a "use'l baby." The idea of a baby being "useful" delighted our humorous friend, and afterwards he was wont to call himself, being a very little man, "the useful baby." Though I am a big fellow, I arrogate to myself the same title, and certainly I am a baby in sanitary science, but a useful baby; for, as you see, I have been the means of eliciting a careful exposition from our sanitary friend of a great evil. I am very much pleased with Milverton just at present; and as regards another matter, I will frankly confess,

as I intimated before, that he is not so foolish as I used to think.

*Milverton.* Don't compliment me so highly before my face, otherwise I shall have to leave the room. As you know, I have always maintained that though one can bear a great deal of written flattery, one does not like extravagant eulogiums to be addressed to oneself *viva voce*—especially in the presence of others.

*Sir Arthur.* But how is it, Ellesmere, that you have, all of a sudden, arrived at this high opinion of Milverton's merits?

*Ellesmere.* Well, you know, he is always boring us about organization and the wonders that might be done by it, and also the mischiefs that might be prevented by it. It will astonish and shock you to hear what a loss the country has been near sustaining, when I tell you that I might have been killed in a recent railway accident in Scotland—

*Lady Ellesmere.* Don't speak jokingly, John, about such a serious matter.

*Ellesmere.* And all for want of judicious organization. This led me to consider, with all the care prompted by self-interest, the organization of railways; and I certainly do admit that it is very defective. I will not trouble you with the details of my misadventure. You will have seen all about it in the newspapers. But it made me very critical.

Now only look at one little thing in which there is such a want of forethought and management. You have an immensely long train, and the carriages are all so much alike in colour that it is impossible to distinguish them. Then you see wretched human beings who have ventured to devour a meal at some great station, such as York, in vain endeavouring to find their carriages again. The train has been moved, so that even a person who has a keen sense of locality, and has taken care to observe exactly at what part of the station he has got out, finds the position of things, when he returns, entirely changed, and has to rely upon the faintest indication

of ownership which may lead him back to his own carriage. All this trouble and confusion would have been prevented, or at least immensely diminished, by having carriages of various colours.

*Milverton.* I noticed this long ago, and I believe stated it to you.

*Ellesmere.* The words of the wise, or, as I should say, the words of the not very foolish, are unheeded until suffering brings them home. I am beginning to be a convert to the notion that Government should have the control of the railways.

*Mauleverer.* They are so successful in all that they manage, that one cannot avoid coming to that conclusion.

*Sir Arthur.* I do not wish for this at all. I do not think that the Government of this country is strong enough to bear any additional odium; and odium there would be arising from every accident that might occur. Neither do I think that they are strong enough, intellectually speaking, to take this burden upon their shoulders.

*Milverton.* I think Government could make great improvements in railway travelling; but I agree with Sir Arthur that they are not at present strong enough to undertake this great additional business.

I wish you would let me take this opportunity of talking over with you a subject which has long been in my mind, and respecting which I should greatly like to hear your various opinions.

*Ellesmere.* Yes: we will allow you to do so. It always makes a conversation interesting when there is some backbone to it; when there is some fellow—tire-some or otherwise—who has got into his head some idea which he wishes to impress upon the rest of the company. Be it remembered, however, that this is only the case when the rest of the company are strong enough to prevent themselves from being oppressed by the Man with the Idea; and also when there is a sufficient number of irrelevant people who will interrupt by somewhat vague and inconclusive remarks, which, however, are serviceable as tending to

provoke the Man with the Idea and compel him to a certain pleasing diffuseness. Even foolish people are good when they hinder tyrants.

*Sir Arthur.* Having thus received Ellesmere's sanction, expressed in such flattering terms both to yourself and ourselves, Milverton, you may proceed.

*Milverton.* Well, then, I say, not only is Government weak, but that all the old governing forces of the world are also weak, or are in course of being weakened.

*Ellesmere.* Interruption number one, by ignorant person: Please define old governing forces.

*Milverton.* I mean not only the Government of any country, whatever form that Government may have, but the governing forces arising from the influence of religion, from the possession of land or other capital, of rank, of learning in all its branches (including art), and in short all those forces which have hitherto, ostensibly or non-ostensibly, had a large share in ruling the world.

It cannot be denied, I think, that all these forces are in the process of being weakened.

At any rate they are weakened relatively by the introduction of new forces of great potency.

*Ellesmere.* Please define these also.

*Milverton.* These new forces are such as have been developed by the extension of Science, the increased freedom of the Press, and the additional power given to the people.

It cannot be denied that these forces are, comparatively speaking, new, and that they have received an immense development in the last hundred years.

With regard to the Press, the increase of power is perfectly enormous. Assertion, through it, has become facile in the highest degree. Denial on the part of any of the governing classes which it may attack has become proportionately difficult.

No one will deny that the power of the people has enormously increased. By people I mean those persons who

did not formerly partake of any of the power belonging to what I have called the old governing forces.

Then there comes Science; and under the head of Science I would include all those results of scientific endeavour which have inevitably given great rapidity to the spreading of free thought, and have enabled combinations of men with similar aims to be made with comparative facility throughout many countries.

Have I made any statement in respect to which you wish to take any objection?

*Sir Arthur.* No: we may not agree with the exact wording of what you have said; but we do, I think, with the substance.

*Milverton.* Now, I am not going to express any vain regrets at the present state of things, or to manifest any stupid conservatism, as Ellesmere would call it. On the contrary, I decline to be dismayed at the present aspect of things, and am always prone to believe that the progress of the world is towards good.

*Mauleverer.* That I deny.

*Milverton.* At the same time I must admit that there are great dangers which may possibly arise from an unhappy conflict between the old and the new forces, especially in a country such as ours, which holds its great prosperity upon a somewhat uncertain tenure. I must give an illustration of what I mean. A large part of our prosperity arises, or at least has arisen, from the confidence which other nations have long entertained in the stability of our institutions. This has made our country the emporium of the world. The first Rothschild who settled here used to say of the British Funds, "This is the horse that has never been down." But it is not upon the opinion of any one man, however fit to give an opinion, that I would rely. The opinion of the whole commercial world may be discerned by the fact that Great Britain is the emporium of the world. Some peculiar circumstances have enabled me to be as

good a judge of this matter as any living man. On a certain occasion it was decided by the Government of this country that no vessel should be allowed to carry any goods that might be used as material for war, without a permit signed by me or my immediate subordinate. You may imagine how large and various are the kinds of goods which may be considered material for war. I found that there were certain classes of these goods of which we practically possessed the total quantity. I do not mean to say that the ownership of those goods was entirely ours. But here the goods were, possessed by owners of all nations.

*Cranmer.* I can thoroughly confirm your statement, Milverton. I was in office at the time, as you may recollect.

*Milverton.* Well, now, just consider what would be the result—not the temporary result, but the permanent result, of any great disturbance arising from a conflict between the old and the new forces I have described, and which would shake the confidence of other nations in our stability. Take into your consideration the immense number of people to whom this confidence, in an indirect way, gives employment. Let me further illustrate the facts I have stated, by telling you that vessels pass by the places where certain articles of commerce are produced, and come on to Great Britain as to the emporium where there will be the largest heaping up of these products, and the best means of choice afforded to the purchaser for making his purchases.

You see, therefore, that the present state of things, as regards us, is rather contrary to Nature, and is the result of Art—namely, the Art of Government.

*Ellesmere.* These certainly are very striking facts. The terrible thing is, that so few people know much about what goes on in a great country like ours. I have often wished for a little book that would tell us everything about ourselves which it is desirable to know. You may all laugh; but I have not even mastered, though I have been Attorney-General,

the respective duties of the various Government offices.

*Milverton.* I proceed to work out my idea, being delighted, at the same time, to observe that there are still some things which Sir John Ellesmere admits he does not understand.

I think that, for men like yourselves, I need not dwell upon the question as to the extent of injury that would arise from any great political disturbance in this country—injury, I mean, to our commercial interests, from confidence in our political stability being shaken.

*Ellesmere.* No: that is self-evident. I delight in that expression of old Rothschild's, "The horse that has never been down."

*Milverton.* How many people, when they contemplate the possibility of any great political disturbance, think of the Monarchy, or the Church, or the owners of land, or the possessors of capital, or the artists, or the men of letters, or the professional men, who might, at any rate for the time, be ruined by this disturbance?

I feel for them; but far more for the labouring classes, whose sufferings would be absolutely fearful. This I could show you, if we had the Census returns in the room, and you could see what an enormous number of persons there are whose daily wages are dependent upon this stability. If any such disturbance comes, and is of long duration, there will be a state of suffering for the poorer classes, such as that of which the great sieges of the world have given a fearful example. Recollect that at such a time you cannot ship off your suffering millions to find their living in other and happier countries. It is comparatively a narrow space in which you have to work.

*Sir Arthur.* Granted. I am fond, as you know, of summing up. I always fancy I should like to have been a judge. I will sum up what you have said:—

Old governing forces are weak or being weakened: new and potent forces have arisen. Great Britain is the emporium of the world, by reason of the

confidence placed in it: political disturbance of much duration will destroy this confidence: poor people will suffer most.

*Ellesmere.* He did not exactly say that: he said that his sympathies would be most with the poor people. Go on.

*Milverton.* The first thing is, that all the old governing forces should perceive the danger, whatever danger there is; should not contend with each other; and should endeavour to reconcile themselves to the new state of things.

*Ellesmere.* This, too, is not unreasonable.

*Milverton.* Now comes the real gist of the matter. The policy should not be a policy of fear. That means defeat. Now, neither conquest nor defeat ought to be in the minds of those who are the inheritors of the old forces.

Neither should it be a policy of compromise.

*Ellesmere.* Oh! oh! Why, compromise is the very essence of modern life!

*Milverton.* I cannot help that. I say again, it should not be a policy of compromise; it should be a policy of conciliation.

*Cranmer.* Please explain.

*Milverton.* This will be my hardest work to-day; and I almost fear that I shall not, in the course of a conversation, be able to show you all that I think upon this matter, and all that I certainly feel. But I will try.

Trace up all these ruling forces to their origin, and you will see that it is a good one. I will especially deal with the new forces. Take Science, for instance. It may tend to produce disturbance by coming in conflict with old opinions of much weight and value, and with old customs, manners, and ways of thinking. But it is in its essence good. It is simply a result of the pursuit of truth. Then take the Press. You cannot for a moment maintain that its freedom is not essentially a good thing. It is only talking the commonest commonplace to say that whatever mischief may be evolved by this freedom is in the abuse and not in the use of it.

Again: as regards the increased power of the people, it is a magnificent thing. What a grand event it is in the history of the world (don't look so blank, Mauleverer!) when you have a reasonable hope—mark you, I do not for the present put it higher—of uniting the people in the great office of governing themselves. It is almost Utopian in its greatness.

But the wished-for end may be accomplished.

*Mauleverer.* Wretched and misguided optimist!

*Milverton.* Yes, it may be accomplished. I will, however, be very candid with you, and will admit that there is a considerable fear which pervades my mind; and that is, lest there should not be time enough to accomplish this great end—lest downward progress should go too far and too fast (especially too fast)—lest the old powers and the old forces should not have time to accommodate themselves to the new state of things; and thus the policy of conciliation should fail.

*Ellesmere.* Again ignorance demands explanation. What do you mean by this policy of conciliation?

*Milverton.* Perhaps there is hardly anything more difficult to explain than a policy of any kind, or rather to explain how such a policy should be conducted. I mean this—that all the objects which are put forward, or are likely to be put forward, by the possessors of the new forces, should be considered in anything but an antagonistic spirit by the possessors of the old ruling forces, and that they should discern the common ground whereon they can act with the others.

I could give many instances in which I believe this common ground could be found. The night would descend upon us before I should have exhausted these instances, and I must not weary you. There is one, however, which I will name, and which appears at present to have seized hold of the minds of many men. It is, the physical well-being of the poorer classes. Now, I should have no hope of this forming a common

ground of endeavour for all the forces I have mentioned, if it were a new thing. It might then be fairly argued that this common ground, as I call it, had been sought for from motives of fear, or from a search after compromise. I do not hold to either of these classes of motives.

I say again that the endeavour to promote the physical well-being of the poorer classes is not a new thing. Long before the recent political changes took place, there were thousands of persons in the more prosperous classes who had devoted themselves to the promotion of this great object, as also there were thousands of persons who sought to promote the education of the people.

Now these persons, and they are very numerous, come into court with clean hands, as it were. They welcome the new forces as powers which are likely to be of service to them, and so they do much towards the conciliation of which I have spoken.

This country has for so long a time been practically a country of great freedom, both of action and opinion, that there are many other classes of men who are inevitably conciliators of the new and the old forces. There are, for instance, the religious men who have welcomed without fear the truths of science. There are the statesmen, or the men of statesmanlike mind, who have always been ready to consider the great questions in which workpeople are mainly interested, such as Co-operation. And, in fact, if you take into view the whole political world of Great Britain, you will find that there are a great number of persons who, consciously or unconsciously, afford the means of conciliation between the old and the new forces. It is therefore, I contend, within the limits of rational hope that this policy of conciliation may be carried forward successfully. If it is successful, we shall maintain our position as one of the greatest nations on the face of the earth; if it fail, we must prepare for decadence.

I have been the principal speaker for

the last half-hour, and am almost ashamed of the position I have occupied. But you have not shown any wish to depose me, and even Ellesmere has been very tractable. I cannot continue this conversation, for I am very tired; but if you wish to resume it tomorrow, I shall try to meet any objections with which you may favour me.

*Ellesmere.* I wish to make a remark. I suppose it will be pronounced to be irrelevant. It is this: that when you are speaking of the forces that influence the world and keep it together, you should name politeness; for that, in my opinion, is the greatest force in the world. It never ceases to act. You may observe that under whatever disastrous circumstances a man may be placed, he retains such politeness as he has, and does not forget his manners. The dying are polite; the condemned do not forget their manners. A man will hate you enough to be ready to slay you, but he will not comment before your face upon any personal defect you may have.

I assure you this is not a chance remark of mine made at the moment. I have been making it all my life. There is a certain respect which one human being has for another, which neither fear nor anger nor any other passion wholly violates. It is madness only that can be thoroughly unpolite.

*Milverton.* There is a great deal in what Ellesmere says.

*Ellesmere.* Yes: he does not always talk folly.

*Mauleverer.* It is true; but what he says has very little to do with the subject in question. People retained their politeness in the height of the first French revolution. This politeness is a constant quantity, as the mathematicians would say. What we were talking about was the relation between the old and the new political forces. Upon that matter I must also make my remark. I do not think that Milverton dwelt half enough upon the additional power which has been gained by Calumny from the introduction of some of the new forces. A statement is rashly made by

some foolish or inconsiderate person ; and forthwith it is trumpeted all over the world. Millions of people read it. And it is a melancholy fact that we are not yet enough educated to withhold altogether all belief in a calumnious statement which we see set forth in print.

Now this augmentation of the power of Calumny has a most dangerous effect in lessening the power and influence of all persons in authority.

But I will not proceed further in this discussion, as Milverton said that he was tired. I trust, however, that he will take this remark of mine into consideration when he recommences.

[I must make an addition to this conversation, and must apologize for having to make it. At some point in the conversation Mr. Milverton became excited

with his subject, and spoke very rapidly. Moreover, what he said particularly interested me ; and, while thinking of it, I failed to make a note of it. He was speaking of the great power which the governing classes of any country still possessed—great power for good, as he said. And then he went on to say that whenever in history the governing classes had broken down as it were, and the State had gone into revolution or into ruin, it was because those governing classes had either been cowardly or unsympathetic, or perhaps both combined. He scarcely could believe, he added, that a nation could drift into these evil courses so long as its upper classes were courageous and sympathetic. He took care, however, to make an exception for those cases where the political disturbance was created by foreign war or dynastic quarrels.]

## A FRENCH LADY IN THE TUILERIES.

FOR a long time I used to think that the English talked less about things they did not understand than any other nation. But I begin to see that I was mistaken, and my eyes have been opened, as it was natural they would be, by reading what England has said about my country within the last six months.

It is easy to endure reproaches when you feel that you deserve them, and when those who blame you recognize your good qualities at the same time that they point out your faults. But is it not hard to feel that you are attacked on all sides by so-called friends, who institute the most elaborate and minute search for your faults and vices, (alas, we are not free from them!) and pass over lightly, and as if they did not see them, the noble French qualities which spring up side by side with the vices of the nation and the individual?

It seems just now to be the fashion in England to describe the whole French nation as frivolous, vain, and corrupt. I scarcely know what good qualities the writers who adopt this tone are kind enough to place to our credit, for they are alluded to in so remote a manner that our vices stand out as all the more monstrous in contrast with these nearly imperceptible virtues. But there is one thing I cannot help regretting for you as well as for us. It is that so many of your writers go into the servants' hall, describe what they see and hear there, and then think they have been in a drawing-room.

I have just seen an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* entitled "A Morning in the Tuileries: the Bud—the Blossom;" and I answer it because I think that the Magazine is not one of those which are

eager to depreciate my country. Readers of *Macmillan* will care to know the real facts and the truth with regard to much that is there spoken of; and when we believe in friendly feeling, we should not allow error or mistake to pass uncorrected.

The writer of "A Morning in the Tuileries" hurls successive imprecations upon domestic life in France, the French stage, and the press; and then, in what I believe the Americans call an "intense" state of mind, takes a short walk and sits down to pass judgment upon France—judging France by Paris, and Paris by the Tuileries. That which is most obvious to your French readers is, that the writer knows nothing at all of domestic life in France, and a great deal about the bad plays and bad books which call forth such bitter reproaches.

It is true that immoral plays are acted in France, but there are also good ones. Why do you English go to see the bad? It is true that bad books are published, but we have also good ones. Why not sometimes read the good?

There are many of us French ladies who would not even cut the pages of a French novel which an English lady sits down to read.

Your writer, hoping to assuage the sorrow of a heart which is overwhelmed by the "conjugal infidelity, the vice and corruption" of my country, takes a walk in the Tuileries, and chooses that part of the gardens where nurses and nursemaids love to congregate. She sits down, and enters into conversation with a wet-nurse by her side. I say *she*, because the writer is obviously a woman, and from the "lean, long baby," I imagine that she is probably not a mother. The nurse tells her that she has charge of a banker's baby, and then,

growing more and more communicative, recounts the story of her past life, and gives an account of her antecedents, which are as disreputable as they can be. The writer regrets them chiefly for the sake of the poor little baby on the nurse's knee. But in France no one keeps a wet-nurse longer than fifteen or sixteen months, and this surely diminishes the danger that there is of the child's mind being contaminated by impure ideas. I do not know England well, but I presume from this lady's horror that in your country a wet-nurse is never admitted to a family unless she is a married woman of irreproachable character. Of course this may lead you to judge us with some severity. And yet I assure you, that although our wet-nurses are not all exemplary as they are in England, yet very many of them are respectable and well-conducted, and they are not exacting and insufferable unless they are mismanaged and the mistress is in fault. If I were to go to a foreign country and see a drunken man staggering along the streets, would it be fair to judge the whole nation from that one man? Surely you ought not to judge our nurses from that one bad woman! And then, again, we have compensating circumstances in France. Nurses do not exercise any considerable influence over the children under their charge, because with us *nursery* and *schoolroom* are unknown terms. French children are always with the mother, and spend their time in her room.

But to return to the Tuileries. The baby screams, and the nurse soothes him with a lullaby which may still be found in old collections of ballads in Normandy. Probably the woman herself had been hushed to sleep by it when she was a child. It is an improper song, still I cannot help wondering that it astonished the listener, because she knew what kind of person she was talking to, and might have been prepared for such a song. But even if the child's mother had heard it—I don't suppose she would have distinguished the words so accurately as your contributor—it is quite probable that she

might not have given herself any trouble about it; for although this baby did look up "into the nurse's face with his great black eyes as if in search of the hidden meaning of the words," I can assure you that French babies do *not* understand what is sung to them at six months old. Is it possible that English babies are so much more precocious?

A *ronde* sung by children from three to seven years old next excites the anger and discontent of the writer. The little girls are accused of being overdressed—which is for the most part true—of being graceful, elegant, self-conscious, affected, and entirely occupied with the effect they are producing.

Now this criticism is peculiarly English. You have decided in England that French girls are coquettes from the time they are four years old, and that they think only of *dress and appearance*, like their mothers before them. This idea is so firmly rooted in the English mind that it would be of no use to attempt to combat it; it is treated as an historic fact, and you respect it as such. Nevertheless I might venture to assert the contrary, and to assure you that those little girls at play in the Tuileries were playing just as heartily and simply as English children do, and that if they were graceful they couldn't help it, and they were not at all thinking of the effect they were producing, but of the game. And yet when I tell you this, who will believe me?

It is very much to be regretted that the writer of the article "A Morning in the Tuileries" undertook to translate the *ronde* into English verse. She has not only disfigured it, she has converted an innocent song into something the very reverse of innocent. I am sure that the English sense of justice and love of fair play will make your readers wish to read it in the original, and I insert it in order that they may see how completely the whole spirit of the song has been changed in the English version, and what a different meaning it has been made to give from that which you find in the original:—

“ Il était une bergère,  
Et ron ron ron petit patapon ;  
Il était une bergère  
Qui gardait ses moutons,  
Ron ron  
Qui gardait ses moutons.

“ Elle fit un fromage,  
Et ron ron ron petit patapon ;  
Elle fit un fromage  
Du lait de ses moutons,  
Ron ron  
Du lait de ses moutons.

“ Le chat qui la regarde,  
Et ron ron ron petit patapon ;  
Le chat qui la regarde  
D'un petit air fripon,  
Ron ron  
D'un petit air fripon.

“ Si tu y mets la patte,  
Et ron ron ron petit patapon ;  
Si tu y mets la patte,  
Tu auras du bâton,  
Ron ron  
Tu auras du bâton.

“ Il n'y mit pas la patte,  
Et ron ron ron petit patapon ;  
Il n'y mit pas la patte,  
Il y mit le menton,  
Ron ron  
Il y mit le menton.

“ La bergère en colère,  
Et ron ron ron petit patapon ;  
La bergère en colère  
Tua son petit chaton,  
Ron ron  
Tua son petit chaton.

“ Elle alla chez son père,  
Et ron ron ron petit patapon ;  
Elle alla chez son père,  
Lui demander pardon,  
Ron ron  
Lui demander pardon.

“ Mon père, je m'accuse,  
Et ron ron ron petit patapon ;  
Mon père, je m'accuse  
D'avoir tué mon chaton,  
Ron ron  
D'avoir tué mon chaton.

“ Ma fille, pour pénitence,  
Et ron ron ron petit patapon ;  
Ma fille, pour pénitence,  
Nous nous embrasserons,  
Ron ron  
Nous nous embrasserons.

“ La pénitence est douce,  
Et ron ron ron petit patapon ;  
La pénitence est douce,  
Nous recommencerons !  
Ron ron  
Nous recommencerons ! ”

I think if an English mother heard the little children sing and laugh, and saw

them kissing each other, she would not discover the vice and immorality of the English version, and would not need to be told that the little ones were unconscious and innocent.

Sometimes the *ronde* is sung without the last two verses ; but when I sang

“ She went to her father,  
And asked him to forgive her,”

I am afraid, when I tell you so, you will think me very stupid, but really it never once occurred to me that the *father* was a father confessor.

There is one point, however, on which I cordially agree with the writer of the article, and it is, that our children are often overdressed, and that it is wrong to spend so much money on frocks and hats when thousands of our poor are dying of hunger. I agree with her ; but does the reproach come well from English lips ? It seems to us that English children, especially very young children, are dressed in a much more expensive manner than our own. The style is different ; yours wear lace and embroidery, whilst the little girls in the Tuileries have ribbons and silk ; but undoubtedly the dress of English is more costly than that of French children. One essential difference which I may indicate is, that young French children play together much more than English children do, and that they do not walk in squares and parks followed by a nurse, or ride out in a carriage with a footman on the coach-box, as children do in England.

The writer of the article moves on and sits down among older children. She watches their games, listens to their singing, learns their names, and commits their conversation to memory. She is now obviously among girls from ten to twelve years old, who have met after attendance at the *cours* to talk and play in the Tuileries before going home. And here again I find a repetition of the mistake to which I have previously alluded. The writer imagines that she is in the midst of the best society in Paris ; she thinks that these girls belong to the Faubourg St.

Germain, and criticises them accordingly. Their rich toilets and coquettish gestures, their self-consciousness and affectation, are commented on in the manner I have described as peculiarly English; and she discerns a reason for every rapid movement, tracing it back to the desire of showing off hat or feather, flounce or trimming or tasselled boot. Surely so much insight is unnatural, and must indicate not a healthy activity, but one that is morbid and diseased. I ask myself with amazement, is it possible to recognize and discriminate motives so as to account for every action of a child, and are we always successful when we try to find out a reason and a first cause for everything?

Certainly I should have plenty to say if I discussed the pictures these girls were looking at, the stories they were reading, and their conversation, or rather the conversation which your writer reports. I have no words for them except those of blame. But I earnestly entreat the writer and your readers not to suppose for one moment that she was listening to the conversation of girls who were either carefully brought up or members of good society.

Fine feathers do not make fine birds. The elaborate dress of these girls proves conclusively that the parents did *not* occupy a high social position. Mothers even of the higher classes often take pleasure in adorning their little children; but in France, as a rule, all mothers have the good taste to dress growing girls with simplicity, and you will find almost invariably that the higher the social position of the parents the simpler is the dress of their young daughters.

Moreover, girls in the higher classes do not play together in the Tuileries at twelve years old; indeed, I can assure your readers, not only that these girls were not "fashionable," but that you must descend tolerably low in the social scale before you meet with such manners and conversation as those which the writer of the article describes.

The description is followed by an account of the *cours*, which are spoken of with great contempt. They have defects, they are in some respects superficial, and they take young girls away from home for several hours. I have been told that the former defect is almost universal, and that even in England the education of girls is not good and thorough. But in spite of shortcomings the *cours* offer appreciable advantages. They are accessible to persons of very moderate means; the instruction they give is, to say the least, quite equal to that which five out of six girls receive from a governess, and by their means the number of girls sent to schools and convents, and thus separated from their parents for many years, has been considerably diminished.

Before long these elder girls also begin to sing. Was so much singing ever heard in the Tuileries? And then follows a translation of the *ronde*. This time not only is the translation bad, but the whole meaning of the song is perverted and twisted into a form which is almost unrecognizable, or would be so if the ballad were not so striking and so well known that there can be no doubt as to the original from which it has been taken:

"A Paris, dans une ronde  
Composée de jeunes gens,  
Il se trouva une vieille,  
Qui avait quatre-vingt ans.  
Oh la vieille, la vieille, la vieille,  
Qui croyait avoir quinze ans!

"Elle choisit le plus jeune,  
Qui était le plus galant.  
'Va-t-en, va-t-en, bonne vieille,  
Tu n'as pas assez d'argent.'  
Oh la vieille, la vieille, la vieille,  
Qui croyait avoir quinze ans!

"Si vous saviez ce qu'a la vieille,  
Vous n'en diriez pas autant!  
'Dis-nous donc ce qu'a la vieille!'  
'Elle a cent tonneaux d'argent!'  
Oh la vieille, la vieille, la vieille,  
Qui croyait avoir quinze ans!

"Reviens, reviens, bonne vieille,  
Reviens ici, promptement!  
On alla chez le notaire—  
'Mariez-nous cette enfant.'  
Oh la vieille, la vieille, la vieille,  
Qui croyait avoir quinze ans!

“ ‘ Cette enfant ! ’ dit le notaire,  
 ‘ Elle a bien quatre-vingt ans ;  
 Aujourd’hui le mariage,  
 Et demain l’enterrement.’  
 Oh la vieille, la vieille, la vieille,  
 Qui croyait avoir quinze ans !

“ On fit tant sauter la vieille,  
 Qu’elle est morte en sautillant ;  
 On regarda dans sa bouche,  
 Elle n’avait plus que trois dents ;  
 Oh la vieille, la vieille, la vieille,  
 Qui croyait avoir quinze ans !

“ Une qui branle, une qui hoche,  
 Une qui s’envole au vent.  
 On regarda dans sa poche,  
 Elle n’avait que trois liards d’argent !  
 Oh la vieille, la vieille, la vieille,  
 Qui avait trompé le galant ! ”

This ballad is probably as old as the nurse’s lullaby, and your readers will not fail to see that mercenary marriages are spoken of with bitter irony and contempt, and that the author takes great delight in the discomfiture of the *galant*.

I have very often sung the song, and I must confess that there is in it a want of respect for the poor old lady, who wished to pass for a girl when she was eighty years old. At the same time, I cannot see why it called forth the *horror* and *disgust* which your contributor felt when she listened to it. A young man marries an old woman for her money, and finds after her death that he has been deceived. Such marriages are “cruel and immoral,” and not the songs which hold them up to ridicule and contempt. Surely, now that English readers can compare the original with the translation, they will no longer be deceived as to the nature and tendency of the *ronde*.

In her severe reflections upon these young girls, who, as I have told you, were neither of “rank” nor of “elegant and refined education,” and from whose youthful lips the *poison* which English

readers find in these ballads did *not* emanate, the author of the translation says : “ In a very few years they will be given in marriage ; they will be wives and mothers as soon as a man rich enough can be found to suit their parents.” Once again I must call attention to an exaggeration so great that it almost makes the statement untrue. All French husbands are not rich any more than they are all old. English people are apt to forget that in France we have very few “old maids ;” it is the universal custom for women to marry ; and in France, as elsewhere, there are *some* young men who are not rich, and *some* young couples who begin life with very slender means. French parents are not always in search of rich husbands for their daughters, and the daughter sometimes feels just a little shade of preference for the man whom she is about to marry. It is true that parents take a more active part in the marriage of their children than they do in England, but the daughters do not object to it, and willingly confide the care of providing for their future happiness to those on whose tender solicitude they have such good reason to rely.

There is more domestic happiness in France, and there are more good parents and carefully educated children, than the author of “A Morning in the Tuileries” has any idea of. Moreover I believe that, by the grace of God, our late misfortunes will lead us into paths of simplicity, steadfast courage, and patient perseverance ; so that in time there will be nothing for us to envy, even in that England which I love so dearly, and which grieves me so much, when, after a superficial glance, it judges my country so severely and with such harsh injustice.

M. DE WITT.

## STRIKE, BUT HEAR.

I AM an abuse, and I know it, and I am not afraid to own it, because I am a vested interest, and that is enough to make even a licensed victualler respectable. For several years I have been paid for belonging to a very pleasant club in a beautiful provincial city, and I expect to be paid for belonging to it as long as I please. It would border upon a breach of confidence to say how much I am paid, though probably the amount will soon be published on authority; but to prevent any virtuous exaggeration I may mention that it has seldom been over two hundred in a year, after deducting what is spent at the club. Naturally I feel it pleasant to be an abuse, and it would be pleasanter still if people would not call me one. It is hard that they should have begun so soon; if they had waited for my great-grand-nephew he might have been expected to stand it; even his uncle ought not perhaps to have grumbled much: but considering that a dozen, even half a dozen, years ago it was a great Liberal triumph to have made me and the like of me possible, it really is hard to be called an abuse so soon, especially as nothing has happened which might not have been expected any time the last twenty years, when people were still wondering if the great Liberal triumph could ever be attained. Still, if it were only for myself, I should not mind so much; everybody gets to care less for his club as he grows older, so if mine is spoilt in five or six years, as most likely it will be, it will not matter so long as they pay me to keep my name on the books.

Unluckily my club is a national institution, so the newspapers will have it, and of course it is not for us to repudiate the honour, especially as we are a very creditable institution, as English institutions go; and as much

may be said of the other clubs in the town, and there are some twenty of them. But if we are national institutions, it is rather a discouraging reflection that Parliament should be at the mercy of advisers who are capable of founding and abolishing an abuse in a single generation.

To speak seriously, we want a great many things at Oxford, but we want stability and organization more than all. We want to be dealt with as a whole by people who can foresee the effect of their own measures, not to be kept in a perpetual fever of agitation by a succession of isolated reforms, half of which are required to remedy the mischiefs introduced by the rest. At present there is every danger that the mistakes of the old University Commission, and of the legislation which followed, will be repeated over again, and there is also reason to fear that mistakes made now will be found harder to remedy than mistakes made then. The conditions which led reformers wrong before are present now. Those conditions may be summed up in two words—great endowments and baffled energies. A number of clever men are engaged in working a system supported by large revenues, and they hardly feel that they are doing a great work. They judge themselves reasonably and modestly: they believe that they could do honour to a good system, they do not pretend to themselves or to others that their abilities are sufficient to supply the place of a good system. They require to have such a system organized for them: and it may certainly be conceded that in the existing revenues and in their abilities there ought to be sufficient materials for any organization. Unfortunately, the public is even more impatient than University reformers, and, we need not say, more incapable of

organizing an University. The result is that the bulk of University reformers are compelled to fall back upon the assumption that the existing organization is perfect—if only its palpable defects were removed—and cannot stop to reflect that institutions, like individuals, sometimes have “the faults of their qualities.” Twenty years ago the grievance of the reformers was that the revenues of Oxford went to fatten dunces, and, what made the matter worse, dunces who had a strong taste and a very pretty talent for obstruction. Of course obstructive dunces had no business at an University, and the reformers persuaded themselves and the public that they were to be got rid of at any cost. Competitive examination presented a satisfactory security that no one should get a scholarship who was not either clever or well taught, and that no one should get a fellowship who was not clever and well taught. After years of agitation and discussion the University reformers had persuaded Parliament to carry out their ideas, and this is the reform they made. True, there were theorists who wished to enlarge the curriculum, and extremists who doubted if every college could produce three walking encyclopædias to act as tutors; and for their gratification it was determined to found schools without prizes, and professorships without classes. Perhaps there may have been some who expected such experiments to succeed—there are hardly any whom their failure has surprised or pained. They lay too much outside the practical work of those who advocated them for the failure to be really felt. The case was different with the failure of competition, though that also might have been foreseen. Under the old system those who lived by Oxford lived for Oxford; and a bookish docile lad of fifteen, who made up his mind to live for Oxford, had more certainty of being able to live by Oxford than he has now. When he had once got his scholarship, and he must have been unusually friendless or spiritless to fail, he had simply to conduct himself well.

He was sure to succeed to his fellowship, which brought the obligation of residence and the hope of college office, which he attained at an age when a clerical tutor of the present day is on the eve of taking a college living, and a lay tutor is already regretting that he has no college living to take: he spent the best and ripest years of his life within the walls of his college, he gained such a reputation and authority in his college and his university as seemed due to his character and abilities, and he retired satisfied with his share of the world, to spend the evening of his days in a pleasant country parsonage. Of course under this régime there were useless dons, as there have always been useless squires, and it is believed there are useless aldermen, who will never convince mankind of the necessity that civic corporations should possess estates sufficient to enable them to give grand dinners. But in those days it had not been discovered that because a corporation was useful to the nation, its property was the property of the nation: and consequently the public were in no danger of being tormented by that peculiarly British optical illusion which makes a sum of public money seem larger than it is, and the same sum of private money seem smaller than it is.

The reformers perhaps underrated the merits of this system; certainly they overrated the advantages of competition: they expected that by bringing a number of clever men together they could not fail to evolve something higher than cleverness; but the great mistake of all was to suppose that they might cut away as much of the old system as they pleased, and the rest would stay of itself. They thought that they could sweep away stupid dons by examinations, and useless dons by sending off all fellows who were not wanted for college work to be barristers and schoolmasters, and then that the best Oxford men would stay in Oxford and be as contented as before. But the don of the old school was contented because he had stupid and useless neighbours; because in taking orders he had pledged himself

already to a life of arbitrary restrictions and of limited horizons ; because a long series of competitions had not inflamed his appetite for sensible success. The success which was in his reach came to him after he had passed the years in which men expect too much from themselves and the world, and that expectation had not been raised to an unnatural pitch by an exhausting course of exercises in the art which people are expected to have mastered by three-and-twenty—the art of being ready to write upon anything in the manner of a man who is familiar with everything. To him the greater part of knowledge was still distant, unfamiliar, attractive ; it might be the reward of his life to reach two or three such views as a fashionable “coach” assimilates by the dozen out of fashionable books, spending a week at the outside upon each, while his pupil, if intelligent, can use any view in any examination after an hour’s lecture.

The result was, that the reformers produced something quite different from what they intended, and they are but half satisfied with their work, and they want Parliament to help them to reform their reformation. Parliament will do well to ascertain, before doing anything in the matter, that they have made much greater progress than they have made yet in understanding the system they have undertaken to reform. At present, hardly any Oxford reformer (with the illustrious exception of the Rector of Lincoln, whom the reformers that I am criticising agree to shelve as “unpractical”) has got beyond the rudimentary conception of the redress of grievances. Most of the fellows cost the college a great deal of money, and do very little for it, so sinecure fellowships are to be terminable : it is felt that any term which could be proposed will hardly shorten the average tenure, so the value of sinecure fellowships is to be cut down. It is hard not to be allowed to marry till forty or fifty, so celibacy is to be abolished ; of course a married man must provide for his family, and the value of tutorships is to

be raised in proportion. And people still imagine that after this is done everything really will be for the best in the best of all possible universities, and that anything further that can be wished for will come of itself, thanks to the spontaneous energy of the married residents.

Now the people who speculate after this fashion certainly hold that the Oxford of to-day, with all her faults and shortcomings, is still a great and noble institution, and such as she is she is what celibacy and competition make her ; and it is really a startling thing that those who think there is much in Oxford worth keeping, should propose to abolish celibacy, and virtually to starve competition, without a thought of what is to take their place. One could understand a proposal to sweep away Oxford altogether, to make room for something better ; one could understand a project of producing by other and more effectual means the very considerable good which Oxford does now, as well as the immense and indefinite good which it might be expected to do, on the obvious ground that it is as rich as any ten German universities together, and therefore ought to be ten times as distinguished as any of them.

Oxford, as it is, is a singularly perfect and delicate machine for the formation and regulation of opinion, and for the maintenance and diffusion of historical, literary, and philosophical knowledge. For these purposes it is as well fitted as any human institution can be expected to be. For the extension of knowledge it does not answer as well ; it is rather doubtful whether it will ever be possible to persuade hundreds of men to make the extension of knowledge the business of their lives, in a time and in a place where there are so many pleasanter things for the natural man to do ; and there are reasons, as we shall presently see, why the typical Oxford resident is very unpromising material to be moulded into a maker of discoveries. If a man has a genius for discovery, Oxford will not warp or stifle it ; but the industrious multitude of extraor-

dinary supplementary professors and private lecturers, whose laurels will not allow our reformers to sleep, have no genius in particular: they are simply meritorious hewers of wood and drawers of water in the temple of the Muses; they advance knowledge because it is their *métier*.

It is known that the University of Oxford as distinguished from the colleges is not very rich, and such resources as it has are rather wastefully administered: much is frittered away in capricious benefactions for semi-ecclesiastical purposes; more (it will surprise and edify outsiders to learn how much) in providing non-existent students of natural science with all kinds of luxurious superfluities of study. The disposable wealth of Oxford practically consists of the stipends of non-resident fellows and of heads of houses, who of course are resident. It is a proof of the value of keeping up appearances that the outside world has not yet begun to suspect that the revenues of resident heads are more completely wasted than those of non-resident fellows. The head of a house has no intelligible duty whatever except that of presiding in college meetings: for discharging this he is immensely overpaid, and without any fault of his own he discharges this very badly. In the first place, no college likes to give itself a master; and if it is betrayed into doing so by admiration for distinction and ability, the fellows find out their mistake in time to assert their independence. The normal head is either a dignified person, who would like if he could to govern upon principles which he knows the college will not sanction, or an intelligent, perhaps a distinguished person, who is content to reign and take his chance of leading. Most heads rather than be idle occupy themselves with much needless correspondence with fussy parents, which, when it produces any effect at all, does harm by persuading a class of well-connected idlers that they confer a favour upon the University by condescending to pass two or three years of their

valuable time in disturbing it. Of course, while the majority of residents are so young, and while the colleges continue to manage their own property, it is convenient that there should be one person in college besides the Bursar who knows something about that subject, but an average of twelve hundred a year is rather a high price to pay for the convenience. If the senior tutor, or the tutors in rotation, had an extra couple of hundred a year for presiding in college meetings, the one indispensable duty which a head does now would be done better, and the college would have a revenue available for exhibitions to clever men whose want of early training kept them from scholarships, and for rewarding the educational staff, who are certainly underpaid. Notwithstanding this it would not surprise me if the Rectors, Masters, Provosts, Presidents, and Wardens retained their incomes to the end of the chapter by the assiduous discharge of custodial, prepositorial, presidential, rectorial, and magisterial functions.

With the exception of what is absorbed by the heads, and of what at some colleges has been reserved for the claims of poverty or local connection, the revenues of the colleges are spent in tempting hopeful young men to continue their education, and postpone their entrance into active life, up to three or four or five and twenty. The system works in this way. At eighteen, or more commonly at nineteen, not unfrequently at twenty, the student obtains an open scholarship, tenable for five years, if he resides so long. He is practically pledged to read for honours, and unless singularly clever or industrious, he runs a serious risk by going up for his degree under four years, which brings us at once to two or three and twenty. Besides, if he gets a decent degree, he is sure of three or four pupils among the junior men he knows, and he has a year of his scholarship to run, so that he is money in pocket by staying on in Oxford to the last; and while he stays, he has more time, more taste, more opportunity for reading than he ever will have again. So much for

the average scholar of the average college, who is supposed to be capable of nothing beyond the very moderate attainments required for a safe second, which in his case certainly do imply six hours' honest work a day for four years.

Now for the *crème de la crème*, the score or two of men who get firsts, or who ought to get them, and who do sooner or later get fellowships. It might be said that the whole of Oxford really exists for them: the teachers exist for them, since they are the only pupils who can be said seriously to learn anything; the other students exist for them, and almost seem to have come to Oxford to learn the superiority of their successful competitors. It does not follow that the system is bad because it avowedly culminates in the few prize examinees that are bred every year: we all believe that the final cause of the British Constitution is to put twelve men into a jury-box to acquit Kelly and settle the title to the Tichborne estates. Let us admit for the moment that a spiritual and intellectual institute, if it is to be worthy of the name, can never be truly democratic, that it must always do much for the few and little for the many, and then we shall be able to examine without prejudice what is the effect of this costly and elaborate machine upon its limited and normal product. When our first-class man has taken his degree at two or three and twenty, he has read more or less of twelve classical authors, so as to translate any part of them at sight, and he is capable of reading the rest intelligently; he is very tolerably grounded in the outlines of Greek history from Homer to Demosthenes, of Roman history from Romulus to Domitian; he has a tolerable acquaintance with the course of Greek speculation from Thales to Epictetus; he knows, generally at *n<sup>th</sup>* hand, the results of British psychology. Very probably he has learnt to think and write upon all these subjects in terms of the philosophy adopted by his "coach;" but though he for the most part understands his fine phrases pretty well, it is probable that he would have done better

without them. Even without this work of supererogation, to master the text of his books and to assimilate the traditional view of the other subjects of the curriculum, supplies occupation for four years. And his education is not completed yet; he has still from one to three years to spend in reading for a fellowship. He comes under this obligation as follows: No college can venture to repeat the University examination with the preposterous pretension of enforcing a higher standard. Accordingly, though the range of examination for a degree is so wide that very few students could fill it up by their own reading without the help of oral tradition, the range of examination for a fellowship is of necessity wider still, and may be said to presuppose a general acquaintance with the philosophy of history, and the history of philosophy and art. Besides, knowledge is sufficient for a first; for a fellowship it is necessary to have the faculty of forming and expressing an opinion, and highly desirable to show something which may be taken for rudimentary thought. After his success he has still to pass a year in Oxford, and this year is available for completing and digesting the body of ideas which have been gathering round him for the last six or seven years.

Now at last he has to decide the question of his future, unless the position of his father decides it for him; if he has not the near prospect of a seat in Parliament, he has to settle whether he will stay in Oxford as a teacher, or go to the Bar, or take a mastership or a curacy. Up to this point the training and interests of all have been the same, they have stimulated each other, they have criticised each other, they have kept up a constant exchange of ideas and information. And this of itself is a very considerable advantage of the present state of things. But for the system of fellowships, the men who go to London at twenty-six would go at twenty-one. What keeps them is the prospect of being made unnaturally comfortable till they are thirty or even thirty-five, and the certainty that if they do fail in

practical life (and the delay in beginning does not increase their chance of success), they will be secure from the most painful consequences of failure. What they gain by staying is very different from the motive which makes them stay; they gain the academic temper, the temper of the New Academy, the temper which is familiar with all ideas, and is not subjugated by any; which has learnt to act freely and consistently without needing at every turn the support or restraint of mechanical certainties, such as traditions supply or majorities manufacture, which is disinterested enough to look upon all sides of a question because it can bear indecision. This temper is not learnt in the world. Men who have begun life young, and have been practically useful by hard work, often retain an enlightened interest in the highest questions; but in one thing their zeal is hardly ever according to knowledge. When a new view or a new theory comes before them, they begin with the question which ought to come last; they ask at once: Is it true? They are impatient to affirm or deny. Considering the indefinite number of important things of which we know little at all times, and considering the way in which they are pressing upon us now, it may be thought as desirable to leaven English life with a little of this spirit as to maintain a well-to-do duke, and even under the present wasteful system it hardly costs so much.

Those who stay in Oxford gain at least as much as they give by their contact with the birds of passage. It is the birds of passage who make the competition for fellowships a reality: if it were not for them, though the form of examination might be observed, the appointment would practically be made by the tutors, who would think chiefly of selecting an useful colleague and successor. Fellows would be appointed younger, and the reduced interval between their degree and their election would not be available for general reading; it would suit the candidate better to acquire a precocious reputation as a successful teacher. As it is, a college is

forced to decide principally by the examination, because, if it set its heart upon electing tutors, it would have no guarantee of keeping them. And the tutor himself is a different man for having had the option of active life open to him to the last, as the barrister is a different man for having had the option of lettered ease so long. It is to this long intercourse that we owe the intellectual continuity of the best English society, while in other countries, and in none more than in Germany, the lettered class stands aloof contemptuously both from the Philistine *bourgeoisie* and the feudal aristocracy.

In attempting to describe the formation of Oxford society, one naturally finds that one has anticipated much of what there is to say about its character. Those who compose it have acquired from their education the habit of open-mindedness; they have an interest in ideas because they have no direct individual interest in life; they teach each other through their daily intercourse how to admit, and an art in which the German learned are painfully deficient—the art how not to insist. Perhaps these may seem little things, but they are not without their usefulness; they are certainly not without their influence. Before we tax the Universities with barrenness, we should remember that twice within a generation they have launched a theology upon England. After all, books are a means, not an end: if the Universities had written enough to fill the Bodleian and Fitzwilliam libraries twice over, they could but have influenced thought.

“Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura  
Quæ legis hæc, aliter non fit, avite, liber.”

It is a great mistake to ascribe the superior productivity of the German Universities exclusively to their superior industry and consequent superiority in learning. There are German books which are used at Oxford because no Oxford man could have written them; there are many German books which are or have been read there because

books on the subject are wanted, and few Oxford men would write on a subject on which they could not write better. What a learned and methodical person writes is sure to be useful, and such a person, if industrious, can write a great deal, if he will only write upon the German conditions, if he will consent to be often trite and often rash, to conceive many things crudely and to express most things heavily, to say much that the reader could have said for himself, and sometimes, rather than say nothing, resign himself to say what is unmeaning.

But though it is necessary to sit loose to all ideas except the highest, if one is to make the best of them, it must not be forgotten that there is only one step from sitting loose to ideas to turning away from the ideal altogether, and becoming absorbed in the pursuit of practical interests and the comforts of domestic life. Celibacy is not necessarily a school of purity; it is certainly not in itself a school of self-denial, but it is always a school of detachment and of idealism. The bachelor has given no hostages to fortune; he can afford to follow an idea wherever it leads; he is always restless, always dissatisfied. When a man has learnt to make the reflection of his own warm hearth his guiding-star, he has no need to wander in search of a glimpse of the light which never was on sea or land; he may prize it, but to him it is a luxury: to the bachelor, if he is in any sense a child of light, some gleams of it are a necessity. At present, Oxford is in the main a society of celibates, but already it has ceased to be so exclusively. Already the distractions of croquet are added to those of whist, and afternoon tea as well as common-room curtails the hours of study; if the virtuous seductions of the nursery are superadded to these temptations, we can but tremble for the result. It is in vain that the reformers endeavour to reassure us by pointing to Germany: there the country is poor, the charge of a family less, the position of women

worse; there, as there are no common-rooms, a professor is probably freer when he has married a housekeeper than while he has to do battle with a landlady: and even in Germany domestic interests are generally admitted to have given an official tone to the teaching of the professoriate upon more subjects than one. It is equally vain to promise that if we once make the profession of an Oxford tutor half as good for a family man as that of a Rugby master, the tutor will proceed to choose a line of study and to make discoveries: there are men in Oxford now quite able and willing to add to our knowledge without waiting to be married; it would be quite sufficient to relieve them of pass lectures (which might be done either by eliminating pass-men—that is, two-thirds of the undergraduates—or turning them over to pass-coaches). It may be taken for granted that when they are married, most of them will have to do like other married men in an expensive country, and take all the remunerative work that they can fairly do.

To sum up what I have to say upon a subject on which I feel strongly, though I speak lightly, there is no doubt that sinecure fellowships are an abuse, that the indefinite celibacy of college tutors is a hardship. No system can work healthily under the burden of a confessed abuse, of an admitted hardship. But that system has spread and is spreading through England a free-masonry of critics of all ideas, of connoisseurs of all knowledge. It would be a great pity if this were to disappear and leave nothing but a thriving group of busy, sociable, finishing schoolmasters in its place. At the rate at which things move in England, University reformers have at least three years before them to elaborate a scheme for utilizing the revenues which they overrate, and the prestige which they underrate in organizing a learned order, which will leave the world no reason to regret the diletante culture of

A SINECURE FELLOW.

## THE LICENSING QUESTION IN SWEDEN.

ONE afternoon the proprietor of the general store of a Californian mining-town was contentedly conning his ledger, when a stranger, evidently much excited and in earnest, came hurriedly in, and startled him with, "D'you know what danger you're in?—what a risk you're running?" "No." "Just come outside, then, and see." And leading the surprised grocer to the doorway, he pointed to a keg standing there, on which the superscription, "whiskey," had been written on the first bit of cardboard that had come to hand, which happened to be a deuce of clubs. "Reckon you see now? No? Why, some fellow might just come along with the three, *and take it!*"

The conduct of the excited gentleman in the story was simply owing to his having lived in such an atmosphere of "poker" and "euchre," that he had come to look at everything from a card-player's point of view. He is only an exaggerated specimen of that large class of people who, having taken up with some one crotchet, twist it into spectacles through which to regard all other human interests. Where the crotchet for the time being is a political or social question, such people are sure to make themselves felt, and may, if they are on the right side, do good service to their cause; for they have all the obstinacy and other advantages of enthusiasm. But the misfortune is that, while the pet question remains unsettled, they refuse altogether to see its real proportions relatively to other questions, and treat this and that man as a friend or foe, just according as he does or does not wear spectacles exactly like their own.

The present position of the liquor question supplies an obvious illustration of this tendency. There are, probably, still a good many Gallios in the country who know little, and care less, about

the subject, and would be glad enough to see no disturbance of the *status quo*; but the people who have ideas about it have pushed the question into such prime importance that elections of members of Parliament have begun to turn upon the single point, whether a candidate will support the Permissive Bill of the Alliance enthusiasts, or looks with a friendly eye upon the publicans. Matters having reached this pitch, it is clear that, if only for peace and quiet's sake, and to save our political sense from distortion, something must be done, and at once. But by whom? Not long ago it happened, on one of our railways, that an old gentleman got out of the express during its five minutes' halt, leaving all his *impedimenta* in the carriage. The five minutes expired, the express began to move, but the old gentleman had not returned to his seat; whereupon two fussy, well-intentioned passengers, assuming that he was left behind, proceeded to toss his umbrella, rug, hat-box, and carpet-bag out of the window. The last and heaviest article was barely out of their hands and dancing on the platform, when, from the window of the next compartment, a face purple with indignation looked out, and propounded the hopelessly unanswerable question, "What do you mean by throwing my luggage out of the train, pray?" Her Majesty's Government might fairly put a somewhat similar question to the various alliances, associations, and unions which, as if assuming Mr. Bruce not to intend returning to some modification of his last year's measure, are now threatening Parliament with a plurality of Bills, each embodying a different scheme of Licensing Reform. One party is convinced that the remedy for existing evils is to abolish the liquor trade altogether; another would seek it in a system of

free trade in liquor; a third pins its faith upon a transference of the licensing authority from the magistrates to a board of ratepayers; while a fourth is willing to trust to the magistrates, if only some real power over the number of licenses can be contrived for them. The first and natural objection to all the theories of Licensing Reform at present before the public is the mere fact that they are theoretic; that it is impossible to predict with certainty how they would work in practice. It is for this reason, and because the examination of a system that has not only been tried, but is in actual operation in a country in many respects resembling our own, cannot but be of service in discussing the alteration of our system, that we propose in this paper to give some account of the way in which the liquor question has been dealt with in Sweden.

The "intoxicating liquors" law of Sweden is contained in an Act dated the 21st of May, 1869, and entitled "An Act for Regulating the Sale of *Brännvin* and other Distilled Spirits." In England any Act bearing such a title would be regarded, and rightly, as dealing only with one branch of the liquor question. Indeed, when we speak of the trade in intoxicating liquors, we are probably thinking more of beer than of gin. The "deleterious ingredients"<sup>1</sup> the admixture of which with any intoxicating liquor Mr. Bruce's Bill proposed to make penal, are mostly, if not entirely, used in the adulteration of beer and porter. But in Sweden, owing to the different drinking habits of that country, liquor legislation is concerned solely with the manufacture and sale of spirits. The mass of the people take almost all the alcohol they imbibe in the shape of *brännvin*, a spirit obtained from grain or (less commonly) potatoes, and so bearing a strong family likeness to English whiskey. Beer and porter are compara-

tively so little drunk that it has not been found necessary to class them for legislative purposes among intoxicating liquors, and anybody may sell them anywhere without license or other restriction. It will be understood, then, that the provisions of the general Swedish liquor law are in terms confined to the trade in *brännvin*, but they are none the less applicable to any other species of alcoholic drinks.

The sale of spirits by wholesale only—that is to say, in quantities of not less than fifteen *cans*<sup>1</sup>—stands on very much the same footing as with us. It is to the retail trade that the Act already mentioned is directed, and with it alone we are now concerned. The Act begins by distinguishing two kinds or methods of retailing, viz. (1) retail for consumption *off* the premises (*minuthandel*), the business of the *retail dealer*, which is defined as the sale of quantities of half a *can* (about a quart) and upwards; and (2) retail for consumption *on* the premises, or "serving out" (*utskänkning*), which is carried on by *publicans*. The exercise of either of these trades requires the statutory license, which is granted in the following way. First, as regards the "old burghers." Some years ago, before the date of the Act of 1869, a person who desired to carry on any business in a Swedish borough usually made application beforehand to be permitted to carry it on "as a burgher." Any one who had once obtained permission to set up as (say) a retail spirit dealer, or publican, with burgher rights, became entitled to carry on his calling for life, provided he paid his rates and taxes, and kept out of the criminal courts. The Act of 1869 abolished this privilege for the future, but saved vested interests, so that all persons who were "burgher" spirit retailers, or publicans, at the date of the Act, have a personal right to retain their licenses so long as they conduct their houses properly, and pay the statutory license duties. This being so, the magistrates of every borough and country district are required annually, in April,

<sup>1</sup> *Cocculus indicus*, opium, Indian hemp, strychnine, tobacco, darnel seed, extract of logwood, salts of zinc or lead, alum, and any extract or compound of any of the above ingredients.—*Intoxicating Liquors (Licensing) Bill. Seventh Schedule.*

<sup>1</sup> A Swedish *can* is rather less than three-fifths of a gallon. 100 *kannor* = 57 $\frac{6}{10}$  Imp. gall.

after conference with the municipality, or district council (as the case may be), to send to the Governor of their Province a report, specifying the number of "old burgher" and ordinary licenses current in their district, and expressing their views as to the grant of additional licenses. To these reports the Governor replies, either allowing or disallowing the whole or any part of a proposed grant, as he thinks fit; the only limitation of his discretion being that he may not add to the number of new licenses recommended by any magistracy. The next step is the allotment of the licenses which, by forfeiture, lapse, or the Governor's sanction, are at the magistrates' disposal. Accordingly, some time in July the licenses are offered, either in a lump or separately, for sale by public auction, and are knocked down to the person or persons who offer to pay the retailers' duty on the largest number of *cans*, provided that the magistrates are also satisfied of the applicant's eligibility. This method of bidding requires, perhaps, a few words of explanation. What the bidders do is this: they undertake in advance, that, whatever quantity of spirits they may actually sell in any year during the currency of their license—a period in no case to exceed three years—they will at any rate pay the amount of the statutory duty<sup>1</sup> upon such and such a number of gallons, not being less than a minimum fixed by the Act. From what has been already said, it will be seen that there is nothing to prevent any single bidder from buying up all the licenses offered at any auction. More than this, the concentration of the retail spirit trade of a locality under one management is distinctly encouraged; for if in any case an association or company tenders, before the auction, for a monopoly of the licenses, and the magistracy and municipal or district council report the plan with approval to the Governor, he has

power to hand over all the licenses to the associated applicants without any auction at all. But what becomes of the duties payable by licensees? Two-fifths of the aggregate amount collected are paid into the treasury of the province, and devoted to provincial purposes generally; the remaining three-fifths go, in boroughs, to swell the municipal revenue, and in country districts are distributed among the parishes, proportionately to population, in aid of their local expenditure. With respect to hours of closing, it is laid down as a general rule that no retailing is to go on later than 10 P.M.; but the local authorities are empowered to fix either an earlier or a later hour at their discretion. On Sundays, not only must all public-houses be closed during the hours of divine service, but the sale of any spirit at all, except to travellers taking meals, is absolutely prohibited in country inns, and may be restricted to any degree or prohibited in towns, if the municipality and the Governor agree upon such a step.

Our space does not admit of any detailed account of many instructive clauses of this Act, in which such subjects as the transfer and forfeiture of licenses, adulteration, and penalties are treated of at length. We cannot, however, resist the temptation of commending a few of its miscellaneous provisions to the applause of lovers of paternal government. Whenever a public auction, fair, market, or militia muster is being held in any country district, no retailing of spirits may go on within three-quarters of a mile; and on other occasions which bring people together, district sessions for instance, *bränvin* may only be served at meal-times, and to persons *bonâ fide* taking meals. Again, spirits may not be served to a customer who is apparently intoxicated (*öfverlastad*, "overloaded," is the expressive word in the Act), nor to a minor; and the Act, in its tender solicitude for the helpless tippler, goes on to provide that a person who is "overloaded" is not to be turned out of the house where he has overloaded himself, nor left adrift

<sup>1</sup> These duties are (1) for *retail dealers*, 25 öre (= about 3½d.) per *kanna*; (2) for *publicans*, 40 öre per *kanna*. Every licensee must pay duty on a *minimum* of (in towns) 800 or (in the country) 400 *kannor* annually.

without any one to take care of him. The weak are further protected by a clause enacting that nobody shall be legally compellable to pay for strong drink served on credit; and, as if for fear of violating the feelings of reverence which ought to prevail in well-regulated families, children are expressly forbidden to inform against their parents, and servants against their masters, for offences of whatever nature against the enactments of the statute.

Such, then, is in brief the system of licensing which the Swedish Legislature has devised for Sweden generally. The law containing the system is, however, of such recent date that, if it stood alone, its practical value could hardly yet be estimated. Fortunately, it does not stand alone. In this matter, as in not a few others, the hardworking, energetic inhabitants of a single town set an example to the rest of the country, and paved the way for licensing reform, by setting up an entirely novel system for themselves, and demonstrating its feasibility by success.

In the speech with which Mr. Bruce introduced his Licensing Bill last April, he spoke of the system to which we are alluding, the system in operation at Gothenburg, as "furnishing an instructive example." Let us see what that system is, and what it has done, and then, making allowance for differences of area, population, and habits, ask ourselves whether we might not with advantage learn some lessons from it.

Nearly seven years ago, in the spring of 1865, the municipal council of Gothenburg—which, as every Englishman knows, is the second town of Sweden both in population and commercial importance—appointed a committee to investigate the causes of the intolerable weight of pauperism then pressing upon the inhabitants of that locality. The committee were not long in discovering that drink was among the commonest and most potent of such causes. They found that the poorer classes of their fellow-townsmen were being preyed upon and demoralized by an inordinate number of liquor

sellers, whose self-interest led them to stimulate in every way the consumption of strong drink, while at the same time, by combination and trickery, they contrived to cheat the town of a considerable portion of the duty which ought by law to have come to it from their sales. A great deal of drink, too, was sold on credit, with the natural result that many an artisan, after settling his week's score at the pothouse, had not a farthing of his wages left to take home; and, still worse, many went so far as to pawn clothes and furniture with the publican, and starved wives and children to satisfy their craving for alcohol. And a miserable article they were getting for their money. The liquor shops were for the most part dark, dirty, unwholesome dens, ill-ventilated and comfortless, where adulterated whiskey, if not *finkel* itself (the raw, unrectified spirit), was served out half contemptuously by the publican to his debased customers. It appeared clear to the committee of investigation, that nothing short of a radical change of system could be hoped to cure such social sores as these. Starting with the axiom that the consumption of intoxicating liquors in the town must somehow be reduced, they embodied the results of their experience in the following four principles:—

I. Spirits to be retailed without any profit whatever to the retailer, who can thus have no temptation to stimulate their consumption.

II. The sale of spirits on credit, or on the security of pledges, to be stringently prohibited.

III. All houses in which the liquor trade is carried on to be well lighted, roomy, airy, and clean.

IV. Good victuals, at moderate prices, to be always procurable in drinking houses by anybody demanding them.

It was not in the nature of things that any private individual, trader or non-trader, should be found ready to carry out such a programme as this. It was tolerably obvious that if the scheme was to be "put through" at all, a number of the leading members of the

community must loosen their purse-strings and put their shoulders to the wheel together. And this, thanks to the active public spirit that has for years prevailed at Gothenburg, was done promptly and effectively. Upon the requisition of an influential list of the townsmen, headed by several of the leading mercantile firms, the Government granted a charter of incorporation to a company formed with the express object of working out a thorough reform of the local liquor trade, in accordance with the above principles. By the terms of this charter, the maximum nominal capital of the company (which is of the class that we call "limited by guarantee") is fixed at 200,000 rix-dollars, or rather more than 11,000%. Each shareholder is declared strictly liable up to the amount of his guarantee,<sup>1</sup> but it is distinctly and emphatically laid down that they are not to have any claim to the profits of the company's business, all of which are otherwise appropriated, as will appear further on.

Well, as soon as the Gothenburg Retailing Company had got its charter, it applied for, and obtained, all the licenses (forty in number) then at the disposal of the borough magistrates. The entire number of licenses authorized for the town was sixty-one, but a considerable portion of these being in the hands of "old burghers," whose vested interests had to be respected, the licensing magistrates were unable, with all the good will in the world, to throw the whole trade into the company's hands at once. And it was probably to the ultimate advantage of the company to be thus compelled to occupy the field by degrees; for, what with framing rules and tariffs, hiring and fitting up public-houses, and selecting managers, they no doubt had work enough and to spare to be ready to commence business on the first day named in their licenses, the 1st of October, 1865. Opposition, too, resolute and bitter, had to be met. All the licensees under the old system,

backed by distillers and wholesale spirit dealers, were up in arms against a change which avowedly aimed at a diminution of the number of licensed houses, and the liquor consumed in them. It was easy for such opponents to work upon the prejudices and fears of the more ignorant of their customers, by representing the new company in the odious light of arbitrary interferers with the liberty of the subject, and hinting that it aimed at nothing short of robbing the poor man of his dram. Anyone who read the placards posted up last summer in the windows of our gin palaces and beerhouses, for the purpose of inflaming their frequenters against Mr. Bruce's Bill, will readily conceive the style and line of arguments available on such occasions. However, undismayed by an interested opposition for which they presumably had laid their count, the originators of the company, with capital and the open favour of all the municipal authorities behind them, proceeded confidently to the systematic realization of their idea. Starting with seventeen new houses in the autumn of 1865, they gradually increased the number, as more and more licenses fell in and were thrown into their hands, till, in 1869, all old rights having expired, they acquired a complete monopoly of the publican business of the town. Before going into the question how the monopoly works, it will be well, perhaps, to sketch shortly the manner in which it is worked.

The company is managed by a board of ten directors, half of whom are elected by the shareholders at their annual meeting, and in their turn choose five persons to fill up the body. Any inhabitant of Gothenburg, whether a shareholder or not, is eligible for a directorship, and we have it on good authority that up to the present time there has been no instance of a person so elected refusing to serve. The most important duties of the board lie in deciding how many houses it is advisable to open, and in what localities, and in selecting proper agents to manage them. The company is by law answerable, it

<sup>1</sup> It has not, however, been found necessary, so far, to call upon the shareholders for any part of their subscriptions.

must be remembered, to the provincial and municipal treasuries for the license duty statutablely payable upon every license it holds, but the directors are in no way bound to, and as a matter of fact do not, keep as many houses open as their licenses would warrant, but only so many as they from time to time consider sufficient to meet the wants of the population. Thus, at the present time the company holds and pays license duty upon sixty-one licenses, but it makes use of forty-two only, viz. twenty-five for public-houses, seven for shops in which spirits are retailed for consumption off the premises, and ten allotted to hotels, restaurants, and clubs, leaving nineteen in abeyance, to be employed when and if wanted. Wherever it is decided to open a public-house, the board look out for and take a lease of some suitable premises, fit them up and furnish them for the business, and proceed to appoint a manager out of the numerous applicants who are always on the watch for notice of a vacancy. In making these appointments, the company in its early days reasonably gave a preference to persons of good character who were or had been in the trade on their own account under the old system; but no one is entrusted with the management of a house until he has signed a form of agreement with the company, in which his position and duties are fully and clearly defined. The agreement begins with a kind of preamble, by which the company, after succinctly declaring its own philanthropic motives, and disclaiming all idea of private profit, expresses a confident hope that the manager will, on his part, do all that in him lies to forward his employers' aims. It is then agreed that all sales of spirits and wines are to be credited to the company, the manager looking for his own private profits solely to the sale of malt liquors, soda-water, tea and coffee, cigars, and eatables. Every publican is by law required to keep eatables ready for his customers, and the Gothenburg manager further binds himself to supply hot meats whenever called for. He expressly agrees, too, to serve spirits and wines

for ready money only, and in strict accordance with the company's tariff of prices; to procure his supplies of spirits and wines exclusively from the company; to pay in weekly to the company's bank all his receipts from the sale of their stock, and to furnish them with fortnightly accounts of the quantities of spirituous liquors in his house. No music is to be performed on the premises, nor may the manager exercise any other calling, without the special leave of the directors. Finally, as a guarantee for the due performance of the contract, the manager agrees to find approved security in some definite amount; and rights are reserved to either party of terminating the employment upon two months' notice, and to the company of dismissing the manager at any time, without notice or compensation, in the event of misconduct on his part.

This agreement signed, the manager is installed in the premises to which he has been appointed. He finds himself in possession of rent-free quarters, furnished, warmed, lighted, and stocked with wines and spirits at the company's expense, and, to assist him in carrying out his promises, has always before his eyes a placarded copy of the company's regulations, as to the maintenance of order, the hours of closing, ready-money payments, and so on. His interest is all on the side of the regulations; for as, by the terms of his agreement, not a farthing is to come to his pocket from the spirits consumed on the premises, he is not likely to entice customers to "overload" themselves. Besides which, drunkenness and noise are sure to frighten away the quiet folk who want food and coffee, on which he may make a profit; so that the chances are all in favour of the orderly management of the company's houses. The possibility of a manager being dishonest, however, must of course be taken into account; so the board keep an inspector, who is charged with the responsible duty of constantly visiting the company's various houses, and looking closely into the way in which each is conducted. He examines

the quality and strength of the spirits to see that they have not been tampered with, gauges the quantities in the vats and compares them with the manager's accounts, and reports any irregularities or cases of misconduct that come under his notice. The check put upon dishonest tendencies by the knowledge that the inspector may any moment drop in to overhaul the stock and accounts is found practically effectual, particularly as it is supplemented by every manager's consciousness that a host of would-be managers are always on the alert for a chance of informing against and supplanting one of the envied twenty-five. As for the inspector, it is obvious that the satisfactory working of that part of the system with which he has to do must entirely depend upon his personal activity and character.

But it will naturally be asked—do the managers, after all, make enough profit out of an employment held on such strict terms to support themselves and their families? On the whole, they admittedly do not. Of the twenty-five managers at present employed, six, whose houses are so situated as to be largely frequented by people coming to market, or sailors, have succeeded in making enough to leave them a fair remuneration after paying all outgoings for attendants, firing, &c.; but the remaining nineteen have to be subsidized, in amounts varying from 11*l.* to 50*l.* per annum, to make it worth their while to hold their posts. The seven “shops” which the company keeps solely for the retail of spirits to be drunk off the premises, offer no source of profit whatever to the women who manage them; so these last receive from the company fixed salaries of 50*l.* a year. All these subsidies and salaries are paid of course out of the gross profits made by the company's sales, through their managers, of wines and spirits. Out of the same fund all other outgoings whatever, such as rent, furniture, purchases of spirits and wines, and gas, are defrayed; and then, the balance-sheet of the company having first been submitted to and audited by the municipality, the entire

amount of the net balance in the company's bank is unconditionally handed over to the municipal treasury, to be dealt with as a part of the ordinary revenue of the town. For the first two or three years of its existence, the company reserved the right of appropriating any excess in its contribution to the town revenue, over the amount produced by the license duties under the old system, to some chosen purpose connected with the benefit of the labouring classes. However, in 1868, a party of malcontents, chiefly distillers and wholesale spirit-dealers, got up a rival company, and tried to supplant the favoured one by offering the municipality a considerably higher sum than had, up to that time, been contributed by the established company to the revenue; whereupon, in order to maintain their ground, the latter body entirely surrendered their previous claim to a voice in the disposal of excess profits, and agreed to leave every penny of them thenceforward to the unfettered disposition of the municipality. A few figures will show what the payments to the town revenue from this source have been:—

In 1865-66 the Company held 39 licenses,	and paid in 50,782 rix-dollars. <sup>1</sup>
In 1866-67 the Company held 46 licenses,	and paid in 89,322 rix-dollars.
In 1867-68 the Company held 49 licenses,	and paid in 99,054 rix-dollars.
In 1868-69 the Company held all, = 61	licenses, and paid in 168,239 rix-dollars.
In 1869-70 the Company held all, = 61	licenses, and paid in 196,438 rix-dollars.
In 1870-71 the Company held all, = 61	licenses, and paid in 191,759 rix-dollars.

The actual gain to the town funds by the substitution of the company for the private licensees may be approximately estimated by comparing the amounts which the former has paid in since the time when it got possession of the whole number of licenses, with the aggregate revenue contributed by the sixty-one private licensees in the twelve months preceding the establishment of the company. The result of this comparison is decisively in the company's favour. In the year 1868-69 it brought

<sup>1</sup> A rix-dollar is equivalent to 1*s.* 1½*d.*

into the treasury 38,598 rix-dollars more than was received from the licensees in 1864-65; in 1869-70, 66,842 rix-dollars more; and in 1870-71, 62,119 rix-dollars more.

And here, before diving any deeper into statistics, it will be a relief to turn aside for a few moments and pay a visit to one of these Gothenburg public-houses, to see with our own eyes what sort of places they are. It is market-day, so we may count upon finding a brisk trade going on at Vårdhus No. 9, which abuts upon the market-place, and is the favourite rendezvous of the market-folk. Pushing through a swing-door a few steps above the level of the street, we come at once into a large and tolerably lofty L-shaped room. The sanded floor is scrupulously clean, and dotted here and there with small wooden tables. Across one end runs the bar, behind which stands the manager in snowy shirt-sleeves and apron, backed by a reredos of glittering wine-bottles, labelled port, sherry, champagne, and punch, ranged on shelves that climb almost to the ceiling. The first glance at the bar is enough to remind us that we are not in London. Instead of the familiar row of upright handles, the centre of the counter is occupied by a small army of what may be termed large-sized liqueur-glasses, all brimming full of pure colourless *bränvin*. The flanks of this fiery army are covered by two plates, piled with broken pieces of hard rye biscuit-bread, and a powerful reserve force of spirit decanters is massed in the rear. Not without good reason, too, these preparations, for the army of glasses is being constantly attacked. One moment it is a young smooth-cheeked waggoner with cartwhip in hand, another a sailor from the port, now a mechanic with his tool-bag, and now a probable tradesman in black cloth, that marches up to the bar, tosses off one of the glasses of whiskey, puts a morsel of bread into his mouth and a very few small bronze coins upon the counter, and is gone again in a twinkling without a word to anybody. How much is that stuff in the glass?

The tariff posted on the wall there will tell us. Three farthings! Well, at any rate, an occasional dram of the company's ordinary *bränvin* will not be ruinous to the purse, and, to judge from the taste—it is well-rectified, unflavoured spirit, containing about fifty per cent. of alcohol—it cannot be particularly harmful to the constitution, especially in a cold northern climate, and worked off by outdoor labour. But it is high time to take a look at what is going on in the other parts of the room, away from the bar. It is pretty evident that we are the only loungers in the place. All the little tables are occupied by men and women sitting in twos and threes at their morning meal. Most of them are drinking a cheap Brazilian coffee, with an accompaniment of rye-bread, eggs, bacon, or fresh meat, served by brisk, quietly-dressed waitresses, under the direction and eye of the manager's wife, who superintends the serving out of eatables and the cups that cheer, while her husband watchfully dispenses the glasses that tend to inebriate. There is a low hum of conversation in the room, but no boisterous talking, or swearing, or horse-play. Everybody present has come because he or she wants to eat, or drink, or both, and (except those two middle-aged yeomen in the corner yonder, who are so deep in farming-talk that their tray, with its two cups of black coffee and two glasses of white *bränvin*, stands disregarded) no one seems to spend more time in the house than the satisfaction of his wants requires.

Still, just as it is a matter of common experience that the quiet man at table often has a knack of playing a highly effective knife and fork, so the orderly customers of the Gothenburg company manage to consume a very respectable sum total of alcoholic liquor in the course of the year. The most recent report of the company states the consumption of *bränvin* for the past twelve months to have amounted in round numbers to 200,000 *cans* (the sales for consumption on and off the premises being in the ratio of 11 to 9); that of

"better spirits," meaning arrack, gin, rum, cognac, punch, absinthe, &c., to 38,000 *cans*; and that of wines to 3,000 *cans*. These quantities, divided by the population, give rather more than four *cans*, or, speaking roughly, two gallons and a half, as the average yearly consumption of wine and spirits by every inhabitant of Gothenburg. What a distressing piece of news for those 260 eminent physicians and surgeons who signed their names to the late medical manifesto against the use of alcohol! It must be remembered, though, that the Gothenburg company is very far from content with the present habits of the town in the matter of drinking, while at the same time it may fairly claim to have brought about a most hopeful and progressive improvement of them. The police-office statistics, for instance, show that the number of persons fined for drunkenness, which in 1864 was 2,161, has since that year gone steadily down, till in 1870 it stood at 1,416.<sup>1</sup> The statistics of delirium tremens are still more significant. The number of cases was, in 1865 (the year of the formation of the company), 118; in 1866, 107; in 1867, 82; in 1868, 54; and in 1870 (there is no return for 1869 forthcoming), 14 only. In the presence of such results as these, by whatever combination of causes produced, the directors of the company have good reason to feel inspired. They are not so Quixotic as to think of stamping out spirit-drinking altogether. It is as natural to the Swede to toss off his *schnapps* before a meal as to the Frenchman to take his *petit verre* after one. And so long as a man does not exceed a single dram, no great harm is done, however bad the habit may be theoretically. Dangerous, though, that seductive Swedish custom of the *brännvinbord*, which prevails in every club and restaurant, and in numerous private houses. The taste of the delicately flavoured spirit, when the appetite is at its keenest, and has been provoked by the savoury morsels, caviare,

prawns, anchovies, and the like, with which the pre-prandial "brandy-table" is spread, offers a peculiar temptation to repeat the dose. And how ingenious one becomes in finding excuses for self-indulgence at such times. "When I have taken my dram," an old bachelor of Stockholm used to say, "I am another man. Another man is fairly entitled to his dram. Consequently——" and dram number two lay lightly upon his contented conscience.

With regard to the vexed question of Sunday closing, the directors of the Gothenburg company have adopted a middle course. Petitions in favour of complete closing, very numerous signed and supported by many of the labouring classes, have from time to time been presented to them, but the practical difficulty of stopping the "brandy-table" on Sundays at hotels and clubs (which, as already noticed, all hold licenses under the company), joined to a feeling that such stringency would amount to an excess of zeal, if not to actual injustice, has resulted in a compromise; the existing regulation being that on Sundays spirits may be served in the company's houses only at recognized meal-times, and to persons actually partaking of meals.

Several other Swedish towns have already so far followed the example of Gothenburg as to have handed over all their licenses to local retailing companies, and find advantage from the change, even though such companies make no pretension to purely philanthropic motives, and work with more or less of a view to dividends. In some cases they have simply purchased the monopoly by payment of a lump sum into the town treasury; in others they enjoy their privileges on the terms of defraying a fixed proportion of the poor or school-rate; or again, they have undertaken to pay a share of the interest and sinking fund of loans previously contracted by the town. The capital, however, where it would have been most interesting to see the system tried upon a larger scale, does not appear to have ever seriously contemplated

<sup>1</sup> In Liverpool the number of apprehensions for drunkenness was 14,002 in 1864, and 14,113 in 1870.

it at present. Stockholm, in fact, does not like being serious. It loves its Hasselbacken, its cafés, and its opera, and is in no hurry to set about the disagreeable task of fighting its strong publican party, and purifying its picturesque slums, in the interest of the obscure many. So, while five and twenty public-houses are found amply sufficient to meet the requirements of Gothenburg's 57,000 inhabitants, in Stockholm, with not much more than twice the population, there are upwards of three hundred licenses. The disproportion is startling, but it would sink into insignificance if some of our English towns were taken into the comparison. Look at Wolverhampton, for instance, where there were last year 999 licenses distributed among a population of 72,000, or, in other words, one license to every seventy persons.

What is to be done? The thought will perhaps occur to many of our readers, that the licensing system, of which Gothenburg presents the most complete practical development, may do very well for a population of fifty or sixty thousand, and an area of three or four thousand acres, and yet be utterly impracticable for larger masses and more extended areas. Again, though Sweden is a free country, governed by a constitution in which the direct representation of the people is amply provided for, the popular ideas and feelings differ widely, in several points, from those now current among us. The Swedes are far more tolerant than we of paternal government and traditional restrictions of the liberty of the subject. They like State railways, and scrupulously obey the notice which prohibits your attempting to leave your carriage until the guard has opened the door. They do not rebel against the rule of the State Church, that no one may be married without first producing a certificate of confirmation. And so, in this matter of strong drink, it comes comparatively natural to them to bow to any arrangement that is recommended by authority, and, if all the liquor trade is handed over by the local powers to a

company, to accommodate themselves to the company's regulations.

Now, it is no part of our present intention to frame a Licensing Bill, still less to recommend anything like a wholesale importation of Swedish liquor legislation (or Swedish liquor either, for that matter) into this country. At the same time, several points in the system we have been describing seem capable of supplying valuable hints for our legislators, in dealing, as they will no doubt very shortly come to do, with the question of Licensing Reform.

In the first place, as to the licensing authority. Would it not be an improvement if, while continuing to the magistrates, or rather to special committees of magistrates to be appointed at Quarter Sessions, the actual granting of licenses, their power of issuing *new* licenses were henceforward bounded in the direction of increase by expressions of opinion to be sent in yearly to them by (say) the town council in boroughs, and, in other cases, a standing board of ratepayers? Might not such an arrangement secure the two grand requisites in a licensing authority—unquestioned impartiality combined with adequate local knowledge? Then, is there necessarily any harm in allowing an individual or an association to bid or tender for a plurality of licenses in any locality, provided that full discretion as to the acceptance of any such bid or tender is reserved to the licensing authority? Would it not be better for all parties that a substantial firm or company should work a batch of licensed houses through managers of their own appointment, on the terms of being answerable for such managers' conduct, than that they should practically own the houses as at present, but without any responsibility for the nominal licensees? Again, it has been too commonly assumed among us that the effectual inspectorship of our public-houses is one of those things that it would be Utopian to expect from legislation. But surely, to take the lowest ground, this is merely a matter of money. Offer sufficient salaries, and there will be

little difficulty in finding a competent number of persons who will discharge the responsible duties of supervision to the full as zealously and conscientiously as the Gothenburg company's single inspector.

Finally, we must make up our minds that we cannot clear the ground all at once for any radical change of system. In Gothenburg it was found practicable to get rid of vested interests in a short four years; with us, a hundred and twenty millions sterling stand invested in the liquor trade, and must, in justice and reason, be provided for in any scheme of licensing reform. And, in

fact, the solution of this portion of the question seems to be almost within reach, inasmuch as the brewers and publicans show signs of willingness to accept Mr. Bruce's principle of a license rental, provided that the sums produced by it be applied, in part at least, to the gradual buying out of vested interests. Details are the province of the Legislature, but there is one point upon which all parties in the country are agreed—that, somehow or other, the existing number of houses licensed for the retail of intoxicating liquors must and shall be reduced.

## CHRISTINA NORTH.

BY E. M. ARCHER.

## CHAPTER IX.

MEANTIME, Christina went to her home with the visions which her visit had called up still before her mind. She had not been recalled to the past by anything that she had seen; she did not think for a moment of the future, which at that time seemed far distant; she was occupied with the glimpse she had had into another world, and she dreamt only of the things that she had seen—of Captain Cleasby's looks and words, of his sister leaning back in her chair and looking at her with lazy curiosity; and of the frame in which these things were set, of the luxurious room, and the brilliant flower-beds below the terrace, and the pictures on the walls, and the great stone hall. Thus, to the anticipations and longings which had filled her lonely life there had succeeded the all-absorbing interest of the present. It was not that she was dazzled by the admiration she had called forth, or that she thought much about it, nor that she regarded the Cleasbys as her superiors. It was pleasant to hear them talk, and she wished that she might go again: but she would not go unless Miss Cleasby asked her, and she knew that she had not asked her this afternoon; that, though she had been kind and courteous, she had not spoken of future meetings or closer intercourse. But as yet she did not ask herself the reason of this, and it was another who first disclosed to her Augusta's motive. It was after she had told of all she had seen and heard, sitting by the parlour window, whilst her mother sighed and listened, half with regret and half with pleasure in her auguries; and Mr. Warde, who was there, wrote copies at the table for his night school, but now and then joined in the conversation.

"Of course they don't care for us any more than we care for them," said Mrs. North; "but, after all, that is no reason for not showing civility. If you were to go there once to satisfy Miss Cleasby's curiosity, I think you might have been asked to go again for your own pleasure."

"She was very kind," said Christina. She was sitting at the open window with her work lying idly upon her lap, and one hand played with the creepers which clustered round the wooden framework.

"You don't know about people being kind," said her mother; "you never think of what they say to you. I talk and talk, but I don't believe you hear one word out of ten. And Miss Cleasby might have asked you to go again. I am sure it is not our fault that her brother is idling about the place; we never ask him, and I don't see that it is our fault if he does come."

Then all in a minute there flashed across Christina's mind the meaning of his sister's manner, and the explanation of her silence when he had begged her to come again. What did it mean? Why should he not come to the house if he chose to come? Why should she—why should any one object? And as she asked these questions she leant farther out of the window, and looked down upon the roses, that the evening wind might blow upon her face.

"He seems to be rather an idle young man," said Mr. Warde. "I daresay that he is somewhat of a charge to his sister."

Christina said nothing, but she could not help laughing a little softly to herself at the idea of Captain Cleasby being a charge to any one, or causing his sister anxiety. Life came easily to them, she was sure, and was not, in their eyes, the serious thing that Mr. Warde considered it to be.

"I don't quite see why people should not be idle if they like," she said.

"There is an old song which seems to show that if they do not find fitting employment for themselves, some one else will provide them with work injurious to themselves and others," said Mr. Warde.

"Of course I know the tiresome old hymn," said Christina irreverently; "but it is pleasant to be idle. I like to sit here in the window and do nothing, and I don't see why I shouldn't."

"You have not been idle," said Mr. Warde. He got up from his chair and walked to the window, and looked gravely at the scattered rose-leaves which had fallen under Christina's restless fingers. Christina laughed, but she blushed a little at the same time.

"You should not intimate so plainly who has provided my work for me," she said; "it is not very polite. But I will do my work now, or write your copies for you if you like."

"Thank you, but I prefer my own handwriting."

"What are you setting as copies?" said Christina, coming to look over him, "'Command your temper'! Oh, Mr. Warde, I hope you were not thinking of me!"

"I wish you would sit quiet," said Mrs. North plaintively, "and take some sensible employment; or, if you must talk, at least talk rationally. One would have thought you would have been saddened by the sight of your old home, but somehow it seems only to have made you foolish."

"I can't be always mourning and repenting in sackcloth and ashes," said Christina petulantly; "and if you don't want to hear me talk, I can go to grand-papa."

"I cannot understand Christina," said her mother when the door closed upon her; "she is so childish in some ways. Sometimes the least thing is enough to put her out, but she does not feel for our real troubles. When one thinks of what we have lost, and the little that is left to us, it is very heartless in her to be so unconcerned."

"No, no, not heartless, Mrs. North:

you forget how young she is. Little things, such as seeing new people—such as going to the Cleasbys to-day—make events in her life. Do not grudge her any happiness; depend upon it, she will have enough of sorrow to bear."

"Everyone has sorrow, nobody knows that better than I do," said the poor woman; and there was more of real regret and less of discontent in her voice than usual. "I don't want her to have sorrows,—her life is not such a cheerful one; only I should like her to have a little more sympathy."

"I think you do her an injustice," said the clergyman; "do not forget that she is very young, and her life has been a sad one in many ways. Good night, Mrs. North; brighter days may yet be coming," he added, as he gathered up his books and prepared to take his departure.

He was a sanguine, contented man, and yet Mrs. North's murmurs and discontent did not anger him as they would have angered some men. Even her melancholy retrospections called forth sympathy from his liberal and tolerant spirit, though they were as foreign to his own nature as Christina's vague longings and aspirations. He thought much of the Norths as he walked home that evening—of the old man's increasing sullen bitterness, of the widow's sadness, of the money difficulties which he knew were growing upon them, but mostly of Christina, whose natural happiness was changed at times to rebellious discontent, and whose youth was clouded by the cares and painful struggles of a poverty-stricken home. It was not much that he could do, he thought, but what he could do should be done. Unless, indeed, Christina could be taken away, and then—would that be right by her grandfather and her mother? Thus he speculated without arriving at any definite result; only from that time he went more to the White House, and, as troubles seemed to thicken round her, he often came to shield Christina from her grandfather's anger and her mother's reproaches—not that she felt them very deeply; perhaps she might, as her mother said, be heartless, or she had

some hidden spring of gladness of which they did not know.

Miss Cleasby did not come to the White House, nor had Christina again been to the Park, but yet they met as such near neighbours could not help meeting; they met in the lanes, and sometimes walked together; or Captain Cleasby came to see Mr. North and lingered in Mrs. North's parlour afterwards, and he would ask Christina to come and see his sister, but Christina would not accept his invitation. And so the summer months passed away, and it seemed to Christina that the flowers had never bloomed in such beauty, and that the summer winds had never blown so softly, and that a glory hung over the brown heath which it had never known before.

In a fortnight it would be September, and the Cleasbys were not to be quite solitary any longer: some men were coming to stay there for shooting, and one or two ladies, though they were still living very quietly.

In a few weeks Bernard would be returning home. It was a long time since Christina had heard of him or thought much about him: she did not see his mother very often, and, when she did, Mrs. Oswestry was as unwilling as herself to enter upon the subject. She had a misgiving that the young people might have been foolish, and she thought it best that absence and silence should work a natural cure; more especially since she had received her sister-in-law's confidences about the hopes she entertained respecting Mr. Warde's relations with Christina. But now Bernard was coming back: he wrote in good spirits, and was prosperous and happy; nevertheless, he said he was counting the days until his return, and there were one or two little touches in his letter which made his mother uneasy, though there was no mention of Christina. And now they would be meeting again, and she must speak of him or it would seem unnatural, and tell Christina that he was coming back.

"I expect Bernard to come home in two or three weeks," she said one day when Christina was with her in her

garden, tying up some flowers which had been beaten down by a storm the night before.

"Oh, is he coming back?" said Christina as indifferently as she could; but she bent her head over the flower-bed, and turned away that her aunt might not see her face. And Mrs. Oswestry could not but see that she was moved, and misinterpreted her confusion, thinking, as was natural, that her flush was a flush of pleasure, and that she was shy of showing the gladness the tidings had brought her. She did not know that they had brought her no pleasure, but a rush of shame and regret and a longing to escape that she might not be forced to meet him. She did not know that the memories which constituted Bernard's happiness had become an oppression to Christina which she would fain have put from her, which she actually had put out of sight during his absence, but which had started from their resting-places at the sound of his name and the prospect of his return.

Yes, they had arisen, and were now crowding her mind and overwhelming her with reproaches. She could not help thinking of him as she bent over the flower-beds, feeling the first pang of the knowledge which had been thrust upon her; as she walked quickly home across the heath; as she sat over the sewing in the evening; as she lay sleepless upon her narrow bed;—through all, the thought of Bernard stood before her—of his return and the inevitable meeting. And yet she had not meant to be untrue. She had not changed towards him; only she no longer looked to the Homestead as her future home, and she dreaded the revival of old hopes. She gave a sigh of relief when she remembered that three weeks lay before her, three weeks of liberty: she would try to forget it, for she could not think what she might do; she could not make up her mind until there was no longer a way of escape.

In the meantime the fates in which she trusted were weaving new nets for her feet, and preparing fresh pitfalls along her path. Miss Cleasby had gradually made some acquaintances in the

neighbourhood, and now she was about to gather them together as a return for the civility that had been shown her; and they were pleased at the novelty and the little excitement, and thought the Cleasbys seemed nice people; for they had seen more of Captain Cleasby than of Augusta, and had fortunately heard nothing of the discussion which took place between them when the plan was first suggested.

"Yes, my dear Walter, certainly,—if you think it will be proper; but what do they eat, and what do they drink, and what will they do with themselves when they do come?"

"They are not barbarians," said Captain Cleasby; "I suppose they will do what other people do. A garden party is always a stupid business, but I suppose they will like it."

"It is the sports, the sports and pastimes that weigh upon my mind," said Augusta, languidly.

"Well, we must put up some croquet-hoops, I suppose; there is no need for you to take any part in what you call the 'sports,' though I never heard such a word used except in connection with schoolfeasts, and it is suggestive of nothing but boys jumping in sacks."

"Sacks! boys in sacks! a schoolfeast! I declare you have hit upon the very thing! We will ask the neighbours to look on; it will give them a sense of superiority, and they will not expect to be entertained themselves. I know how the thing is done—I have seen it. Benches full of little boys and girls, clothes' baskets of cake, watering-pots of tea. We can do it beautifully on the lawn, and it will please Mr. Warde."

"The devoted Curate! of course. But oh, Augusta, I don't think I shall like it at all. Will other people like it?"

"Why not? They can play croquet, or dance if they like in the remote perspective. And then we shall have done our duty by the parish."

"Is this the sister who hated schools and poor people, and everything connected with the office of Lady Bountiful?" said Captain Cleasby, raising his eyebrows slightly. "I would not be a

stumbling-block for the world; only forgive me, Gusty, if I say it is not quite in character."

"Am I never to grow wiser? Surely I may be inconsistent if I like!"

"Of course: only I suppose I am privileged to make my observations; to examine the motive and the final cause. If you were an ordinary young lady, I should suspect you of admiring the Curate; but you, my dear Augusta, have a soul above curates."

"I object to generalizations," said Miss Cleasby; "there are differences in curates. As to Mr. Warde, most certainly I do admire him for his energy and devotion to his 'work,' as I suppose he would call it. It is curious that a man should throw himself into it in the way he does. I declare the other day he came up here so full of some lad or other he wanted us to take on at the farm, because he was not doing well where he was, getting into bad company and bad ways, that really I began to feel too that Jim Barrow's future was of the highest importance and an all-absorbing interest. I laughed after he was gone, to think how seriously I had bent my mind to the consideration of the matter."

"You cannot make me afraid for you," said Walter, smiling, "though you do look so unkindly upon my little predilections; I nevertheless give you leave to admire the parson as much as you like. Shall we say the 4th—that will be Tuesday—for this festivity? How amused people would be if they could see you and me giving a schoolfeast! But in these uncivilized regions, where no one knows us, I suppose it seems quite natural and proper."

Thus it was arranged, Captain Cleasby only further stipulating that Christina should be asked. "She will be our greatest ornament, always excepting your curate, Gusty," he said; and though Miss Cleasby answered that "she would be more ornamental than useful," she had of course no wish to exclude her from so unlimited an entertainment.

The neighbourhood generally was pleased: Mrs. Sim was sure that it was

very kind, and her daughters would be most happy to assist in any way which lay in their power; and Lady Bassett, an old friend of General Cleasby's, who lived at the other side of Overton, heard Augusta discussing her preparations, and laughed and declared she should drive over with a party,—it would be so amusing to see Augusta doing the honours. The Gregsons were coming, and Mr. Warde, of course; and Christina had received a cordial invitation from Miss Cleasby. She would not say no, but she hardly knew whether she was pleased at the prospect of going among numbers to the Park. It was not that she was troubled by any of the misgivings which tormented her mother, as to how she would appear among the neighbours of whom she knew so little, and among the Cleasbys' grand friends who were strangers to her; nor that she thought of them in connection with herself: but that now for the first time she was to see Captain Cleasby among his old acquaintances, the people with whom he had interests and reminiscences in common; and she wondered if the new circumstances would divide her from him, and if she would again see the barrier which lately she had almost overlooked.

The broad stretch of level lawn, lying at the bottom of the steps which led down to it from the terrace at the Park, was, as everyone said, the very place in which to give a schoolfeast. The low fencing separated it from the fields which lay beyond, sloping down to the road, and the big cedars bounded it on the one side, whilst the flower garden and standard roses lay on the other. The flowers were still fresh and blooming, although it was the beginning of September, for there had been rain the week before; and Captain Cleasby had disconsolately depicted the misfortunes attendant on a wet day. "I know how it will be, Augusta," he had said: "a fine morning, of course; no excuse for postponing this dreary festivity; but just as we get them seated at the tables, down will come the rain, and we are in common humanity forced to invite the

whole host, wet boots, fustians, and everything else, into the house."

"It will not rain," his sister had answered; "I won't allow such grumbling:" and she had proved right; and Tuesday came, and the sun blazed fiercely as a September sun should, and the long cool shadows lay across the lawn, and the south wind blew over the brilliant flower-beds and fluttered the folds of the white table-cloths.

Augusta stood at the top of the terrace steps to receive her guests, but it was early as yet, and the school children had not arrived.

"Dear Augusta, I am so pleased to see you looking so well," Lady Bassett said, as she stepped out from the drawing-room on to the terrace, and came forward and kissed her; for she had known her for years, and she was a very affectionate gentlewoman, with a fair complexion and pale blue eyes and a caressing manner. She had her two girls with her and several other young people, and they all clustered round their hostess with some cordiality and more curiosity, for they were seeing her under new circumstances, and Augusta was not generally popular with young ladies.

"Oh yes, thank you, I am quite well again," she said, in answer to Lady Bassett's salutation: and she did look not only well, but very handsome, standing there in her deep mourning among the girls in their muslins and coloured ribbons; for there was something striking in the contrast, and her long black dress suited her massive beauty better than anything lighter or more girlish.

"Come and sit down," she said to Lady Bassett; "it is so hot, and the children have not come yet:" and then she sat down herself in a low garden chair and paid no more attention to her younger guests; for it had never been her habit to put herself out of her way for anyone; so she sat pulling a geranium absently to pieces, and did not even pay much heed to Lady Bassett, who talked at intervals, and mentally wondered why Augusta's manners had not improved. She had been a good deal in the sun that

morning, and the chair was very comfortable, and Lady Bassett's voice was apt to sink into a murmur, and the wind blew very softly, and everything combined had a soothing effect; and when Captain Cleasby came round to the corner of the terrace where they were sitting in the shade, to beg his sister to come and receive some new arrivals, he found that her eyes were closed, and that she was breathing softly, with her hands lying loosely upon her knees. Lady Bassett was still talking, but she was looking away from Augusta, with her parasol between her and her auditor.

"I was just telling your sister," she said, "that in my opinion you ought to have some more flower-beds on the other side of the cedar. A cedar is always such a dark thing," said Lady Bassett, a little contemptuously.

"Yes, you are quite right—very dark indeed," said Walter, hardly knowing what he said in his vexation, and only anxious to shield his sister's misbehaviour. "I came to take Augusta away: the Creeds have just come;" and he took one of his sister's hands as he spoke. "Gusty, you must really come," he said, with rather more sharpness in his voice than the occasion seemed to Lady Bassett to warrant.

"Oh, Walter!" said his sister, slowly opening her eyes; and then she smiled languidly.

"You know Admiral Creed, don't you, Lady Bassett?" Walter said, to give her time to recover herself. "He lives three miles on the other side of Overton; they are the oldest established people hereabouts, I believe."

"Yes, of course I know them. Your brother is quite right, Augusta; you had better go and receive them,—he is rather a touchy old man. Come, my dear, you have really spoken to nobody but me."

"I thought Walter was equal to any number of young ladies," said Augusta; "they are really much more in his way than mine." But at last she did relinquish her chair, and went towards the cluster of young ladies and the young men who were straying about on the

terrace, rather as if they did not quite know what to do with themselves.

Admiral Creed was looking hot and fidgety, for no one but Walter had been there to receive him, and he was anxious to explain why his wife had not come, and to represent that his presence was only to be accounted for by the necessity of chaperoning his daughter; but he calmed himself at Augusta's approach, and only wondered that she did not seem to miss Mrs. Creed at all.

"I think you might make up a croquet set now,—some of you young people, I mean," she said, thereby giving mortal offence to the Admiral, who was the most noted croquet player of the neighbourhood, and who pursued the game with the enthusiasm of youth. "Walter, are the hoops there? I hope they are in the shade. Is your son with you, Admiral Creed?"

"Yes, he is on the lawn somewhere: and I thought I might bring a friend of his—Fielder; I think he said he used to know you."

"Of course—we are old friends," said Augusta; and she held out her hand to a handsome young man standing a little in the background, and smiled as he said something of pleasure at meeting her again, thinking of the conversation she had had with Walter, in which Algy Fielder had taken so prominent a part. But she had not any more time for him now; people were arriving fast, and although Lady Bassett and her party kept rather distinct from them, the Overton people all knew each other, and there was a buzz of talk and a sound of laughter as they stood about together in groups, or looked on at the croquet players knocking the balls about on the lawn. And then suddenly there was a little pause in the conversation of those standing nearest to the glass door, and people looked round; and although Captain Cleasby's back was turned, he felt instinctively that Christina had come amongst them.

He knew it quite well, even before Algy Fielder exclaimed, "Who is that girl, Cleasby?" and he answered without turning round, only for a minute inter-

rupting his conversation with Lady Bassett: "Oh, that is our neighbour, Miss North."

"He knew it by instinct," his friend said, laughing; and then, though Captain Cleasby still talked on to Lady Bassett, he moved to the back of her chair, so as to see how Christina was received; and he saw that people looked at her a little strangely; they did not know her, and she did not know them; the Overton people were affronted at the attitude taken towards them by Mr. North, and would not be the first to make advances to his granddaughter, who now came amongst them for the first time, alone and unprotected. And he saw too that Christina remained standing still for a moment irresolutely; and though he was a little anxious, his eyes rested with pleasure and pride upon her graceful figure. He was too far off to see clearly, but he knew quite well how erect she was holding her head, and how her beautiful eyes were looking round fearlessly at them all.

"How on earth did you know who I meant?" Algy Fielder asked him.

"Simply because she is the only girl about here you would look at twice," he answered in a low tone, so that Lady Bassett did not hear; and it was true enough that he had known well that Christina alone among his guests could call any marked attention upon herself.

His sister went forward to meet her, and he noticed with pleasure the cordiality of her greeting; and then she introduced her to some of the other visitors, and Captain Cleasby, relieved from his fears lest she should be slighted, went off to attend to the croquet players, and did not at once go to speak to her.

Soon after there was a general crowding to the front of the terrace, and the croquet players interrupted their game, for the children, headed by the teachers, came walking in procession across the lawn, waving their blue and yellow banners; and Mr. Warde followed, evidently occupied with the business of the day, and thinking chiefly of how his children would demean themselves; and there was a general bustle, and the

children gathered round the tables. Most of the visitors remained standing upon the terrace, preserving their attitude of spectators, but Christina went down the stairs to speak to the poor people whom she knew, and be civil to the teachers; and Miss Cleasby too went down on to the lawn, and shook hands with Mr. Warde.

"I hope everything has been properly arranged," she said; "please give any orders you like—we know so little about this sort of thing. Need they sit any longer staring at their plates, or is that a necessary part of the proceedings?"

"Grace has not been said yet," said Mr. Warde; and then he moved to the end of the long table, gave the order to stand, and took off his hat. Somehow, after all the gossip and laughter that had been going on around her a minute before, and which was going on now at the further end of the lawn, there was something ludicrous in the rows of solemn faces, half fearful, half expectant, and the sudden silence. Augusta could have smiled, but for Mr. Warde's imperturbable gravity, as he said grace in sonorous tones, simply but solemnly, standing bareheaded on the lawn.

And then the real business of the day began. Some of the young people came down from the terrace to help in waiting on the children, and if the principal actors were grave and silent, at least laughter and merrymaking went on around them, to which they paid no sort of heed; and the young men made their little flattering speeches, and the girls smiled and chattered, passing in and out of the sunshine and the shade; and Captain Cleasby sat on the end of one of the tables, talking to Christina. There he stayed in spite of Lady Bassett, who smiled as she passed, and told him it was an undignified position for the master of the house, and in spite of Mr. Warde's frank remark that he was rather in the way.

"Why should they want to disturb us? It is very hard that I mayn't have my little pleasures," he said to Christina.

He had seen that people looked at her curiously, and he was determined to

make it up to her—or rather that had been the motive he had avowed to himself when he first took his place by her, but it was forgotten now. Augusta was too wise to make any attempt at interference, but she noticed it as she sat under the cedar, and it confirmed a determination she had conceived some days before.

“What a pretty girl! but who is she?” said Lady Bassett, looking at Christina.

“She lives close to us—a granddaughter of the old Mr. North who used to live here, you know,” said Augusta. “I don’t suppose you would be likely to have met her before; they keep very much to themselves. We don’t know them very well, though we are such near neighbours.”

“Walter seems to know her pretty well,” said young Fielder, putting up his eye-glass.

Miss Cleasby took no notice of the observation, but she heard it nevertheless, and turned away rather quickly to speak to Admiral Creed; but she could not escape from discussion of the Norths.

“So that is one of the Norths who used to live here?” he said. “I remember their leaving, of course, but I understood the old man would see no one now. They were entirely ruined—the son did something very discreditable, I believe—this girl’s father, I suppose.”

“I suppose so,” said Augusta: and soon after she got up and walked away to speak to Mr. Warde, who was arranging what she had called the “sports and pastimes.”

“The Cleasbys seem quite to have taken up the neighbourhood,” said Lady Bassett.

“With a vengeance!” said Admiral Creed. “Upon my word, there are heaps of people here I hardly know. The parson she seems to think so much of is an excellent fellow, I believe, but he is not a man you care to ask to dinner!”

Thus did people look on at their hosts from their various points of view, while the shadows lengthened and the sinking sun blazed upon the windows of the

house; and gradually they began to disperse, and the children’s spirits flagged, and Mr. Warde got them into order and marched them off, cheering lustily for the “Squire” and his sister.

Miss Cleasby was still lingering on the lawn, though the grass was growing damp with dew, and she owned to being tired of it all. Many of her guests had not yet taken their departure; and when Admiral Creed’s carriage did not come, Miss Cleasby proposed that they should go into the house, for already it was growing chilly, and the sun had set.

Conversation flagged, as was natural, during the quarter of an hour which followed. Admiral Creed fretted and fumed, and openly wondered why his coachman was so unpunctual; and the young ladies tried to make friends with Miss Cleasby’s retriever, who was as indifferent and unsociable as his mistress; and Captain Cleasby, who might have been of use, had gone to the stables with some of the young men. But the time did not seem long to Christina. She had not yet gone home, because just now she was not so placed as to make it convenient for her to take her leave. She was standing in a recess of the window just behind the curtain, and old Mrs. Gregson was sitting before her and had begun to tell her a long story about a schoolfeast she had once given when she was first married. The old lady was very deaf, and Christina was called upon to make no response, and could only smile and nod her head in answer; and Mrs. Gregson was pleased, and thought that she was a nice girl and interested in an old woman’s talk, and did not know that Christina was only living the afternoon over again and smiling at her own recollections.

And so Mrs. Gregson went on in her quavering animated old voice, and Christina stood there half leaning back against the open window, and her lips just parted with that unconscious smile, when, suddenly, voices in the garden outside struck upon her ear and brought a change over her thoughts. There had been laughing and talking going on all around her, and she had paid no heed to it, she had not even heard it; and the

voices below the window outside on the terrace were not loud, and she was not listening, and yet as she caught the first word her attention was fixed, and she could not help hearing what was said.

"Don't be such an idiot, Algy. You will be asking me next if I have any intentions with regard to old Miss Trenchard, who wears a front and a poke bonnet!"

"So I shall, my dear fellow, when you devote yourself to Miss Trenchard for a whole afternoon and speak to no one else,—of course, if you did, people would begin to talk."

Christina did not tell herself that they were speaking of her, but a sudden flush came over her face, and she made an involuntary movement as if to escape; but Mrs. Gregson was in front of her, still chattering on placidly, and there was a table in the way, and she was as it were hemmed in on every side.

"Half the harm in the world is done by what you call 'talk,'" she heard Captain Cleasby say. "As to Miss North, somebody said she was to marry her cousin, so I wish you would not talk nonsense: she is a charming girl, and I should be very sorry that any mischief should be made by a friend of mine."

Then there was a tramp of footsteps on the gravel, and Christina knew that Captain Cleasby had moved off, but still the conversation went on below the window, and now it was young Mr. Creed who spoke.

"It is all very well for Cleasby to talk," he said, "but he cannot expect people not to be amused at his way of going on. Do you remember how he flirted with that girl at Naples, Fielder? I believe his sister was very angry about it; and all the world was astonished when she married that Captain Davison."

"I rather think you had better keep your reminiscences to yourself: he was not half pleased at my making fun of him about Miss North: and after all I don't wonder,—she is pretty enough for anything; but I suppose he will look out for money, or connection, or something, if he ever does get himself——"

And at that moment Christina came suddenly out of the corner, pushing

against the table and interrupting Mrs. Gregson's discourse, and coming forward into the middle of the room.

"Are you going?" said Miss Cleasby, as she came up to her with her cheeks still flushed by the sudden rush of shame and indignation, and her lips no longer parted, but firmly shut.

Yes, she was going, she said: and she made her way out from amongst them all, and went rapidly down the slope towards her home, that she might not run any risk of again meeting Captain Cleasby. "Why did people say such things?" she was thinking to herself as she passed along quickly. Oh, it was cruel, it was horrible; why should people say such things just because—because—Captain Cleasby had been friendly to her? Her afternoon had been so happy: she had not thought of anything but the pleasure of the moment; she had not been in any way deceived, and yet Captain Cleasby had been different from usual. And now she knew that all the time he thought she was going to marry her cousin. It was some silly report, of course—no one really knew how matters stood between her and Bernard, except themselves;—still his words had given her a sharp pang. How indifferently, how carelessly he had spoken! "She is a charming girl." The words came back to her, and the tone of his voice as he had uttered them, and indignation almost mastered her pain. Then again she said to herself that it was not his fault: he was anxious that people should not, as he said, talk about her, and she supposed it was his way to be soft and gentle and friendly. His friends had spoken of that other girl abroad who had married Captain Davison; but what did it matter to her? why should he not have admired other girls? Only now she would be on her guard, not because of him, or of herself, but because no one should have cause to blame him or her.

## CHAPTER X.

THE dusky air was heavy and sweet and damp with the gathering dews of a warm autumn evening: it is a charm

quite distinct from the after-glow of summer sunsets, and yet it has an attraction which perhaps nothing in summer can equal. Faintly, very faintly, the stars were beginning to shine forth, and the young moon showed a dim image of herself rising above the woods, whose varied foliage had faded into one soft grey line rising and falling in wavy outline against the sky, hardly distinguishable from it in the waning light. The fallen leaves no longer rustled, but lay damp and soft beneath her feet, as Christina made her rapid way along the avenue under the great lime-trees. And now she was passing down into the Hollow where the White House lay; she had reached the gate, and for the first time she was roused from her own thoughts, roused to surprise and a sort of vague fear. There was a carriage standing in the road, and the house-door was wide open, and a sound of murmuring voices came to her as she stood for a moment in the garden. Her mother was in the passage with a man, and now she could see that it was the doctor.

"No excitement should be permitted, my dear madam," he was saying pompously, waving his little fat, white hands. "In these cases quiet is all-important. Mr. North is evidently a nervous subject; he should remain quiet until to-morrow. I will call early in the day."

"Oh, what is it?" said Christina, coming up, pale, and with frightened eyes.

"Don't alarm yourself, my dear young lady. It is nothing to alarm yourself about. Your grandpapa is not so young as he used to be, and we must all expect these little accidents as we get on in life. He has had a slight seizure. I have been begging your mamma to preserve absolute quiet in the sick chamber, and I think we may hope to see him much better to-morrow. I will call early," said the little doctor; and then he rubbed his hands together complacently, and trotted away down the garden-walk.

"Why didn't you send for me?" said Christina, unreasonably enough, yet

with the remorse so natural when we have been making merry and feasting whilst a misfortune has fallen upon the place we left vacant.

"How could I? Whom could I send?" asked her mother fretfully. "What good could you have done if you had been here? It was all so sudden. They said it was something paralytic. I sent for Dr. Evans, of course, and then by the time he came your grandfather was better and nearly himself, and very angry with me for having sent for him. What could I do? It is nonsense to say that he is not ill. He *is* ill, very ill indeed; and he may die, though Dr. Evans does like to rub his hands and talk about rest and quiet."

"No; why should he die? Why do you say such things?" said Christina, with impatience; and she went in sadly, and took off her hat and cloak, throwing them down carelessly on the old chest in the hall, and pushed back the hair wearily from her face. How happy she had been in the morning, and how changed it all was now! Yet it was not her grandfather's illness which had wrought the greatest change of all. She went gently into his room, where he was sitting in an easy-chair. He was striving to look as usual, but there was a strange pallor about his face, and an unnatural stiffness in his attitude.

"I hope you are better, grandpapa," said Christina, softly.

"I am no better for seeing that little fool Evans. Why can't a man be left to himself if he does feel a little faint, I wonder? A glass of brandy would have brought me to in a second, if they had had the sense to give it me, instead of moaning and sighing and sending for the doctor. You mind, Christina,—if ever I'm taken like this again, you give me a dram, and don't let anyone come near me with a medicine-chest."

"You will be better when it is cooler, grandpapa," said Christina, without answering him directly. "It is so hot to-night;" and she went and put back the curtains from the window, and looked out into the misty twilight.

"I should be better if I had not such

a lot of worry," said Mr. North; "it is hard when a man is growing old and he has no son to take his place, and nothing but women about him. It would be very different if you had a brother, or if you were married, Christina."

Christina shivered, and pressed her hands together. "Can't I do anything, grandpapa?" she said, wistfully.

"No, of course you can't; women are of no use except to spend money and get themselves married. But, after all, if you were to be a girl, I'd just as soon have had you as anyone else; you're not such a fool as some, and you're uncommonly pretty."

He spoke irritably, yet he looked at her with pride.

"Go and see what messes they are getting ready for me, and send Janet up," he said. "Good-night, Christina; you are as pale as a sheet."

Christina went down to the parlour, where candles had been lighted and where her mother was sitting, and mechanically took up her work.

"It is something on his mind, I do believe," Mrs. North was saying; "he hasn't been himself for weeks, and now the rent has been due this fortnight, and goodness knows where it is to come from. If he could give in and let it rest, we might do it well enough, but he'll never let it be till we are all in the workhouse. He won't take a favour even from Mr. Warde, though he is such a friend. Did you see him this afternoon?" said Mrs. North; and, as she asked the question, she laid down her work and looked a little anxiously at Christina.

"Yes, I saw him," said Christina; and she was too sad at heart to be impatient of the question and of her mother's anxiety: and after that they stitched in silence until the old clock struck ten; then they rose and stole noiselessly up the stairs to their own rooms. But Christina did not go to bed; she put down the candle on the table, and walked restlessly about the room.

She had been strong only because she was proud, and her pride had received a shock; she had said to herself whilst her indignation was still strong within

her, that she did not mind, and anger had forced back the tears and deadened the pang; but when she was alone in silence and solitude, when there was nothing to distract her thoughts, she vainly strove to banish her recollections. All but the one thing faded into insignificance: she forgot her anger, and her resolutions, and her pride, and the only thing that remained with her was the consciousness of Captain Cleasby's words and the knowledge which they had thrust upon her. Then she knew that the words of no other man on earth could have mattered so much to her. Again and again as they came back to her this consciousness grew stronger, but yet she would not own it to herself. "It is nothing to me," she said, over and over again, and then she began to think how impossible it was that it should be anything to her. He had been kind and friendly always, and that afternoon he had perhaps been something more. No; why should she think of that afternoon? she knew now that he had not meant it. And then she was pledged to Bernard. Involuntarily she clasped her hands tight together as she thought of it. Why should she not be true? Why should she be afraid? What was there in her relations with Captain Cleasby to make her afraid? He was not like Bernard. Bernard was handsome and eager and upright, and he cared for her; he had cared for her always. And what was Walter Cleasby? He was not handsome, like Bernard; he was slight and pale, and there was no enthusiasm or impetuosity about him; she had never heard him say or do anything remarkable. She said to herself that people would not call him very clever,—he had never distinguished himself; he had no public spirit nor active interest in practical matters; he was not even very anxious to do his duty; all his life he had been accustomed to go his own way and wander at his will, and yet she knew that there was something that made her afraid for herself, only she would not be conquered; she would own to no one that she had cause for fear.

If Miss Cleasby had feared for Christina before, she feared none the less now, though her brother had ridiculed her fears, though he had declared to her seriously that there was no possibility of any attachment on her part. He had assured her that he had not the slightest intention of marrying her or anybody. "I believe it is my marrying that you are so much afraid of," he had said, "for I am sure you think it would be a very bad speculation for anyone to marry me." Then she had answered that she might have had some such thought, but yet that it was not his marrying that she feared most.

"I think any girl you married might be disappointed, Walter," she had said: "but what I fear most is that you will make Christina unhappy; that she may learn to care for you though you do not care for her."

Miss Cleasby was quite aware of her brother's faults, and, though very fond of him, she was blinded by no sisterly partiality. What was it, then, that made her fear for Christina, even as Christina had been forced to fear for herself? He had not the beauty of feature, nor that of high health, and yet there was a force about his slight figure which broader and stronger men lacked: other men's eyes might be larger and finer, but they had not the light which glanced in his; and then his mouth, like his sister's, was beautiful, and there was something peculiar in the sweetness of his smile. Augusta had loved him since he was a little delicate boy in holland blouses, independent, undemonstrative, and gentle; and then she remembered him as a schoolboy, not conceited, but self-reliant and unambitious; and then as a young man abroad, fond of society, and popular, and more or less idle. He never seemed to have exerted himself, and yet he had somehow contrived to learn something of nearly everything. He had done creditably at college; he knew something of music; he could sketch in water-colours, and take a likeness; he knew a little botany and geology; and, living so much abroad, he had easily acquired modern languages: what was more, he could talk about everything

which he knew, and about some things which he did not know. Perhaps he knew least of theology; yet he would not have been at a loss, dining in company with bishops and divines. At the same time he never paraded his knowledge; simply he had a capacity for throwing himself into the interests of those around him, and making use of any materials which might come to hand. He had charmed Mr. Gregson by his appreciation of his architectural drawings; he had won Farmer Rawson's heart during the hour he spent walking over his fields with him, discoursing of the crops: and this though he knew next to nothing of architecture or of farming. But perhaps it was with women that he got on best. With elderly ladies there was something about him at once self-reliant and deferential, which gave them a motherly feeling towards him, and he had always been popular with girls. Yet, whilst frankness was not his distinguishing characteristic, there was nothing hypocritical about him. Without being deeply affectionate or easily impressed, he was friendly, unfastidious, and open to kindness. He himself was wont to declare to his sister that he was a sham. "I can appear to know almost anything," he had said. "And to like almost everybody," she had added; but she smiled at him as she said it, and in truth she did not well see how he could be other than he was: there would always be a charm about him which nothing could destroy; and it was all this which made her fear for Christina.

She had lived in the world; she understood its temper without caring much to conciliate it, and could foretell its judgments without greatly respecting them. She had been what people call fashionable; she was now a little tired and *blasée*, but she neither was nor ever had been a worldly woman. Her fear, as she had confessed to her brother, was, not lest he should marry Christina, —though it would have been desirable that his wife should bring him money or connection, she would have been content that he should forego these things in a marriage of captivity,

where the charm was one she could herself appreciate and feel,—but, as she had said, she did not believe that he was capable of a serious attachment; nothing in his manner or his words had led her to suppose that any such thing could spring from his intercourse with Christina. He liked her as he liked other pretty girls, only perhaps rather better, because of her ingenuousness and peculiar beauty; and she felt that Christina would not be content with this—at least, she would not be content if the present state of things were to go on much longer. Was it not natural that in her lonely life this new element should create a dangerous stir, and raise a storm which could not be allayed? She had not thought of it so much before that day of the school-feast; but when the girl came out of her corner in that abrupt, startled way, with her eyes so bright and her cheeks so flushed, and held out her hand to say good-bye, Miss Cleasby had felt it tremble in hers, and all her fears had been strengthened. What had they been saying to her? What had wrought the change? Had Walter gone further than he had meant to go? or had that old Mrs. Gregson interfered to warn her? No; she did not think that possible: Mrs. Gregson would not have been likely to see or hear anything. And yet she ought to be warned, and she had no friend or relation to speak a word or do anything to guard her. She almost wished that she were herself her friend or relation, that she might speak some such word; but the position in which she stood as his sister seemed to make it impossible. Then she bethought her that, after all, such considerations ought not to stand in her way: she did not think that she could go straight to the girl herself; but if by some chance she might meet the mother or the aunt, she had almost resolved that she would speak some ambiguous word of warning, which, without compromising her brother or Christina, might serve to make her friends discourage the meetings and constant intercourse. Yet she had formed no distinct plan; she had not

as yet met Mrs. North; she did not wish to go to the White House; and if the thing could not be done easily, she was not disposed to make any violent effort to accomplish it. However, fortune favoured her. She was driving into Overton the day after that in which Christina had been at the Park, and her brother had asked her to drop some birds at the White House on her way.

“At any rate this is an offering to which old North cannot take exception,” he had said; “though I verily believe, poor people, a leg of mutton would be more to the purpose; but the conventionalities forbid one to bestow legs of mutton on one’s friends.”

And Miss Cleasby had started, driving herself in the pony carriage; and when she drew up at the gate of the White House, Mrs. North was in the garden. Her first instinct had been to draw back; but Miss Cleasby introduced herself so pleasantly, and asked so cordially after the old man, that Mrs. North could not but respond civilly, and she came and stood by the carriage, talking for a few minutes whilst the groom took the birds into the house.

It was not much that she was able to say; but she asked for Christina, and heard that she was out on the moor, and then there was reference made to her brother, and she owned that he too found the moor very attractive—she was afraid that he idled away a good deal of his time.

“He finds it very dull at home, I am afraid,” she said. “You see, Mrs. North, he has never been accustomed to a settled life: we have been such wanderers. But I wish he would stay more at home, or take more interest in the estate, for I do not think it is a profitable employment to be always idling about in the sunshine: it cannot be right for anyone.”

“No, indeed, Miss Cleasby; I dare say you feel responsible.”

“Not exactly,” she said, smiling; “a little, perhaps; but of course brothers always think they know best. It is not as if he were a girl.”

And something in her tone suddenly turned Mrs. North’s thoughts to her

own girl, and she coloured, wondering if she had been foolish in leaving her so much to herself, and if this were meant for a warning.

"I don't think being a girl makes any difference in that way," said Mrs. North; and though she was fluttered, and a little agitated, she drew herself up with an attempt at dignity. "I should trust a girl as soon as any young man—indeed sooner than most."

"Yes; only young men are supposed to be able to take care of themselves," said Augusta; and then the groom came back, and there could be no more private conversation, and she drove off after a few more words.

But Mrs. North went back into her house disturbed and heavy at heart. What had Miss Cleasby meant? Surely it had been a warning, and if so there must be a cause for it.

And then there came another caution from another quarter to add to her trouble. Janet, too, had made her observations, and rushed to her conclusions; and she had heard them talking one day in the servants' hall at the Park: "And they do say, ma'am, as young Captain Cleasby thinks a deal on our Miss Christina; but they say as he was always a man for young ladies, and had always some fancy or other in his head." And though Mrs. North had silenced her, and said something angrily about not caring to listen to gossip, she nevertheless was disturbed and dissatisfied.

It would be a real grief to her if, for the sake of a passing girlish fancy which would never come to anything, Christina should throw away her prospect of a happy and prosperous future under the kind guardianship of such a man as Mr. Warde.

She was timid and vacillating by nature, and she dreaded any collision with Christina, but yet she thought that something must be done and some admonition given; and two days after Miss Cleasby's visit she for the first time touched upon the subject.

Christina had come in with her hands full of flowers. Captain Cleasby had given them to her, she said; he thought

they might be a pleasure to her grandfather, if he did not know where they came from.

"And he is not likely to ask," said Christina, carelessly, as she put down the flowers on the parlour table and began to arrange them.

Mrs. North was sitting opposite, at her work, and now she stitched more assiduously than ever, and a cloud came over her face, but Christina did not notice it. She had met Captain Cleasby quite casually at her gate, and nothing had passed between them except a few indifferent words, and she had not sought the meeting—indeed, of late she had avoided him—not, as she said to herself, because of him or because of herself, but because she would give no one a pretext for talking of her; and somehow she had tried to forget those words which she had overheard, and to persuade herself that they had not mattered to her. So just now she was indifferent and composed, and did not know what was hanging over her.

"Why is Captain Cleasby always idling about here? I think he is a very idle young man. I cannot conceive why he is always coming and going about the house," said Mrs. North, rather nervously.

"I don't know," said Christina, bravely; but she coloured as she spoke.

"I am afraid that I do know," said Mrs. North, contradicting her former assertion. "I am afraid, Christina, that he takes more pleasure in amusing himself with young ladies than in attending to his business. How often I have told you, Christina, that we can have nothing to do with the Cleasbys: his sister says that it has always been his way. I am sure I don't know how it is, but really I am so worried and troubled, what with your grandfather's illness, and this struggle how to live, and one thing and another, that I never thought of it before—not until his sister spoke."

"Never thought of *what* before?" said Christina, almost fiercely: and she stood up and confronted her mother, with the colour deepening in her cheeks, and an indignant light in her eyes.

"Oh, Christina, don't excite yourself,

now pray don't ! If you had listened to me before,—though to be sure I never thought of it, and I suppose I have been to blame too ; only for goodness' sake don't let your grandfather hear of it,—he cannot bear to hear of the Cleasbys."

"Don't let him hear of *what* ? What is there to hear of ? I don't know what you mean."

"Just this, Christina," said Mrs. North, gathering courage as her difficulties grew upon her ; "just this, that people are beginning to say that there is something between you and Captain Cleasby. Janet tells me that the servants said something to her, but I am sure it never occurred to me until his sister herself came here the other day—you know I told you she came on Wednesday with a present of game—and then she said something as if she feared you might fall into some mistake, because of course he means nothing, and perhaps——"

"Do you mean to say," said Christina, with a scornful ring in her voice, "do you mean to say that Miss Cleasby came to warn me through you against her brother ? How could she do such a thing ? What could you say to her ? There is nothing between us."

"Of course it was a mistake ; of course there could not be : but you are not just to her ; she meant it very kindly. I am sure it was not her brother that she was afraid for, but you."

"And what right has she to be afraid for me ? Why should she interfere ?"

"Simply this, Christina ; that knowing her brother as she knows him, knowing that he cares nothing for you, she seemed to fear that you might be running into danger."

"Stop, mamma. I don't wish to hear anything more about it. Why should Miss Cleasby have come ? How could she think herself justified in saying such a thing ? Captain Cleasby is nothing to me ; she need not have been afraid ; I shall never go to their house again."

She threw back her head as she spoke, and pushing away the flowers with a rapid indignant movement, turned and

left the room abruptly, leaving them all scattered in disorder upon the table. Mrs. North gave a little sigh of relief when she was gone : at least the thing had been done, and she need not fear that Christina would ever refer to it again. She did not remember that she had in truth greatly misinterpreted the part Miss Cleasby had taken in the affair ; she was not even conscious that she had put her own fears and sentiments into her mouth. The only thing she regretted was Christina's impetuosity, which had disturbed her at the moment ; but it was done now, and she had nothing more to fear from it.

In the meantime Christina had gone to her room and locked her door ; and now she was sitting before her dressing-table, leaning upon it heavily with both arms, and gazing absently into the mirror.

How strange a change had come over her face since she parted from her mother. She was pale now, and her mouth was firmly shut, and her eyes wide open with the far-off searching look of eyes that gaze into the future. She had been angry for the moment, but now her anger was past. She had thought that the thing need not be spoken of even by herself to herself, and now she knew that others had spoken of it, and that she must face her position, and determine upon a line of conduct. She did not doubt for a moment that his sister was right ; that she knew what she was saying, when, as her mother had told her, she had asserted or implied that Captain Cleasby did not—could never care for her. And had she not always known it—except—except just for that one afternoon which would always stand out distinct from all the others which had gone before, from all which should follow after ? And then, as she looked back to it, she could no longer thrust away the thought that all this stood between her and happiness. She did not know how it had been ; she could not tell when it had first come upon her ; but she could no longer hope to deceive herself. It was not that he was handsome, or clever, or great in any way ; but now she knew that her heart

had been given to him ; his image rose unbidden before her mind, shutting away from her her old hopes and the future which had lain before her. She was strong and she was brave, and she faced the pain as she sat there in her solitude. Such things cannot be spoken of,—they must be borne alone ! A long hour had passed, and she had not moved. She had not meant to be untrue ; she had told herself when first she had feared it that it was impossible ; she would not allow her fears to conquer her. But now it was no longer a question of fear—the blow had fallen ; she was not crushed—the pain had roused her to fresh strength ; but yet she knew that she had been dreaming, that she was now awake, and that she could never dream that dream again—that no other August afternoon would be to her what that past August afternoon had been ; that she could marry neither this man whom she loved, nor Bernard who had always loved her : and at the thought of Bernard—of his happy confidence and his near return—tears for the first time rushed to her eyes—tears of gratitude and penitence and regret.

#### CHAPTER XI.

JUST at this time, when Christina could no longer halt between two opinions—when she had made once for all the overwhelming discovery that she was no longer free, yet that she was no longer bound ; no longer free to make a choice, no longer mistress of herself, and yet that she must break the bond between her and Bernard, because she could not hope to give him what he required,—just at this time, when, though the one thing remained sure, her mind was yet confused and wavering and uncertain, a new complication arose, and a new element was introduced into her life, which pressed a decision upon her, and made it no longer possible to hesitate as to what she should do.

Mr. Warde had of late been much at the White House. He had listened to Mrs. North's lamentations ; he had

tried in vain to cheer the old man, or to induce him to take the assistance he would so gladly have offered. They were sinking deeper and deeper into debt, as he well knew. The doctor was told that he was no longer required, because they could not afford the money for his visits ; not even Mr. Warde was ever asked to dinner now, and he could not remember when he had seen Christina in a new dress. The daily cares and trials were beginning to tell upon her, he thought, when he noticed that she was paler and more restless and sadder. For some time past there had been in the deportment or conversation of her mother and grandfather, something to indicate that they had conceived in their secret minds the possibility of a nearer connection with him, and from the time when he observed this, he had begun to entertain the possibility of it in his own mind ; and as his sense of the dreariness of her situation grew deeper, there came upon him in more palpable form the thought that he had the power to take her away from all this. Though he could bring help in no other way, at least he could in this, if it would indeed be for her happiness as well as for his.

He was not in love with her ; he had seen her faults clearly enough, but yet he was fond of her : he was pitiful and he was kind, and if it were for her happiness he would gladly have made her his wife. But, then, was it for her happiness ? That was the question that he asked himself again and again without obtaining any satisfactory answer. Anything, he thought, would be better than her present life. Was she not even now losing her spirits and her youth, and the bloom of her beauty, in the wearisome round of daily vexations ? He saw that she might have lightened her own burdens had she set herself to the work ; but first she had been too rebellious, and now he thought she was too sad. But, then, was it not possible that some brighter fate than that he had to offer might be in store for her ? Yet how, and where ? He thought of her cousin ; but surely, if there had been anything

more than friendship between them, her mother, his mother, everyone would have known of it. And then he thought of Captain Cleasby, but only for a moment. He knew little of the intercourse that there had been. He did not see with the eyes of girls or women, nor with those of a particularly observant or sagacious man, and it did not appear to him that Captain Cleasby was likely to win a girl's affections unless under favourable circumstances.

His new subjects of reflection did not distract his mind; they did not make his teaching less energetic, nor his ministrations less conscientious; but in his solitary walks, in his lonely evenings, they came across his mind, and urged upon him decisive action.

He was thinking of it all this evening as he sat in his little parlour over the baker's shop. He was sitting there after a hard day's work, with the sort of feeling that he had earned his rest; and at the present moment there was nothing very clerical about his appearance. He had thrown off his coat and his boots, and was leaning back in his chair, with his legs crossed, smoking a short pipe; and he was meditative and comfortable, though there was nothing at all luxurious in his surroundings.

It was a little room on the first story, with muslin blinds and a box of mignonette in the window; and there was a round walnut table, with a red cloth cover, where stood the remains of his supper, as he called it,—a jug of ale, the loaf of bread, some butter, and some cheese. There were bookshelves on each side of the fireplace, filled principally with theological works, for Mr. Warde read little on general subjects, and was quite content to see the *Times* twice a week when he went into Overton. There was a photograph of his mother over the chimney-piece in a black frame, and two prints on each side of it; and there was a large desk where he kept his sermons, on his writing table: and these were his only contributions to the adornment of the room.

Mrs. Jebb, however, the baker's wife, was a good woman, and had every desire

to make her lodger comfortable, and she had provided some less serviceable but more ornamental articles of furniture—two glass vases with drops, a shepherd and shepherdess in coloured china, and a little mirror in a tarnished frame. Mr. Warde was not observant of these things, but he had, to her great distress, remorselessly ordered out a small slippery horsehair sofa, whose elegance constituted her greatest pride and glory.

"If you was to be took bad, sir," she had said, deprecating his mandate that it should be at once removed.

"But I never am bad, Mrs. Jebb," he had answered, good-humouredly; and then, before she could say anything more, he had deposited it bodily in the passage.

Yet, in spite of this, though for the moment she was a little hurt, Mrs. Jebb honoured her clergyman, and would not have exchanged him for a less active and less troublesome lodger.

Christina had been quite right when she had said how much he was liked and respected by all classes of his parishioners. He was not clever, he was not saintlike, nor, strictly speaking, a spiritual-minded man; but he was honest and true, and kind and honourable, a man who would always do his duty, and would generally see his duty clearly. He was not wavering or perplexed even this evening, but he was slowly and surely arriving at a decision upon a point which as yet his judgment had failed to decide for him.

"She shall not be hurried," he had said to himself, "and after all she can always refuse; she is under no compulsion."

He did not expect that she should have fallen in love with him, for he had not fallen in love with her; but if her heart were free, it seemed to him that he might make her happy as his wife, and if her heart were not free, why then she had only to say no.

These had been wearisome days for Christina. First, she had her battle to fight with herself; and the thought of Bernard, so often and so unduly absent from her mind in these latter days, was

ever before her now : and then troubles were coming fast upon them, and there seemed to be no way of escape. They owed money, not large sums, but still money that they had no certain prospect of being able to pay ; then there was the rent, and of late Mr. North had begun to say that they must leave the White House. They could live nowhere more cheaply ; but at least there would not be this obligation to be incurred with regard to Mr. Warde ; and they could get some lodging near at hand, and dismiss Janet.

Christina heard it discussed with silent dismay. The White House had not been a happy home ; but, nevertheless, there were many old associations which it would be hard to leave behind, and then she knew what a blow it would be to her grandfather, who was even now so weak and failing.

He sat in his loneliness and sadness and anger, dwelling upon his misfortunes, and repelling sympathy. He liked best to be alone, he said ; but if Mr. Warde came, he would see him.

"If only we had a man about the house, or if you were married, Christina," her mother said ; her lament taking the same form as Mr. North's : "but here we are, and your grandfather so ill, and he may die any day for anything we know ; and then, what is to become of us ? I am sure I don't know. If only I thought you were cared for, I believe I should not mind anything."

"Why should you mind about me now ? I am not afraid."

"Because you don't know what it is to be alone in the world, Christina. You could not stand by yourself—what could you do ? You don't know enough to be a governess, and if you did, your grandfather would rather you should die than work for your bread. If only you were provided for, I believe we should both die happy."

Yes, if only she were provided for ; no matter how ! How dismal it sounded ! And Christina took her hat and went out on the moor, less troubled, less restless, less impatient than she had been, but far more quietly despairing.

A few months since she might have told them that they need not fear for her—that at the Homestead, come what might, she would always find a shelter ; but now she knew that she was shut out from this refuge far more effectually than if she had never looked to it as her future home. How could she ask Bernard to receive her as a charity beneath the roof to which he had hoped to bring her as his bride ? And she too had shared in his hopes and his projects. "I shall not forget you, Bernard ; I shall not change." She remembered her words, and now they came back to her sounding strange and out of season as the singing of birds in the midst of winter. For one moment there flashed across her the possibility of going back, if not in spirit at least in form, to the old footing. To outward appearance it was all as it had been. Who could say that she had been untrue to him ? Who could say that she had broken her faith ? No one had known of what had been ; no one knew how it was now ; she need never tell ; she had been able, as she thought, to hide it from everyone—why should she not hide it now and for ever ? It was a thought, sudden and powerful, like a temptation. She was all alone on the moor, and she sat down and leant her head upon her hand, and looked out over the wide level expanse of heath with bewildered eyes as if seeking for counsel. It was perfectly still—a grey sky overhead, and the brown heath on all sides her, with the lizards darting round about, and the dragon-flies flitting over the pools. There was no counsel to be had, nothing but stillness and solitude ; but yet after a few minutes her forehead contracted, her eyes ceased to wander, she clenched her teeth, and rose suddenly to her feet.

"No, no, I cannot do it," she cried to herself. Whatever after sorrows she might have to endure, that temptation was overcome, and could never assail her again. Her mind was made up, and she set out to walk home, for now she was some miles from the White House.

When she reached home, she was

pale, tired, and sad ; but she was no longer unnaturally agitated or restless ; one thread of her complicated and tangled life had been broken and could not be joined again. And though it had brought her much happiness which she must now put aside for ever, though there was much to regret, and a fear of coming trouble, yet was it a relief to know that she need no longer strive to interweave it with the others.

"Christina," said her mother, meeting her in the passage, "where have you been all this time ? I have wanted you very much. Your grandfather is better. I think he is dozing. Come in here, my dear ; there is no occasion for you to go to him now, and I want to have a little talk with you. Mr. Warde has been here. He saw your grandfather, and then he came in to me. He would have liked to have seen you if you had been at home ; but he said perhaps on the whole it would be better not, and then you might have time to think over it. He was very anxious that you should not be hurried ; but, Christina, I think you must have guessed before now. I thought perhaps it might be so—only I was afraid of saying anything—but is it not odd that I should have said this very morning how I wished that you were married, and then this afternoon that he should come and say that he wants to marry you ?"

"He wants to marry me !" said Christina very slowly. She had been standing whilst her mother spoke, but now she sat down by the table, and leant her arms upon it, and looked at the opposite wall with eyes that had in them nothing of pleasure or pride, nor yet of fear or shame, but were simply sad and indifferent as to any new thing which she might hear.

"Oh, Christina, I do hope you are not going to be hasty. Just remember what I said to you this morning. You ought to be pleased, I do think. Just think what it will be to your grandfather to know that you are safe

and well cared for, and then it will not matter what happens to us. Of course you are surprised at first, but don't look like that ! Look at me, Christina, and say that you are pleased."

"Why does he want to marry me ?" said Christina ; and though she did turn her eyes upon her mother, she did not change colour, and her voice was as coldly indifferent as it had been before.

"He has pitied you for a long time," said Mrs. North ; "he has taken such an interest in you. You have often said how much you like and respect him. He is not a very young man, to go into transports ; but when you are my age, Christina, you will know that such things mean nothing. I believed in them once, and what has my life been ? Yours will be very different, for your happiness will be based, not upon a passing fancy for a pretty face, but upon the enduring affection of an honourable man."

"It is very kind of him," said Christina, more softly ; and there was nothing contemptuous or ironical in her tone.

"Yes, it is kind, Christina. You can hardly judge how kind it is now, for you don't understand the burthens of married life. He has spoken to your grandfather, and you can hardly imagine what a change it has made to him. You shall not be hurried, Christina ; you shall have time to think : we will not talk of it any more to-night ; but you will remember all that I have said, Christina ; and I believe, my child, that you will not disappoint us. Oh, Christina, I would do much to save you from such a life as mine has been !"

There were tears in her eyes as she kissed her child, and they went to Christina's heart ; she thought of them more than of her mother's words ; and she thought of the pleading look which her grandfather had given her when she wished him good-night. It was a look of entreaty, so opposed to his usual manner, that it could hardly fail to make an impression.

*To be continued.*

## THE JABBERWOCK

TRACED TO ITS TRUE SOURCE.

BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

*To the Editor of MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.*

SIR,—I was invited by a friend, one evening last week, to a *séance* of Spiritualists; and having been reading "Through the Looking Glass" before I left home, I was much astonished to find that the first "communication" made to the party was on the subject of that work. How it had reached the Spirits, was not clearly made out. Among many indistinct rappings, only

the words *Post-Obit* and *Dead Letters* were distinguishable.

The Spirit announced himself as Hermann von Schwindel,—a name doubtless known to many of your readers; and he complained that the celebrated *Jabberwock* was taken from a German ballad by the well-known author of the *Lyre* (he spelt it *Lyar*; but this is not surprising in a German ghost using the English language) and *Sword*. And he proceeded, with great fluency, to rap out the following verses :—

## Der Sammerwockh.

JABBERWOCKY.<sup>1</sup>

Es brillig war. Die schlichte Toven  
Wirtten und wimmelten in Waben;  
Und aller-mümsige Burggoven  
Die mohmen Rätth' außgraben.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Bewahre doch vor Sammerwockh!  
Die Zähne knirschen, Krallen fragen!  
Bewahr' vor Jubjub-Vogel, vor  
Frumiösen Banderschnätschen!

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that  
catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

Er griff sein vorpals Schwertchen zu,  
Er suchte lang das manchsam' Ding;  
Dann, stehend unten Tumtum Baum,  
Er an-zu-denken sing.

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he  
sought—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

Als stand er tief in Andacht auf,  
Des Sammerwocken's Augen-feuer  
Durch tulgen Wald mit wiffeln kam,  
Ein burbelnd Ungeheuer!

And as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And bumbled as it came!

<sup>1</sup> The English version of the poem, as it appears in "Through the Looking Glass," is here printed side by side with the German, that the reader may see for himself how close a resemblance (unaccountable on any theory of mere accidental coincidence) exists between the two.

Eins, Zwei! Eins, Zwei! Und durch und durch

Sein vorpals Schwert zerschneider  
schnück.

Da blieb es todt! Er, Kopf in Hand,  
Geldümfig zog zurück!

Und schlugst Du ja den Jammerwock?

Uuarme mich, mein Böhm'sches Kind!

O Freuden-Tag! O Hallov-Schlag!

Er chortelt froh-gefinnt.

Es brillig war, &c.

One, two! One, two! And through  
and through

The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?

Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, &c.

On my return home, I thought the matter over, and am inclined to agree with the lamented Von Schwindel, for various reasons, which may be summed up as follows:—

The *Jabberwock* is only a *Jammerwock* with a cold in its head, like "the young Babood" for "the young May moon." And this name, "the week of woe," is a mythical expression for the Seven Years' War, and hence for other devastations of the Fatherland. Humpty Dumpty's interpretation I of course utterly repudiate. He is a mere rationalizing Euhemerist. My theory is that the ballad is the product of the war against Napoleon I.; and the *Jammerwock*, of course, is "the Corsican Fiend" himself. Now, apply this to the first stanza, which indicates the patriotic combination against him of the "Burggoven" (*Burggrafen*, the nobility in general); the "Räthe" (whether "Hof" or "Geheim"), the Bureaucracy; and the "schlichte Toven," the simple coves of the lower class, neither noble nor official. And note the touch of irony with which in the end the aristos leave these in the lurch, "wirrend und wimmelnd," and only "dig out" (*ausgraben*) the bureaucracy for their own purposes, keeping them "mum" (*mohme*) and voiceless.

There is something strikingly Teu-

tonic in the attitude of the hero under the tree, where, after seeking for the *Jammerwock*, he "took to thinking"! "Auf" also must be original, for "uffish thought" is manifestly intended as a translation of it. But who is the hero? I think that the sixth stanza will reveal this to any one possessed of a historico-critical sense. If it had been a North German who wrote the ballad, no doubt the hero would have been Scharnhorst, or Blücher, or some of the other Prussian heroes. But the language is rather Austrian (speaking of the Austrian Empire as it was at that date, without reference to nationalities); and no North German would have celebrated the "Böhm'sches Kind," which is, not as the English copy so strangely translates it, "beamish," nor even (which would have been happier) "my bumptious boy," but "my young Bohemian." And therefore I think that Von Schwindel's memory must have failed him. Doubtless he was acquainted with other *Lyres* and other *Swords* as well as Körner's, and he may have confused them. We may safely identify the hero with the Archduke Charles; who (it is true) did *not* slay the *Jammerwock*, but did his best to do it, and was a genuine hero of the Austrian Empire.

# PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS' RESIDENCE IN IRELAND.

BY JOHN HAMILTON OF ST. ERNAN'S.

## VII.

### THE RED WOMAN.

I WAS building a house for a tenant, and among the labourers employed was Johnny D—, a very industrious house tenant of a few acres.

One day as I was looking on, Johnny was sitting on the ground arranging the sprays of heather with which the house was being thatched.

His wife came with his dinner in a cloth. And when she saw him, she broke out into the most dolorous lamentation mixed with sobs.

"Ogh, Johnny, Johnny, is it there ye are, after all I said to you and prayed you? Ogh, Johnny, it's a widdy I'll be, as sure as ye're there! Ogh, Johnny, Johnny, ogh!"

"Ah now, Jinny," said he, "hould yer tongue, and don't be deaving us with yer nonsense, ye superstitious woman that ye are!"

But Jinny was not to be pacified; she continued her lamentations and upbraidings, Johnny taking very little heed.

I asked her to explain what it was all about.

"Ogh, sir, it's all about Johnny! Sure I was warned, and I warned him, I did. Didn't I, Johnny? Ogh yes, and for all that he would come. Ogh yes, ye slipped away, Johnny, afore it was light, and when I woke up ye was away, Johnny, and it's bad'll befall ye, it is, Johnny. Ogh, Johnny, I'm as good as a widdy, so I am!"

"Hould yer tongue, ye blathering, superstitious woman that ye are!" replied he.

"Well, but tell me," said I, "who gave you the warning? and what was it?"

"Ogh, yer honour, then I'll tell ye the whole thing. Ye see I was sitting yes-

terday at my fireside, for I was tired, and my wee baby on my lap, and I sees a shadow like come over the place, and I looks up and I sees a—a—a—plaze, yer honour, I can't say it was a *thing*, nor I can't say it was a *Christen*, but it had the appearance of a wee wee body, and I felt a creeping feel over me and a fright; but I had heard it was good to speak civil to the likes of it, so I said, says I, 'Would ye please walk in?' for it stood in the door.

"Then it looked in my face with the wee bright eyes of it, and it said, 'Jinny,' said it, 'where's Johnny?'

"Says I, 'Johnny's at Mr. Hamilton's work, earning a shilling for us.'

"'That's good, Jinny,' says it. 'But mark me, Jinny, he's not to go to-morrow. Let him bide at home.'

"I was going to ax another question at it, but all of a moment it was away, and not a bit of it was there at all."

"Nor never was there at all," cried Johnny, "nor never was nowhere, but in that woman's superstitious head. Ye dhreamt it, Jinny—ye dhreamt it, woman."

"Ogh, Johnny, Johnny dear, ye'll know to yer cost it was no dhream. It was a real, real, real thing, so it was."

"Well then," said Johnny, "do ye see *that*" (holding up a stalk of heather): "if ye saw it and heard it, I say, if it come from above to call me, why I'm ready to go; and if it come from t'other place, I don't care *that* for it—let him go home" (with a scornful gesticulation pointing downwards).

So Jinny gave up the argument and went. And Johnny and Jinny are now enjoying a ripe old age, many years after the warning.

One of his fellow-labourers, winking to the others, said:

"Ah now, Johnny, you shouldn't despise Jinny that way. Sure you know people *do* see and hear quare things betimes, besides superstitions."

"Maybe they do," said he; "but for all that she's nothing but a superstitious poor thing, so she is."

The other whispered to me, "If yer honour would ax him about the red woman?"

"What's that you say?" said Johnny.

I replied, "What is it, Johnny, about the red woman?"

"Ogh, no matter, sir; don't be heed-  
ing the likes of them."

"Johnny," said the other, "shall I tell his honour?"

"You! ye couldn't; ye'd tell it all wrong, and make a nonsense of it, so ye would."

"Well, Johnny, if you would stop me, ye must just tell it yerself, or else I will."

"You hear that," said I; "so, Johnny, you may as well."

"Ay, and better than let him. A pretty sort of a story he'd make of it; so I will tell it to yer honour. But it's all true as yer standing there, troth it is."

"So, ye see, I was a lad of eighteen, or some under twenty years, and my mother was a widdy woman, and we two lived together in a wee house. So, sir, on the fair-day of M—— I went away before day with two sheep to sell, and when I sold them I came straight away home, for I knowed my mother'd be thinking long while I was away. So about night-falling I come home, and 'Mother,' says I, 'I'm mighty hungry, and small blame to me, for I didn't eat a mortal bit to-day, but the scrap of oat-bread ye put in my pocket. Haven't ye something for me, mother?'"

"So she set to to make something ready, and she said, says she, 'Johnny, it's sorry I am ye were away all the day, for ye know the wake is at Billy L——'s house, and his wife they called the red woman is *under boord*, and to be buried to-morrow; and she's a far-away friend (relation), so ye should have been there with the rest. They'll take it bad of us, I'm feared.'

"'Mother, honey,' said I, 'I'll make it all straight, for I'll be off this mortal minute. It's only a mile across the bog, and the moon's riz, so never heed the potatoes; I'll get something at the wake house, I'll warrant.'

"So I clapt on my hat and away wi' me."

"When I come to the house, there it was as full as it could be. Lots of neighbours, and whisky, and backy smoke; and the red woman in her coffin on the bed, and a table at the foot, with whisky bottles, and pipes, and backy, and a plate with a red herrin' on it."

"So, after a word here and a word there, I said, says I, 'Boys, have ye never a bit for a body that's hungry?'"

"'Troth yer late, Johnny,' says they; 'there's lashings of drink, though; and one of them hands me a glass of whisky. So I took it off, and lit a pipe, and had a smoke and another glass."

"'What made ye so hungry, Johnny?' says one."

"'Becase,' says I, 'I et nothing all day. Maybe ye'd be hungry yerself if ye were as empty.'

"'Well, Johnny,' says he; 'it's a pity but ye come a bit sooner, for there was a big pile of fine red herrins there, and every one got one that inclined for it, and now there's none but the one left for the *corp*, in course.'

"'Well,' says I, 'I must be off home to my mother. But sure a corp can't ate, and what's the use of keeping a herrin' for the red woman that's in glory, I hope, while a cratur is hungry for it?'"

"'Why, Johnny,' says they, 'it's custom to have it, and no one would go for to take the last herrin' away from the corp.'

"But I didn't see it at all, at all; so I says, 'Gi' me that herrin' and I'll eat it for my supper, if all the corps and the red women in the county must want.'

"'So they wouldn't give it, and so I makes a grab at the herrin', and away wi' me; and they riz the hullabaloo

after me, but I made for the door, and put the herrin' in my breeches pocket as I ran, and away for home I made like fire.

"When I ran across one field, I hears a puffin' and russellin' after me, and I looks behind me—and, sir, it's true as death—didn't I see the red woman after me, and her winding-sheet flying out, and her long red hair in the wind, and her long thin arm reached out at me, and her screechin' 'Johnny, my herrin'; Johnny, my herrin'."

"Well, if I didn't run! I was swift on my foot then. But she got nearer and nearer. 'Well,' says I to myself, 'there's a tearing big shough [ditch] at the bottom of this field; a corp can never lep it.' So I took heart, and made desperate at it, and jumped it clean, and away along the stubble, but there it was in the field with me. I heard it screeching 'Johnny, my herrin'!' and I dursn't look back for my life.

"The next fence was a thicket of black sallys and brier bushes, and, thinks I, the sheet or the long hair of it will stick in the bramble, and this give me courage again. So I made a great push, and thrust myself through the hedge, and away across the bog for home.

"I don't know how she ever got through that bramble, but before I was half across the bog there she was at my heels screeching.

"Well, sir, I got sight of our house on the hill-side, and that put hope in me; so I made the last dash for it, and I felt her breath blowin' on my neck as I ran up to the door. It was shut, and she put her cowl'd hand on my collar, and give me one push that sent me flyin' bang through the door, and left me dead on the floor inside.

"After a bit I come to, and I was feared to look for fraid I'd see the corp with its red hair glow'ring at me; but I took heart and peeped up, and saw nothing but the moon shining in at the broken door.

"So I put my hand in my pocket to feel for the herrin', and, troth, there it was all safe.

"Then I picked myself up and looked about me, and there was a glimmer of a live coal in the chimney; so I gathered a few dry turfs about it, and blew it into a nice wee fire. And then I took the tongs, and I laid them across the coals, and I took the herrin', and laid that across the tongs, and I roasted it, and a potato to that; and I et it, yer honour, so I did, and I didn't care the snap of my fingers for all the red women and all the corps in Ireland, so I didn't, that's the truth."

"Well, Johnny," said I, "I think that's as curious as Jinny's story."

"Ay, sir, and a great heap curiouser: but the differ is in it, what she says is no better than a superstitious dhrame, and what I tell you is as true as that sun's in the heavens, so it is. Ay! ye all may laugh, but ye wouldn't dare laugh if ye saw it as I did."

## VIII.

### GOOD NEIGHBOURHOOD.

IN the year 182— I had occasion to make a road across a tideway, about a furlong wide, and, at spring-tides, fourteen feet deep in the middle.

I was assured, by an engineer whom I consulted, that there must be an arch or two of considerable size, as a large extent of an inland bay discharged its waters through this channel. I was obstinate enough to dispute this, and said I would force the tide to take a new course through certain sand-beds, which were only covered with shallow water at full tide.

We set to work with a hundred wheelbarrows; the ground was favourable, being high at each side, and of a very stiff clay, full of round stones, often large ones: these answered for coating the sloping sides of the mound of clay which we began to drive forward from both sides—the purpose in view being to make a practicable road from the mainland into an island.

The whole population for miles around took an extraordinary interest in this work; and it frequently happened

that I was roused at daybreak by drums and fifes, or by horns blowing, which announced the arrival of fifty or a hundred stout fellows, with spades on their shoulders.

They would then divide into two parties—one to dig the clay and fill the barrows, the other to wheel—and with a will they did work, for a whole long summer day; making one bargain, which was, that I should give neither food nor money. A drink of whisky and water, once or twice in the day, was all that they would accept; and in the evening they shouldered their spades, and with three cheers for the work, would set out on their walk home, sometimes fully ten miles off. One morning in July a loud drumming told me of the arrival of a strong party from a village six miles off; they were the members of a yeomanry corps, and all Orangemen, fine stout fellows, but hot-blooded.

They had hardly arrived when a fiddle and fife proclaimed another arrival, and I was a little dismayed when I found about an equal force on the ground from a mountainous property about seven miles off in an opposite direction, every man of them not only Roman Catholics, but exactly of that class and character most opposite to my Orange friends; in fact, it was more than supposed that most of them were Ribbonmen. However, before I could interfere, the two parties met on the green field where our work went on.

I had to cross from the island in a boat, and certainly felt rather alarmed when I saw the two parties approach each other. Just as I arrived they recognized one another, and the Orangemen, perceiving the accident which brought two sets of men the same day, they greeted the others with a hurrah. "Hurrah for the boys of T——!" which was replied to with energy, "Hurrah for the B—— boys!"

Nothing could be more friendly than their bearing towards each other.

It was arranged that they should that day prove which, B—— or T——, could show the best men.

B—— was to dig first, for two hours, and T—— to wheel.

How they did work! The object of the B—— men was to fill the barrows so full as to overload the T—— men, or so quick as to have time to rest on their spades and cry:

"Five pounds for a T—— man to take this barrow away from before me; I'm kilt waiting for one of them T—— men! where are they all?"

But the T—— men were active fellows, and sometimes brought back empty barrows quicker than the B——s could fill, and then the cry was on their side:

"Five pounds for a B—— man to fill a barrow;" and then the wheeler would sit down on his barrow and say, "Boys, hasn't one of ye never a pipe, till I take a smoke, while I'm waiting for a B—— boy to fill to me!"

So they worked, alternately, till late in the evening; neither party would be the first to stop, though many of them were sorely tired, to which it was probably owing that I succeeded in persuading them to stop at last, and to give three cheers for B—— and T——, which they did heartily; and striking up each their own tune, they marched off in the best of humour.

The work went on prosperously for some time. But at last, when the mole projecting from the mainland and that from the island approached each other, the current became so strong, that it not only carried away all the material as fast as we threw it in, but it cut the channel in the middle deeper every tide. I began to fear my engineer was right, after all. However, something must be done; and after due consideration I told my men, "There's but one way to do it: the tides are at the lowest now, and to-morrow's tide must come over the bank of sand there; we must close the opening between the two mounds in one tide."

They looked doubtful, but said if I led them they would do all that men could do. We mustered all the hands we could. Horses, and carts too, came and drew stones along the sand below, and work they did like madmen.

The bank rose rapidly all across, but to get it up high enough it was necessary to make it less than half the thickness of the other part. Several times the water, as the tide rose, seemed to be gaining on the work, then with a wild shout the barrows would rush down and the work would get the advantage. At last they began to watch the sand-bank, thinking the water must come over it, as our bank had kept it out till it was above ten feet deep on one side and dry on the other. But I trembled when I saw how narrow the bank was which had to sustain such a pressure.

At last, as a great rush of men with barrows was coming down, I called "Off! off!" to those on the new work, and "Halt! halt!" to the coming barrows. Happily loud enough and in time, for my suspicion was too just. I thought the bank was yielding; and in a few seconds a torrent was tearing through our day's work and digging a lake out in the sand on the empty side.

A groan of dismay was all that escaped us.

The rush of water continued for two hours, seeming to glory in our discomfiture, so wickedly did it tear and toss our poor work, and every now and then a heavy splash told of a considerable fall of the bank when the current had undermined it.

I put the best face on it that I could. "Go to dinner now, boys, and come all to-morrow and we will do it."

And to-morrow we did it.

Though the rush of water had torn away a vast hole beside the mound, still a great collection of stones remained and gave us an advantage next time. Every one came, every one did his very best, and yesterday's groan of dismay was for ever dispelled by the exulting shout which hailed the full tide breaking over the restraining sandbank while our bank stood firm.

"Hurrah!" cried an enthusiastic workman; "now, boys, sure enough there's no impossible thing his honour won't do next!"

The water cut a channel that sufficed

for the flow and ebb of the tide that day, and it abides so still. The next day the water rose quietly at both sides of our mound equally, and we had only to make it broader and stronger and higher at leisure. In six weeks from its beginning a carriage drove over our causeway. But it was still neither high enough nor sufficiently protected with a coating of stones to resist the winter storms, as was proved before winter came.

About the equinox heavy gales came on.

One day I was unwell, unable to leave my room, but my windows looked out upon the causeway and I could see the workmen driven off from their work and an unusually high tide, urged by a violent storm, making a clean breach over my work and tearing it to pieces.

It blew hard all night. It was full moon spring-tide, but the sky was clear and the night light. In the morning I looked out, doubtful whether a wreck worth repairing would be left of my summer's toil and expense. There was no sign of any harm done!

How could that be? I had seen the waves dragging down the protecting stones, tearing away the exposed clay, cutting gulfs through the roadway.

Had I dreamt it?

The fact soon was told me by the people in the house, that as soon as the tide began to retire at night, men and carts began to appear, others seized the wheelbarrows, and all night long they wrought by the light of the moon, and actually left it in a better state than before the storm.

To this day I have never been able to get any one to acknowledge he had a share in that night's work. But I have often been told when I asked:

"Oh, yer honour, they say it must have been the *wee folk*" (fairies).

Subsequent additional work made this sufficient to afford a good causeway and road, which is safe and perfect after a trial of near half a century—a perpetual memorial of the kindly feelings of my neighbours, which I feel every year more deeply.

## THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

I WAS standing, some three years ago, in a street in London, talking to a friend who was a Conservative, when Mr. Bright passed; on which my friend said, "That ought to be the proudest man in England; for while he has not budged an inch, we, and the whole country, have come round to his way of thinking." This led me to try and estimate the extent of Mr. Bright's influence on public opinion; hence this paper. As a matter of fact, many of the Conservatives who voted for Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill, had previously, at a longer or shorter interval of time, denounced Mr. Bright and those who thought with him, for advocating measures of Reform less democratic, and less subversive of the existing order of things, than that Bill. This does not prove that the Conservatives were wrong in opposing political reformation at one time, and passing a Radical Reform Bill at another: it does, however, prove that they had changed their opinion as to the necessity or expediency of Reform. Political pioneers there must ever be, and, being pioneers, they must expect to be mistrusted, misrepresented, and abused: but they may as surely look forward to the spread and growth of their opinions; and as the seed they have sown fructifies, they may expect, as in the case of Catholic Emancipation, Free Trade, and Reform, that others should put in the sickle, because the time of harvest is come. Political pioneers care, or ought to care, more for principles than for party, more for measures than men. The moderate Liberals, the old Whigs, the thorough-going partisans freely spoke of the political dishonesty and tergiversation of the Conservative leaders in taking up the cause of Reform, and were angry that they should by so doing have taken from them one of their best stock election cries, which they secretly hoped

would never become more than a cry; but the Radicals, while opposed to many of the details of Mr. Disraeli's Bill, which they regarded as imperfect and incomplete, while suspecting the sincerity of those who proposed the Bill, gladly welcomed the fact that, whether in pretence or sincerity, Reform, however short in completeness of that for which they had for years contended, was certain of attainment. For many years Mr. Bright has been our best known pioneer, and what has been said of a not very well-known but influential theological pioneer, might with very little alteration be applied to Mr. Bright: "He was careless of his own name, provided the higher thoughts for which he cared were found bearing fruit. He possessed that highest of all magnanimity, of forgetting himself in the cause which he loved, and rejoicing that others entered into the results for which he laboured."

Even Mr. Bright's opponents, who have by the bye adopted many of his views, acknowledge that he has been a pioneer in the commonest meaning of the word; that he has been in advance of the political opinion of his day. For years he has been cutting his way through the tangled jungle of ignorance and prejudice; for years he has been educating large masses of men of all ranks, classes, and degrees, in the same sense that Mr. Disraeli is said to have educated his followers. But it has become the fashion to say that Mr. Bright's work is done, that he is no longer sufficiently advanced in opinion to lead, but that he must be content to fall into the ranks, and follow the leadership of men more advanced, who have a keener insight into the wants of the present day, a better appreciation of the requirements of those recently enfranchised by Mr. Disraeli; that the Irish Church having been disestablished, the electoral fran-

chise having been extended, an Irish Land Bill become law, and provision made for the better education of the people,—that having thus seen the whole of the chief measures for which he has contended carried into effect, Mr. Bright must stand aside, and amuse himself with salmon fishing. This fallacy has gained strength and substance, owing to Mr. Bright's enforced retirement from public affairs.

Now it will be my aim to show, that important as are the measures that have been carried, yet they do not, when taken together, make a moiety of the political programme which Mr. Bright has consistently and persistently advocated. And I venture to hazard this prophecy, that as in 1858, after nearly three years' absolute retirement from public life, Mr. Bright appeared like a giant refreshed, and was able to effect more than before his illness, so now we may expect Mr. Bright's return to active life will be signalized by another decennial period of sound and thorough political work.

I may state at the outset that I do not wish to claim for Mr. Bright more than is his due. I neither think nor wish to imply that he has been the sole instrument in bringing public opinion to the state of ripeness which effected the passage of the important measures which he has advocated, and for advocating which he has been reviled and misrepresented; which measures however have, after more or fewer years, been regarded as not quite so dangerous as was supposed, as not dangerous at all, and at last as wise, politic, and beneficial. I merely take Mr. Bright as the leading man left to us of the small band of pioneers known as Radicals when the title was opprobrious, who have laboured for progress and for civil and religious liberty. I do not attempt to gauge the extent of Mr. Bright's debt to Mr. Hume, Mr. Cobden, or Mr. Villiers, any more than I attempt to decide how much of his indisputable influence is due to his facile eloquence; to his terse, plain language; to his thoroughly English cast of thought; to his familiar, heart-

to-heart, scriptural form of expression. He is alive, and is happily recovering his health. Before his illness he revised the volumes of his published speeches which were edited by Mr. Thorold Rogers, which therefore may be taken as a summary of his own opinions, and not alone of his individual opinions, but also as a summary of the opinions of the small, earnest, thoughtful party to which he belongs, and of which he is chief. In this sense I take these speeches, and throughout this paper I shall refer only to them. From these speeches alone I hope to be able to make good my proposition, that not a tithe of the measures which the Radical party have advocated has yet been carried into effect; that those which remain are sufficient to prove that Mr. Bright has in no way forfeited his position as a pioneer, as a leader of progressive political thought; and that if health and strength are restored to Mr. Bright, he will influence the legislation of the immediate future as much as he has that of the recent past.

Even if some deny that Mr. Bright's influence is as widely spread as it was a few years ago, certainly his power is greater: not only has he done nothing to forfeit the confidence of his followers; not only is he the trusted and honoured friend of the Prime Minister and the leader of the House of Lords; but he has been accepted with marked cordiality by the Queen as a member of the Government and Cabinet. It would be greatly for the advantage, alike of the Ministry and the country, if Mr. Bright would again accept a seat in the Cabinet, without being harassed by the cares and responsibility of any department. What Lords Lyndhurst and Lansdowne have been to former Cabinets, that may Mr. Bright become to the present; and it does not require much foresight to see that, with the accidents and chances of life, it may easily happen that Mr. Bright may himself one day be Prime Minister; were he but ten years younger, this would seem a certainty.

We should take care that we are not led away by the noisy declamation of

what Mr. Thomas Wright, the journeyman engineer, styles "the demonstrative clique" of working men, who, he says, are regarded "by an influential section of the working classes" as "self-seeking, place-seeking, and wire-pulling men;" and I hope that I shall be able to show Mr. Wright, and those who think with him, that when they ask for "a real people's tribune, such a man as John Bright was in the strength of his early prime, and to the full as advanced in opinion for this day as John Bright was for that time," that no better, no more likely man can be found to realize his hopes, and carry into effect his wishes, than the Right Honourable John Bright.

So far back as 1845 Mr. Bright said, "I assert that the Protestant Church of Ireland is at the root of the evils of that country;" and again he called it "the most disgraceful institution in Christendom." Two years later, speaking on the Irish Land question, "There is an unanimous admission now that the misfortunes of Ireland are connected with the management of the land." While few deny that these opinions were true, still fewer realize for how long a period Mr. Bright held them. I have quoted these words in order to show that the man who for twenty-three or twenty-four years lost no fair opportunity of giving expression to such opinions, to which opinions a vast majority of the electors at length gave in their adherence, is entitled to as much or more credit (discredit, if his opponents like to say so) than the man who, having for years disputed them, actually works up these opinions into a Bill, and induces the House of Commons to accept it. But in 1866 Mr. Bright, in unmistakeable terms, threw down a challenge to Mr. Gladstone to take up the Irish question and deal with it in a statesmanlike manner: "I should like to ask him (Mr. Gladstone) whether this Irish question is above the stature of himself and of his colleagues. Take the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Is there in any legislative assembly in the world a man, as

the world judges, of more transcendent capacity? I will say even, is there a man with a more honest wish to do good to the country in which he occupies so conspicuous a place?" Thus in no dim manner was foreshadowed the alliance between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, which led to the inauguration of a humane policy towards Ireland—to the passing of the Irish Church and Land Bills, which measures, though still denounced by those who opposed them, and somewhat disappointing the expectations of those who thought to gather a rich crop of fruit immediately that the tree was planted, have led The O'Donoghue, an undoubted Irish patriot, to declare Mr. Gladstone's Government to be "a Government which has redressed the wrongs of ages, which has established the reign of equality and justice in Ireland."

As Mr. Bright was in advance not only of the general opinion of the country on the Irish question, but even of those who regarded him as their most outspoken champion, so on most purely political questions did he head or act with the most advanced party of progress. It will be sufficient if I name a few on which legislation has taken place, as Free Trade, admission of Jews to Parliament, Church Rates, Ecclesiastical Titles, removal of Tests, Education, withdrawal of troops from Canada, and Reform. Many other questions have been decided, if not in accordance with the exact principles advocated by the Radical leaders, yet in the direction indicated by them. Now the probable course of opinion—therefore of legislation—in the future, can only be learned by careful study of the past and present; and if we look back a few years, we shall see that the whole course of legislation has been progressive, what is called democratic and Americanizing our institutions by those who, acting as a break, have delayed somewhat, but have altogether failed in arresting, "the wild and destructive" course of the powerful locomotive driven by the middle-class Radical leaders.

And if we look at the present, we

see that the whole of Mr. Gladstone's legislation has been in accordance with the wishes of the Radical party, except on Education; on which question his Government is in danger from his Radical supporters. If Mr. Bright does not again take office, he has left in the volumes of his speeches charts by which we can ascertain the course he would have steered: let us see then what future legislation is likely to be, as laid down in these charts so plainly that none who try to read aright can fail to read rightly.

The first question which is going to be decided, whether first in importance or not, is the Ballot, which would hardly occupy the pre-eminent position assigned to it in Mr. Gladstone's programme but for such sentences as these spoken by Mr. Bright in 1858, with which the whole Radical party agree: "I believe it is the opinion of the great body of the Reformers of the United Kingdom, that any Reform Bill which pretends to be generally satisfactory to the Reformers must concede the shelter and protection of the Ballot." And again, speaking of the reduction of the franchise: "I think if there be any call now for the adoption of the Ballot, that call will be more strong and imperative after such a change in the franchise has been made." Some excitement was caused amongst the Conservatives by Mr. Gladstone's passing allusion during the last session to some further measures of Reform which might be necessary. Hoping, well-nigh believing, that their Reform Bill meant finality, the Conservatives deeply resented this hint. If, however, they had studied the chart which lies open to them, they would have read, "I know no reason why the franchise should not be as extensive in the counties as in the boroughs." And again, "When you have settled the question of the Suffrage, you stand and will stand free to deal with the question of the Redistribution of Seats."

A question said to be new has this autumn been advanced towards the front of the host of those awaiting discussion and settlement—the Reform, or, failing Reformation, then the Abolition,

of the House of Lords. To those who, ostrich-like, bury themselves in the sand, and give not earnest or attentive heed to the floating atoms of thought and suggestion, until they gather themselves together into a mass, when they are recognized as public opinion, this question may be regarded as novel; but in 1858 Mr. Bright said, "We know, everybody knows, nobody knows it better than the Peers, that a House of hereditary legislation cannot be a permanent institution in a free country. For we believe that such an institution must in the course of time require essential modification." Again, while saying that the chief reason why the House of Lords adjourns so frequently without transacting any important business is owing to the mismanagement of the Government of the day, he adds, "All of us in our younger days were taught by those who had the care of us a verse which was intended to inculcate the virtue of industry. One couplet was to this effect—

'Satan still some mischief finds  
For idle hands to do.'

And I do not believe that men, however high in station, are exempt from that unfortunate effect which arises to all of us from a course of continual idleness." The sting of the sketch drawn by Mr. Bright of a Peer's proxy being used by the leader of his party while he was himself hundreds of miles away, and knew nothing of the question on which his vote was given, has been removed by the wisdom of the Peers themselves; and their sensible and judicious conduct, when the use of the proxy came under serious discussion, leads those (nine-tenths of the nation) who dislike the thought of so violent a wrench being given to the Constitution, as the forcible extraction of a wisdom tooth which shows only slight symptoms of decay, and which any dentist of moderate skill can easily stop, to hope and think that without violence or difficulty the House of Lords may be brought into harmony with the altered circumstances of the

country. The bats and moles of public life alone profess to think that the Constitution of the House of Lords is perfect. "That is a House, recollect, in which three members form a quorum;" when Lord Lifford a few years ago was dilating on an Irish question, Lord Granville with gentle force detained Lord de Grey on the Treasury bench, and by so doing had twice the strength of the Opposition. The chart clearly indicates the Reform of the House of Lords. And one feature of such Reformation is not dimly foreshadowed. "There is another kind of Peer which I am afraid to touch upon; that creature of—what shall I say? of monstrous, nay even of adulterous birth—the Spiritual Peer." Again, "High titles, vast revenues, great power conferred upon Christian ministers, are as without warrant to my mind in Scripture as in reason."

The country was more or less astonished to find that Mr. Miall's motion for the Disestablishment of the Church of England, although not supported by a single Anglo-Catholic vote, the priests of which small but earnest and influential school talk loudly of the advantage which would accrue to the Church if set free from the trammels of the State, instead of being contemptuously rejected was supported by a respectable minority. As far back as 1845 Mr. Bright said, while speaking of the Church of England, "The Church has been upheld as a bulwark against Catholicism; yet all the errors of Catholicism find a home and a hearty welcome there." "In Lancashire and Yorkshire, and in other counties, that Church is found to be too unwieldy a machine, and altogether unfitted to a population growing in numbers and intelligence like that of those parts of the kingdom." Again, in 1860: "Mr. Miall has not the smallest objection to the Church of England as a religious body . . . what he objects to is, that the Church should be, as it has been, so much of a political institution." And then, in words the truth of which we realize eleven years after they were spoken: "And there can be no doubt but that among the clergy of the Estab-

lishment, and the most thoughtful of her sons, there is throughout the kingdom at this moment a deep sentiment at work which, altogether apart from Mr. Miall and the Liberation Society, is destined before many years are over to make great changes in the constitution and condition of that Church." Unless sweeping reforms are introduced, disestablishment is a matter of a very few years; three general elections at the longest.

Our chart indicates reform in our mode of licensing rather than any such wholesale uprooting of the present system as would be brought about by the passing of the Permissive Bill; and the suggestion was made in 1860, "that the opening of public-houses and beer-shops, and the granting of licences," should be entrusted "to the ordinary local governing bodies of the cities, towns, and boroughs."

Land tenure, the laws of primogeniture and entail, are taking up so much of men's thoughts as to have passed from the stage of desultory discussion to the stage of associated consideration by a League formed for the purpose of bringing about legislation as the result of the careful consideration of those who have interested themselves in the subject.

Now there are some questions which take a generation before they run their course; others take a few years less: but if the advocates of well-nigh any question are in earnest, they can form a small party in some large town, composed of unflinching men, acting upon sound principles and from conviction, who will not be tempted to deviate from the course they have marked out for themselves. If they can obtain representation for their views in Parliament, especially if they can obtain a spokesman of ability to represent their views, legislation is but a matter of time: so surely as a bullet from a good rifle held by a skilled shot will sooner or later hit the bull's-eye, so sure is it that sooner or later such men will succeed. The stages through which such questions run are (1) suggestion, (2) discussion, (3) hopeless reso-

lution submitted to House of Commons, newspaper ridicule, (4) conference, (5) formation of a League, followed by (6) active agitation, press discussion and approval, election cry, (7) mentioned in Queen's Speech, legislation. The men composing the party of progress are more determined than those who make up the party of resistance, who ever find some of their standing-ground crumbling beneath their feet; while the party of progress, standing upon the sound ground of right and true principle, is irresistible.

The delicate and difficult questions of land tenure, primogeniture, entail, game—in short, the whole of the questions in which landlords and the agricultural interests are most deeply interested—are in my sixth category, and Canute's courtiers might just as well expect that he could hinder the advance of the flowing tide, as the country party that they can prevent these questions passing through the sixth stage, and awaiting their turn to be dealt with by the House of Commons. The game question has made great progress; many landlords have made great concessions; yet we still have "bands of men . . . prowling about in almost every county endeavouring to destroy game" (which the law has never yet said is property), and we "have outrages . . . in which gamekeepers and poachers are killed and murdered." "By this system of game-preserving the landlords are made the greatest enemies of a class in whose real well-being they have the truest and greatest interest." The number of Bills that have been submitted to Parliament dealing with the Game Laws, from trivial modification to unconditional abolition, show that legislation will ere long be effected; the longer delayed, the more stringent will it be; and as Mr. Dingwall Fordyce was returned for Aberdeenshire, and an almost unknown young Englishman unseated the most polished, most highly cultivated Scottish county member, mainly on the Game Law question, so ere long some English county may be found following the example of Aberdeenshire and Perth-

shire in their determination to get rid of what Mr. Bright twenty-six years ago denounced as "a mischievous and unjust system." The distribution and tenure of land, entail, and primogeniture are, as I have said, being looked after by a League; but in 1864 Mr. Bright advocated such simple alterations in the law as would deal with land like other property, would distribute the land of a man dying intestate as it distributes shares, houses, or funded property; would prevent property being left to a child unborn, but would limit it to those alive when the will was made; but did not even propose to interfere with a man who chose "to act the unnatural and absurd part of leaving the whole of his property to one child," although he believed it to be in direct opposition to "the great universal law of natural parental affection and justice."

He said in 1858, "The system of legislation in regard to primogeniture and on entails and settlements, which is intended to keep vast estates in one hand through successive generations, to prevent their economical disposition and change of property which is found so advantageous in every other kind of property, is full of the most pernicious consequences not only to the agricultural classes, but to all other classes of our countrymen, since we are all affected by it." Now it will be quite impossible for the great landlords, whether Peers or Commoners, to prevent legislation on these most important questions: resist doubtless some will, but while they may delay and modify the measures that will be proposed, a prisoner pinioned by Calcraft, and being unwillingly forced to the scaffold, has just as much chance of escaping execution as they have of altogether getting rid of these troublesome and vexatious questions without legislation. And while it is not to be denied that landlords and tenants, landlords and labourers do have not unpleasant relations on many estates, yet how long those who have been living without hope in this world will rest contented with less good fare and less good lodging than the hunters in the stable and the

pedigree stock in the yards which they tend, we shall only know when the county franchise is assimilated to that of the towns, and the voter has discovered, a work of years probably, that he is absolutely protected from both landlord, agent, and master, "by the shelter of the Ballot." Neither can the Conservatives derive much comfort from the fact of their opponents not being agreed. The Liberal party must ever be like water heaped up by the Conservative dam, over which or through the crevices of which Radical pioneers find their way, making the holes larger by reason of use, until over, under, through the dam pours a sufficient volume of water to effect the purpose of the pioneer: in spite of the dam, the water reaches the sea.

Work enough surely to occupy the attention of Parliament for years, yet more remains. America is the only first-class power who devotes almost its entire strength to its home, as opposed to its foreign policy—hence the immense development of that great country; but England might be free to devote herself to her own affairs, says Mr. Bright, "but for the networks and complications from which it is impossible that we can gain one single atom of advantage for this country." We have treaties on every side; but as treaties cannot in the very nature of things be permanent, irrevocable, eternal, some limit must be fixed; and as we have had a Conservative Minister—Sir John Pakington—striking out the words "balance of power" from the preamble of the Mutiny Act, thereby showing that the Conservatives at any rate will never go to war again for "the balance of power," so may we expect to find—"it may not be in our lifetime,"—a Prime Minister "who will denounce the expenditure of every shilling, the engagement of every man, the employment of every ship which has no object but intermeddling in the affairs of other countries."

The extent of the influence which the Radical party has exercised over the opinion of the country on our foreign policy may be to some extent estimated

by the conduct of all parties: the Conservative party giving up the balance of power, the Liberal party yielding to the demands of Russia, and both parties uniting in the settlement of the Alabama question, when Sir Stafford Northcote co-operated with Lord De Grey, and when men of all parties in the borough of Southampton signified by an address their approval of the Recorder of London sitting on the Court of Arbitration. Thoroughly to carry out the same policy in our relations with European powers is, and ever must be, the aim of the Radical party. Great strength at home, and absolute abstention from unnecessary interference with the affairs of others, will bring about influence abroad and prosperity to the whole empire.

On no question has Mr. Bright announced a clearer and more deliberate opinion than on "our policy with reference to India." It may be that on this question he is, like Mr. Fawcett, much in advance of the Radical party, who in some measure share the blame attaching to nearly the whole of our public men, who totally neglect India in times of peace and quiet, and only legislate in a hurry, and therefore carelessly, in the time of trouble and disquietude. "The edifice we have reared is too vast . . . too vast for management." "The office of Governor-General should be abolished." "I believe the duties of the Governor-General are far greater than any human being can adequately fulfil." "I would have at least five Presidencies, and I would have the Governments of those Presidencies equal in rank and salary." Again, "How long does England propose to govern India?" "You may govern India, if you like, for the good of England; but the good of England must come through the channel of the good of India." As this latter policy is now more or less adopted; as natives occupy, and fill with satisfactory success, judicial and other high offices; as we are by means of education, by the facilities of travelling and correspondence, training considerable numbers of natives, teaching them to govern,—is it not well that we should in days of

quietness and peace give some of our attention to India? The policy indicated above, which is carefully elaborated in the speeches from which these extracts are taken, seems so wise, so thoughtful, in many ways so expedient, as to render its adoption, in part at any rate, a mere question of time.

The abolition of capital punishment, the encouragement of emigration, the extension of the probate duty to all property which passes by death from one owner to another, the cultivation of waste lands, disconnecting ourselves from the policy and interests of Turkey, the extravagance of our taxation, Indian finance, and the dealing with pauperism, are a few more of the questions on which Mr. Bright has expressed opinions in most decided and unmistakeable terms, and on which legislation must take place. But perhaps nothing has been more remarkable than the persistence with which, through evil report and good report, he has urged on England the duty of maintaining the most friendly and most intimate relations with America, but for which never could such a treaty have been seriously considered as the Alabama Treaty. A few years ago it would have been a thing quite impossible that a Radical Peer and a Conservative Cabinet Minister should sit on a Commission together at Washington to inaugurate the great international system of arbitration instead of war. All parties and nearly every man of weight in this country now recognize that the Americans are our "kinsmen," that America may fairly be called "the Transatlantic English nation—the inheritor and partaker of all the historic glories of this country." Again, "I am persuaded of this as much as I am of anything that I know and believe, that the more perfect the friendship that is established between the people of England and the free people of America, the more you will find your path of progress here made easy for you, and the more will social and political liberty advance amongst us." It is now difficult to believe that for such words Mr. Bright should have been reviled, abused, denounced as a traitor to his

country, a dangerous and malicious man, one to be feared, and if possible to be made to keep silence. Yet such is the fact.

I think that I have shown that the programme of the Radical party, so far as it is represented by Mr. Bright's authorized speeches, is by no means exhausted; and that as the legislation of the recent past has been very much in accordance with the wishes of the Radical party, as opposed to old Whigs and Conservatives, so there is no reason to suppose that there will be any alteration in this respect in the future, even if the Liberal party is somewhat out of hand at present, and has to be pulled together by a short visit to the left hand of the Speaker. The Radical party consists for the most part of the representatives of towns, and the power and influence of the towns seem rather on the increase than otherwise: at this moment Birmingham is the centre of agitation for the Reform of the House of Lords; Newcastle for Disestablishment of the Churches of England and Scotland; Manchester for unity of action on the part of Nonconformists; Nottingham for fresh legislation affecting working men; while Leeds, Bolton, and London have recently or are about to witness public meetings to advocate a Redistribution of Seats, Edinburgh is moving with reference to Licensing: in fact the towns are for the most part Radical. But upon no one of these questions has Mr. Bright failed to express an opinion, and in nearly every instance that opinion is very much in accordance with the views of the most active and influential promoters of these interesting Conferences which are now becoming so common. That Mr. Bright is loyal to the core, that he is known as a chivalric champion of the Queen, and a true friend to our limited monarchy, adds immensely to his influence; for the Republicans in England are almost entirely restricted to a few towns, and in every town in the kingdom are in a hopeless minority. I have merely indicated a few of Mr. Bright's political opinions

that have not yet been completely carried out, in the hope that it may be the means of inducing many to read Mr. Bright's speeches for themselves, in order that they may form their own judgment thereon. Respected, admired, trusted, believed in as he is by thousands, I shall be astonished if a close and careful study of these beautiful speeches in the light that I have indicated does not convince other thousands that, whether for power or pathos, foresight or feeling, simplicity or sincerity, earnestness, truth, or eloquence, these volumes are hard to match in the English language. One passage only will I quote, recalling to mind as it does one still greater who "must needs glory:"—"My conscience tells me that I have laboured honestly only to destroy that which is evil and to build up that which is good. The political gains of the last twenty-five years, as they were summed up the

other night by the hon. member for Wick, are my political gains, if they can be called the gains in any degree of any living Englishman. And if now, in all the great centres of our population—in Birmingham with its busy district, in Manchester with its encircling towns, in the population of the West Riding of Yorkshire, in Glasgow and amidst the vast industries of the West of Scotland, and in this great Babylon in which we are assembled—if we do not find ourselves surrounded by hungry and exasperated multitudes; if now more than at any time during the last hundred years it may be said, quoting the beautiful words of Mr. Sheridan, 'Content sits basking on the cheeks of toil;' if this House and its statesmen glory in the change, have not I as much as any living man some claim to partake of that glory?"

S. FLOOD PAGE.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1872.

CHRISTINA NORTH.

BY E. M. ARCHER.

## CHAPTER XII.

SHE sat thinking of it all for many hours of the night. Here at last was a way of escape,—escape from confession and promises, and from herself. How could she meet Bernard's eyes, and let him think that it was all as it had been? Yet how could she tell him—how could she let him guess what had wrought the change? With Mr. Warde it was otherwise: he was kind, he was pitiful, and he wished to marry her, but she knew that she would not have to shrink from a love which she could not return. He wished to make her his wife; she must consent, and then all would be over, and no more questions would be asked. He would be content with what she had to give. If he had loved her, she could not have done it; but he did not love her, so there was nothing which need make her fear,—nothing except the recollections to which she would not listen, and the longings which had died, she thought, for ever within her.

Youth appears to be self-sacrificing, because it cannot and will not count the cost: like Esau, it stretches out its hand for the mess of pottage and lets the birthright go. In spite of her assurance, Christina had not counted the cost: she thought of the present effort for which she had the strength: she thought of the present evil from which she would be

freed; but she did not look on to the long years which lay before her, which must know nothing of the hopes of her youth and the dreams of her girlhood, when all the happiness she would know would be the gift of a kind man, who, because he was kind, desired to make her happy. She did not think of this, but she thought much of the present sacrifice and the present deliverance. By this act she would bring sunshine into the dreary house; she would call forth an unwonted song of thanksgiving from her mother's heart: she would free her grandfather from the dishonour which was pressing so heavily upon him. Why should she not do it? Was it not right? Was it not her duty? And as for herself, what did it matter?

Yet the next morning, when they came and told her that he was there awaiting her answer, she turned cold, and for a minute felt as if she could not do it.

"I am coming," she said, and did not stir, but sat rigidly upright upon the side of her bed, as if turned into stone. The minutes seemed long before she went down to the front parlour where he was waiting. She had been able to smile at her mother and grandfather when she told them what answer she would make him; she had smiled, though she was quiet and composed, when they had blessed her for the relief she was about to bring; but now she stood up, and her

face was pale, and her mouth firmly set, and her hands cold; and she did not turn to look in the glass or smooth back the tumbled hair from her face, but went down, stepping steadily with immovable composure, just as she was, in her morning cotton gown: and she was going thus to meet the man who was to be her husband.

"You are willing?" he said, holding out his hand with a kind smile, and clasping hers firmly as he spoke.

And at that moment all her courage returned; she knew that he would not trouble her with protestations or promises or inquiries; he would be, now as ever, kind, straightforward, and honest.

"Yes, I am willing," she said, gravely; and then he dropped her hand, as if the compact had been made and there was nothing further to be done but to discuss the conditions. It had been done, and for the moment the sense of the irrevocable was a relief to Christina, and she sat down, quiet and prepared to listen to anything further that he might have to say.

"I am a great deal older than you, Christina," he said, "and you must not expect me to behave as if I were twenty. I have thought of this for a long time, and my greatest desire is to make you happy. You have had a hard time, my dear, but now I trust that it is over."

"Thank you," said Christina; and then she could say nothing more.

"We cannot be married at once, I am afraid," he went on in a serious, deliberate tone; "I must get a little house somewhere. Your mother wants me to come here, but I could not live so far from my work. I hope you will take an interest in it too, Christina."

"I will try," said Christina. She did not laugh, or even smile, or look rebellious or indignant at the bare thought of parish work. She was strangely quiet, and she meant to accept it all, as she sat there listening to his plans,—plans full of kindness and large-heartedness for her grandfather's comfort, and the good of his flock, and her own happiness.

And then came a summons to him to

the death-bed of a parishioner, and he hurried off, saying that she would not see him again that day, he had so many things that must be attended to; and she heard him with relief and gratitude,—she need not fear that his attentions would be those of a lover.

"Then good-bye till to-morrow," she said, and smiled at him for the first time as he hurriedly took his leave.

She stood at the door as he strode away, and just at that moment the Park gates were thrown open, and Captain Cleasby drove past. He bowed as he caught sight of Christina, but she went back quickly into the house, her heart beating fast, no longer with hope or fear or longing, but with a kind of fierce pleasure in the strength of her self-renunciation.

At this time it seemed to Christina that her fate was irrevocably sealed. She could not marry the man she loved,—everything made it impossible. She had been bound to Bernard, and now she knew that she could never, with a clear conscience, become his wife; she knew that she could not look into his face and let him think that there had been no change: and so it was that she had engaged herself to a kind and honest man, who asked for no more than she could give, and who desired to make her happy. She thought no more of Captain Cleasby;—it had been a dream, and she seemed to herself to be able now to banish the remembrance of it and to scorn the past. It had been a mad infatuation, and now that she had put it from her she almost despised herself for it. It even appeared hard that it should have come to destroy her prospect of happiness, to make her break her promises, and prove false to him who, in his confident lightheartedness, had believed in her always.

She had thought at first that she would write and let Bernard know how it was; but now she found that it was impossible to write to him. How could she put into words all the complicated motives which had actuated her? yet how could she tell him the bare fact? His mother knew, and she would write.

Yet at this time it was not of herself that she was thinking, nor of her past as connected with Captain Cleasby, still less of her future as connected with Mr. Warde,—but of Bernard: of the days long past when they had been so happy together; of her promises, and his words, and their last parting. Then when she knew that his mother had written, she calculated the time, and thought when and how he would get the letter. It would be by an early post, and she thought of him coming down to his solitary breakfast, full of his projects and his work, energetic and eager, with the thought of her and of his return home running through his life and brightening it all. She pictured him with his sunny smile and boyish ways, winning the hearts of all who knew him; and then a vision came before her and returned again and again. She saw him fling down the letter; she saw him grow pale and stern, yet bewildered, and passionately incredulous; she thought of him in his first hours of uncertainty, and during the days which must follow; and always his reproachful eyes were looking into hers.

Sometimes it seemed that she had paid too dearly for what she had gained—for her grandfather's satisfied pride, and for her mother's contentment; but yet was it not better so than that she should have gone to Bernard with a lie upon her lips? She had been capable of much wrong, but this she could not do.

But if only they need not meet! It would be better for both that they should not meet just now. Again and again in the middle of her pain this desire came back, and she thought, if only Bernard were not coming home! if only his return could be postponed! if only she need not meet his just resentment until all was to his eyes as irrevocable as she felt it to be—until she was Mr. Warde's wife, and shut off from him for ever! Then, she thought, she could bear it; but now it was hard, and every day she shrank more and more from the meeting, as every day brought it nearer.

Her aunt had congratulated her very

gravely—Christina could not but fear that she had her suspicions—and she said, with emphasis, that after all Bernard might not come home just at present.

Christina, too, thought that he might not come, and the thought gave her new hope and courage. Her grandfather was better again: he sat over his books in his study, but he was less irritable than he had been, and it was evident that a load had been taken off his mind. And Christina meant to do her duty and to leave all the rest behind her. She went to the schools by Mr. Warde's desire, and she tried to interest herself in parish work. Sometimes she thought it would be easy and natural; it was only just at first that it was so irksome and so hard; it was only just at first that it was so impossible to keep her mind from wandering back to the past, and from looking to what might have been. She did not care much for people's opinion, but yet it was a pleasure to her to know how much happiness this one act of self-renunciation had brought to others: she read it in her grandfather's voice and her mother's eyes. Only her Aunt Margaret looked coldly upon her, and she did not blame her openly.

In truth, Mrs. Oswestry was astonished at her own spontaneous feeling of indignation; but she had guessed that her boy had set his heart upon this thing, and she felt unreasonably injured. She did not admire Christina or love her as she would have desired to love and admire her daughter-in-law: she knew well enough that Bernard was at present in no position to marry; she knew that an attachment between him and Christina would have appeared preposterous and absurd to her father, and that it would have been hard to reconcile herself to it; and yet, in spite of all this, she felt that Christina was doing her an injury in engaging herself to another man: and if indeed it was as she had once supposed, she was sacrificing her own truth for the sake of a "suitable" marriage.

"You have my best wishes," she said,

about a week after Mr. Warde's proposal, when Christina had for the first time gone to her house—a duty which she had shrunk from for the first few days. "I hope, Christina, that you will do your duty in your own state of life, and be a blessing to your husband. I have written to Bernard, for I hardly know when he may be at home. He spoke of some work which might fall to him, if he stayed, when he wrote last," said Mrs. Oswestry, rather proudly; for at least Christina should not know that she could have anything to do with the change in Bernard's plans.

And Christina turned away, feeling that she had no longer a right to seek to know more. Once she had taken so close an interest in all his doings, but now her remorse made her unwilling unnecessarily to pronounce his name. She went away with an undefined consciousness of her aunt's displeasure, thrusting away all regrets. After all, he was not coming; and after a time it would be different, and she would no longer fear to meet him.

Then, just as she had, as it were, freed herself from her most pressing difficulty; just as she was turning again to her duty, and stifling the old yearnings; just when the consciousness of her present position and her separation from the past was strongest within her,—at this moment she was suddenly recalled to it by an unexpected sight: once more she was the Christina of old times, no longer passive and self-controlled and resolute, but trembling and flushing and carried out of herself; she had turned a sharp corner in the shady lane where the branches were so wide and tall that they almost met over her head, and as she turned and looked up she started and gave a cry; for Bernard was close before her, coming towards her with long strides.

Then there was no longer any hope; he had come back on receiving the news; he had not stayed away as she had vainly hoped. For one moment she imagined that there was yet a respite in store for her; for a moment she hoped that she was yet safe from his reproaches; but

when she looked at him, she hoped no longer.

He had been walking fast, and his face was a little flushed, and his hair disordered, as was natural; but it was not his haste which made his eyes so eager, and his voice so highly strung.

"It is not true, Christina!" and he took her hands in his and pressed them hard as she stood a little away from him leaning against a bank.

Very slowly Christina raised her eyes to his face; she would not lower them before him, but yet it was very hard.

"Is it true, Christina?" and then in the long silence which followed he waited for her answer.

"Yes, it is true, Bernard," she said at last, speaking distinctly, yet as if each word had been wrung from her.

Then he dropped her hands and drew back; but yet his eyes were upon her, and when he spoke, every word came to her, clear and distinct in the autumn stillness.

"And I believed in you, Christina; I believed in you until this moment. I could not think it was true—I would not trust the letter—I would not have trusted an angel if he had said that you were false: and now I can hardly believe it when you tell me so yourself. You were pledged to me, Christina, though only we knew of it. You would have been free if you had asked for freedom, but you had said you would not change, and I trusted you. You never told me you had changed until you were the promised wife of another man; you left me to hear the news as I might. Oh, Christina, I would bear anything to know you to be once more as true as I thought you! If you wished to be free, why did you not say so?"

He paused, but she made no answer. What answer could she make? Was it not all true? and how could she meet him with excuses?

"If you had loved him, I could have forgiven you," he continued; "then I could have understood it better; but you cannot tell me that you love him, Christina—can you say that you do?"

"I have been very wrong; I have

done very wrong by you ; but you have no right—no one has any right now to interfere between him and me. He is content to take what I can give ; no one else can come between us.” She spoke proudly and lifted up her head, and made a movement as if to pass on, but Bernard stood in her path.

“The future is your own,” he said ; “but the past, Christina, you cannot so easily get rid of, and the past you must divide with me. Think of your promises, and of how you have kept them ; think of your words which cannot be forgotten. No one will ever know of them ; no one will know of what has been ; but *we* cannot forget. You may think you can, but you cannot. I must remember, though I would gladly forget. I must remember the old times and the happy days, and your past promises, even as I must remember your falsehood and broken faith.”

“Let me go, Bernard. It can do no good to say hard words about me. If we cannot forget the past, at least we can be silent.”

“No, Christina, I will not let you go ; I will speak now, and for the last time. It is better that you should know what you have done. I do not remember when I first began to love you—it was so long ago,” he said, and his voice faltered with tenderness and regret in the midst of his reproachful indignation, at the remembrance of their childish days. “I have loved you all my life ; I had always hoped, and a year ago last August I told you what I hoped, and when I went away you gave me your promise and your pledge. We could not hope to marry at once, but I was content to wait. I was content to seek no further assurance, because, Christina, I trusted you—trusted you entirely : and how have you repaid my trust ? You were not frightened or hurried ; you were not in love ; but yet, for the sake of money and position, or, if you like it better, for the sake of pleasing your relations, you engaged yourself to marry another man ; and this when I knew nothing of the change—when I was still happy and trusting ! I was still to hear of it as if it could not

concern me—as if I had nothing to do with it. It is not only that you have broken your faith, but everything I believed in was a lie ; you never cared for me, or you could not have done it. It is over now, Christina ; you can go if you like. I have said all I have to say, and nothing can bring back the past.”

He ceased, and now Christina raised her eyes, and looked at him through her tears. It was not that she loved him ; it was not that she did not feel his words to be cruel and hard ; but yet, though she would not have brought back his love, she yearned for the old friendship. It was not his words which had brought the rush of tears to her eyes ; she was not so much moved by him, as he stood before her now, pale and fierce, and passionately reproachful, as she was moved by the recollection of his looks and words when they had been together last : she remembered the parting, and knew that that was all of the past, and could not be brought back.

“Is there no forgiveness possible ?” she said, mournfully.

“How can there be ? No, Christina. Not because my hopes are gone, not because of my grief and disappointment,—I could have forgiven you all that ; but I cannot forgive you, for you were false when I thought you true. Oh, Christina, why did you do it ?” he cried in his misery, with sudden relenting ; and then he turned away that she might not see his face, and strode down the green lane towards his home.

But long after he had passed from her sight, Christina stood still where he had left her, leaning against the bank, with her hands hanging down. She had known that he would reproach her ; she had known that he would give way to his impulse ; but she had not known what form her past would take, seen by the light of his words. And now there was no way of escape, and all at once their positions had undergone a complete change. Until now she had always stood, as it were, a little above him ; he had always looked up to her, even in her phases of rebelliousness and injustice and discontent ; he had never blamed her ; he had changed with her

varying moods, and been happy only in her presence : and now it was she who would have pleaded to him if she might ; it was she who stood convicted before him, and could not even stand upon her own defence. She felt instinctively that she could not so have spoken had she been in his place ; she would have suffered in silence, too proud to be reproachful or indignant : but he was still a boy, impetuous and ungoverned in his passion and his sorrow. Oh, why had she brought it upon him ! How happy and confident he had been — so beautiful and so gay, that it seemed as if nothing but a passing cloud could overshadow his life : and she remembered that this was not like a disappointment arising from a passing fancy, or even from a disappointment of months or years : it was quite true, she knew, that he had thought of it ever since he could remember, that it had dwelt with him always, and that for more than a year she had been his promised wife. Now there was nothing more to be said ; he would not speak to her again, and she need not fear that her secret would be discovered ; and yet she longed for a word of forgiveness, for the old proud smile with which he had been used to look upon her. It was not regret for a lover who had changed ; it was rather like the sorrow of a sister whose brother turns from her, and must henceforth be a stranger. She would so gladly have said, "Forgive me, Bernard," if only he could have been content to take what she could give ; his words had saddened and oppressed her without awakening any resentment ; she knew that he could not forget them, nor the vehement indignation from which they had sprung.

All this time she thought rather of him than of herself, and not even now did she wish to free herself from Mr. Warde. Since she had seen Bernard, the impossibility of deceiving him was even stronger within her than it had been ; and as to herself, it seemed as if it no longer mattered what became of her ; or at least she would now do her duty, and put everything else aside.

Gradually, as she stood there, again fighting the battle with herself in the

shady lane, a stillness came over her spirit, and she thought that it was victory. It was partly a revulsion from the passionate excitement of the last hour ; it was partly physical weariness ; partly the effect of the peacefulness around her.

The dumb, unexpectant calm of autumn hung over everything ; the silence of resignation where grief is hushed and hope has no place ; the peace of departing souls who have said their last farewell ; the death-bed of the dying year.

And as Christina turned homewards, she too thought that she had said her last farewell to the troubled waters upon which she had been tossing, and was passing into the region of calms. Thus it is that we think ourselves strong when we are weakest, and imagine that we can in one hour, by an effort of the will, shut the doors for ever against the passions and the impulses of the past. Christina thought herself secure, and in the midst of her sadness and weariness the sense of security was not nothing — was even much.

Bernard was changed, it was true, yet he did not shun her. Perhaps his mother knew that he suffered, but he spoke to no one ; and at the White House, with the exception of Christina, they knew nothing of the change. He came and sat with his grandfather ; he listened patiently to his aunt : and if there was a change they did not notice it. Mrs. North said one day she thought he had grown taller ; Christina knew that he was only thinner and paler. He said that he could not remain long at home ; he had work offered him elsewhere, and he smiled when they congratulated him upon his prosperity ; and no one but Christina guessed why he was unwilling to remain in the neighbourhood. She honoured him for his reticence, and was grateful to him for a self-control so foreign to his nature, and yet she still yearned for a word or look to say that she was forgiven ; but though he was outwardly the same when others were by, she knew that there was a difference, wide as the world, and, since that day in the lane, she had never seen him alone.

One afternoon she had walked over with a message to her Aunt Margaret. Mrs. Oswestry was busy with a poor woman, but she would be down in a few minutes, the servant said, if Miss Christina would wait in the drawing-room.

Christina walked in unannounced, wondering within herself whether Bernard was at home; and then she suddenly stopped, perceiving that he was in the room; but he was not conscious of her presence.

He had flung himself down on the sofa close to the window, and looked as if he had suddenly fallen asleep. His cap lay on the floor, and his eyes were shut, and his fair hair was tumbled about his pale face. He was no longer the bright-faced boy he had been; but though he was altered, he was handsomer than he had ever been before.

Christina stood looking down at him, and tears rose in her eyes. She must speak to him now that they were alone; it would be better for them both that some words of forgiveness should be spoken.

"Bernard!" she said gently. He stirred uneasily and smiled in his sleep. "Bernard!" she said again, and this time the smile faded as he opened his eyes upon her and rose to his feet.

"I have wakened you," she said.

"Yes, my head aches," he said gloomily, as if in explanation. "Are you waiting for my mother?"

"Yes. They have told her; she is coming. Oh, Bernard, you are not going away?"

"Why not? I have nothing to say to you, Christina. I have said all I have to say,—perhaps I should have done better to leave it unsaid: it is all over. You are going to marry this man, and then perhaps we may be friends again,—but not now."

"Bernard, can you never forgive me? We have been together all our lives, and is it to cease for ever because of this one wrong that I have done you?"

"Yes, Christina, because you do not love him. If you had loved him, I

could have forgiven you everything. I do not warn you because I love you still—all that is past—but do not think that you will be happy because he is kind and good."

There was something of scorn in his voice, and Christina was too proud to plead again. She got up to greet her aunt, with the colour flushing in her cheeks and the old flash in her eyes; and when she took her solitary way home across the heath after some hours passed with Mrs. Oswestry, something of indignation was mingled with her pity and her desire for forgiveness, and her regret for what she had done.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE news of Christina's engagement to Mr. Warde had not been without its effect upon his parishioners and upon the little world of Overton; and so far from pitying her, they were disposed to think that he might have done better, and that he was throwing himself away upon a girl of whom no one knew anything except that she was pretty, and old North's grand-daughter, and had not a penny in the world. The clergyman, they thought, might have chosen some one older and better able to share his pastoral labours; for, to be sure, Christina knew little of parish duties, and was not even very regular in her attendance at church.

But if these were the views entertained for the most part by the Overton public, there was one person in whose eyes the affair took a very different aspect.

Captain Cleasby had heard of it quite casually; it was borne in upon him, as the news which lies nearest to our hearts is so often borne in upon us, by the careless words of an acquaintance in whose mouth it was but an unimportant bit of gossip, and Captain Cleasby gave no sign that it mattered anything to him. He smiled and said something of Christina's beauty and the parson's good luck, and then passed on to other things: but he went home grave and preoccupied, and sauntered into the drawing-room

with his hands thrust into his pockets and a cloud over his brow.

He did not speak of it at once, but went to the pianoforte, playing at intervals and talking to his sister; and it was not till some time had been passed in this way that he said—

“By the way, Augusta, I have news for you: your parson is going to marry Christina?”

“Christina North!” exclaimed Augusta; and she sat upright and laid down her book. “Nonsense, Walter; who told you so?”

“Gregon told me; but it appears it is an old story now. I only hope they haven't been worrying the poor child's life out of her! I can't conceive what possesses her; but at least you will be pleased to find your fears were groundless. It is only in your partial eyes that I am this irresistible and all-powerful rival to other men.”

He spoke lightly, yet there was an undercurrent of vexation beneath his words, which was sufficiently apparent if his sister had been at leisure to perceive it; but she was busied with her own thoughts. She remembered her own conjectures and what had led to them; she remembered with something of fear and trembling the suspicions she had had, and the warning she had given, and she was startled and perplexed. Yet she would not share her thoughts and perplexities with her brother.

“I am very glad,” she said, after that momentary conference with herself. “He is a man I thoroughly admire and respect. He will do his best to make her happy. It will be a great change from the dismal life she has led at home.”

“Where at least she was free!” said Captain Cleasby: and he got up and walked to the window. “And to marry that ordinary broad-shouldered parson! I consider it very presumptuous of him to have asked her.”

“I think you have taken an absurd view of it, Walter. What could she expect more? And Mr. Warde is not an ordinary man. His straightforward goodness and unselfish devotion are not

ordinary. I think Christina is very fortunate, and I do trust, Walter, that if you meet her you will do nothing to unsettle her mind.”

“So I am still dangerous, am I?” said Captain Cleasby. “I should have thought that this might have reassured you, Gusty; but I am still to be the villain of the piece, and come in at the end to shatter your hero's happiness. And you don't seem to understand her either: she is not a soft little girl to be so easily won. Depend upon it, if she cares, she will stick to it and hold her own against the world. If she doesn't care, then it's a different thing.”

“Why are you sceptical about it? Why should she not care for him?”

“It don't seem natural,” said Captain Cleasby: and after that he went away to dress for dinner; and when they met again, as if by mutual consent, they kept clear of the subject.

Augusta was not exactly talkative, but yet it was not usual that there should be any lack of conversation during their *tête-à-tête* meals. They had both of them somewhat discursive minds, and they were apt to interchange fancies, and argue, and discuss the books they had read and the questions of the day; but this evening they were both silent and pre-occupied, and Miss Cleasby, leaning one arm on the table, drew lines on the table-cloth, and Walter was moody and played with his terriers, and fed them under the table, though this was an attention to which they were unaccustomed.

“Walter,” said Miss Cleasby, rousing herself after the servants had left the room, “I had a note from Uncle Robert this morning: he wants to know what we are doing about staying on here, and whether he shall come and pay us a visit. He says he rather expected to hear from you before this, but he supposes you are in communication with Mr. Waltham,—and there is something about his claim which I don't quite understand; and he says you are not to hurry yourself—I don't quite know what about. I meant to show you the letter, but you [went out so soon after breakfast.”

"If there is a thing I hate, it is hearing a letter second-hand,—it is bad enough when one has to read it," said Captain Cleasby, crossly. "If he wants an answer, he should write to me. Of course he can come, if he likes it; but when you write, just say that you don't know anything about business, and you have nothing to do with it. How I detest relations who think they have a right to meddle in all your private affairs, just because they belong to what they call 'the family.'"

"Yes,—but, Walter, I do think you might be a little more communicative. You will be getting us into a scrape some day; and I suppose Uncle Robert has experience. Would it not be as well to have his advice if you are in any difficulty? I have been wanting for some days to talk to you about the money arrangements."

"And those, my dear Augusta, are precisely the subjects upon which I do *not* want to talk to you," said Captain Cleasby: and he stood up and emptied his glass of wine. "I am going to have my cigar outside. Shut the window if it grows cold; I shall be back for tea:" and he took up his hat.

His sister, though she was not sensitive, was a little hurt, rather at his manner than his speech; and she said no more, while he lighted his cigar, standing just outside the window, and then stepped out into the garden without further words.

Sudden announcements often take some little time to make themselves fully felt. But from the first, Captain Cleasby was disturbed more than he chose to show, by the announcement which he had received. He had not, as people say, "meant anything" when he had sought Christina, taking pleasure in her freshness and originality and the charm of her beauty; but now it did seem to him as if he had sustained a loss, and as if Mr. Warde was doing her an injury in claiming all this for his own. If she had been making what he would have considered a good marriage, he would have felt differently; but he did feel that she was throwing herself away. Why should this man—this

commonplace parson—take such a wife to himself? It was unnatural, it was preposterous, and it made him indignant. And, added to all this, there was something which touched him much more nearly; there was a more personal and individual side to the question: he had not thought of the future, but yet his admiration of Christina was not merely admiration of a pretty face; it was not merely pleasure in the society of an attractive girl—this was a pleasure by no means rare to him, for he was fond of feminine companionship, and popular with women: but though all this had helped to make their intercourse what it had been, there was something in Christina which had moved him much more deeply. Perhaps it was the strength of her suppressed passion which unconsciously had swayed him; perhaps it was her frank unconsciousness; perhaps it was her sudden, vivid smile,—or it might be all these things together; but she came back to his mind, and, uncalled for, she stood before him as he had seen her first since her childhood, stepping back in the flickering firelight and looking at him with startled curiosity. No other image would ever efface hers; he had never seen any one like her before; there *was* no one like her: it was nonsense to call her pretty; she was splendid in her dark, flashing, brilliant beauty.

And yet he was not a man to interfere if she was happy; he was not actively selfish, and he had not the desire of possession strong within him. If she were to enjoy happiness, he was content that it should be the gift of another man—only not such a man as Mr. Warde; and if she were not to be happy, then it was a mistake from beginning to end.

"Why should girls be in such a hurry to marry?" he said to himself; and then he bethought him that it might not have been altogether her doing. He should like, he thought, to see her once more alone, and judge for himself how matters stood. He had no strong sense of rectitude or principle; but yet, if she were willing to marry this man,

he would not interfere, he would do nothing to prevent it.

He did not go to the White House, for there he would in all probability see her only when others were present ; but he lingered about the lanes, and on the heath, in hopes of a chance meeting ; and as it was delayed from day to day, his desire for it became more confirmed. She had been so constant in her comings and goings, that he had thought he could not fail to meet her, but her habits seemed to have changed ; she no longer loitered on the moor in the afternoons, nor walked to the village, as she had been used to do, talking to the women at the cottage-doors, and playing with the children. Captain Cleasby knew her haunts, yet this week he only once caught sight of her, and then her mother was with her. He did not know that, in unceasing occupation within doors, Christina was striving to banish her recollections and stifle her regrets.

As it happened, it was when he was not thinking of a meeting that at last he saw her again. He had loitered out one morning after breakfast, with a cigar and a bundle of unopened letters, and he was walking along the road towards Overton, leisurely reading them as he went, when, lifting his eyes, he caught sight of Christina coming out of the garden gate.

She paused for a moment, and made a movement backwards ; then, apparently changing her mind, and as if she would not allow herself to be turned out of her path, she came to meet him as he took off his hat and threw away his cigar. To both it was a moment which for days past had been the centre of their thoughts ; and yet they met as casual acquaintances, with courteous indifference, as if they feared to make any acknowledgment or confession to themselves or each other. As for Captain Cleasby, he was a man of the world, and his manners were always perfect ; and Christina had brought the overwhelming consciousness of her position and the whole force of her pride and independence to help her now. His sister had warned her, but she would prove

that she had no right to warn her ; she would prove to him and to herself that he had nothing to do with her or with what she had done. And yet she knew, she felt as she saw him again, that he had had everything to do with it ; that had it not been for him and for the certainty which his sister's words had given her, and for the rush of shame which had overpowered her,—had it not been for all this, she had not now been Mr. Warde's promised wife. Nothing should make her go back ; that was done, and for ever ; but for the first time, even as Captain Cleasby spoke, a desire of escape rose within her, which was stronger than her pride and her duty and her spirit of self-sacrifice. And yet his words were those of a friendly acquaintance, and had no special significance.

"I hear I have to congratulate you, or rather to congratulate Mr. Warde," said Captain Cleasby. There was not much of congratulation in his voice, but yet there was nothing of regret or dismay ; he spoke as if she would expect him to say something, and as if he were discharging a social duty, not pleasant, but yet not distasteful to him.

"Yes," said Christina, bravely : and she threw back her head, and looked him full in the face. But she could not smile as she spoke, nor could she get beyond the one word, and, though she did not know it, after that one word she could no longer deceive him altogether.

It was not that she was confused, or that there was any regret apparent, but Captain Cleasby knew her well enough to know that this was not the way in which she would have spoken if she had been going to marry the man she loved. He did not know more as yet ; but of this he was assured, that she was not in love with Mr. Warde. Still, she might be doing it with her eyes open ; she might have made a willing choice, and if so, it might be better to leave it as it was ; only first he would try her further.

"These things always take one by surprise," he said. "It rather took away my breath at first : I know so little of

him, but everyone unites to sing his praise."

"He is everything that is best and kindest," said Christina; but she spoke with an effort, and she dared not look at him again.

"So you will spend your life here; you will always be a neighbour of ours," he said: "and when you are no longer afraid of vexing your grandfather, I hope you will not be so unwilling to come to the Park."

She was growing cold with the force she was putting upon herself, and the battle she was fighting, but yet she would not give in. But oh, if only he would talk of something else—if only he would not set her future thus before her.

"I suppose your plans are undecided as yet?" he continued. "I have not seen Mr. Warde for some days, but he is always busy with his schools or his poor people or something or other. I am afraid such things have not been much in your line?"

"Not yet," said Christina; but her voice sounded strange, and she put up her hands to her face with a sudden movement, for it seemed that the white road upon which the sun was shining dazzled her as she looked at it.

"Come on to the moor; the sun is too much for you," he said gently: and he followed, whilst she walked on as if in a dream. They were walking, as they had often walked before, across the heath in the sunny freshness of the morning: the mist was still lying in the hollow, the grass was still wet with dew, the birds were wheeling over their heads, the lizards darting, and the grasshoppers chirruping at their feet; and in the pause which had followed his last words, Christina had once more gathered up her strength and would not be vanquished.

"People can always do what has to be done," she said. "I suppose I shall learn my duties in time; it is only that I am not accustomed to it."

There was a momentary silence; and when by an effort she turned her eyes upon him, she saw that he was smiling strangely at her.

"Is it only that you are not accustomed to it?" he said; "or is it not rather that you cannot accustom yourself to it? Oh, Christina, you do not know how to deceive! You deceive no one but yourself, and you think no one can see that you are struggling to be free—that you are restless and unhappy."

"I am happy," she said in her dread, facing him as she spoke.

"It is easier to say so than to seem so. It is a mockery to say that you are happy. Is this the first warning you have had? Has no one else seen—has no one spoken to you?"

"Why do you speak of it?" said Christina. "You should say nothing to me that he might not hear. I have promised to marry him, and now I will not talk about it with you. I have promised to be his wife, and you have nothing to do with it."

They had reached the same hollow between the hills where they had met for the first time alone. The leaves were rustling and falling about them, and lying crisp and yellow on the ground, and the bracken crackled beneath their feet. It had been early spring when they stood there first, and now it was September, and everything was changed.

Christina stood still, as if to give him his dismissal; the colour had come into her cheeks at her last words, and she had once more grasped her fate and fortified herself in her pride and independence.

"Have I nothing to do with it? Do you think that I would speak now if I had nothing more to say? Is it possible, Christina, that you do not know what it is?"

Then, in spite of everything, though she was strong, her courage deserted her. She could no longer hope to deceive him: as she stood there in the flickering sunlight he saw her grow pale, and she trembled and put out her hand, leaning against a young birch-tree to steady herself.

"There is nothing to make you afraid," he said; "it has not been your fault, and I thought only of the moment,

and did not look on till they told me you were going to be married to another man. I think you made me forget the future."

"Not now—not when it is too late," she cried, and sat down, for she could not stand, and hid her face in her hands; and a rushing sound was in her ears, and her heart beat in great throbs, and she was not even conscious of Captain Cleasby, nor, at first, of the words he said.

He was not too much agitated to plead his cause gracefully and well; and yet he was moved and carried out of himself, for he knew that she loved him, and he too loved her as he had never loved before. He sat opposite to her on a bit of broken wood, waiting patiently till she should speak to him, and his eyes were smiling, though his mouth was grave.

"What made you do it?" he said at last. "Did they all wish it so much? Why did you not trust me?"

What had there been to make her trust? Nothing; she knew it, though she did not say it. It was true, as he said, that he had not thought of the future; and perhaps he never would have thought of it in the way that he was thinking of it now, had it not been for Mr. Warde.

Christina lifted up her head, and resting her chin on her hand, she looked at him fixedly for a long time with her searching dark eyes; but he met her look with imperturbable composure.

"I did not think that you would mind," she said.

Even at this moment she knew that he did not love her as she loved him, and yet it made no difference; she would have gladly given up all for him, only she could not bear to be deceived. If he had made any protestations—if he had been vehement or impassioned, even now she might have turned from him, but he did not profess more than he felt.

"I did mind, Christina," he said; and she believed him, and answered him by one of her sudden smiles, though at the same moment the tears

came into her eyes. It was an unequal bargain, and yet she was content, and more than content, to give all and take what he offered in return. She knew that he cared for her, and that was enough.

"I have asked no promise," he said: and the words brought back to her a sense of what she had done and of what had yet to be accomplished.

"Oh, how can I?" she cried. "He does not care for me: it was only that he was kind and generous; but how can I tell him? I make every one unhappy. I don't know how they will bear the disappointment."

"Why did they wish it? Was it that you might be safely provided for? I must persuade them that I am to be trusted. I will not give you up, Christina; and I am not afraid that you will desert me. Shall I come with you now?"

But she said not now—she would tell Mr. Warde first.

"Could not your cousin do something for you?"

"Bernard? Oh no!" she said, with a pang at her heart; and he asked nothing more. And so they parted.

"I wish I could spare you all this," he said: and Christina looked at him with a troubled joy, and a gladness which was strangely intermixed with pain. She had yielded herself up to him for now and for ever; she knew that she could take back nothing of what she had given; she trusted him and she loved him; and yet she knew that, though he cared for it, he would never understand, he could never know what she had given him.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

CHRISTINA was triumphant and penitent, strangely happy and yet regretful, more than content with what she had gained, yet with a natural shrinking from the consequences of that gain; sometimes she was all these things by turns, sometimes it seemed that she was all these things at once.

She came out from her grandfather's

presence on that evening with a white, set face. He was powerless now, and he knew it, and did not attempt to exercise authority; but he was bitter and fierce in his disappointment; for he could not without a mortal wound to his pride accept from Captain Cleasby the help he had looked for from Mr. Warde; and though Christina had held her own against him, there had been a struggle, and the victory had not brought her peace. Then her mother's first impulse of incredulity had to be overcome, and her weak lamentations heard, not once, but many times.

"You will not be happy with him, Christina," she had said. "Of course you can do as you please, but do not think you will be happy. He loves you now, perhaps; but all that passes away, and some day you will look back and regret what you might have been. He has a fancy for the moment; perhaps he would never have had it but for the obstacles raised in his path. All his friends will look down upon you, and some day he may learn to see with their eyes. It may seem cruel now, but I must warn you before it is too late."

"It is too late," said Christina: and she too looked on, as she spoke, to the future which her mother had pictured, but yet she smiled, as if she did not know what it was to be afraid. "It is too late. I can never go back again. I have been very wrong, but not in this, and I will not give this up; I could not; he would not let me."

"You are doing it on your own responsibility then, Christina. Do not say that you were not warned. But of what use are warnings? I had had warnings, but I would not listen until the time for them was passed. You must see Mr. Warde, of course, and I think you ought to let him know at once."

"He does know," said Christina; "I wrote to him."

Yes, that afternoon she had written to tell him that it must all be over between them. She knew that she had behaved badly to him, but it seemed to her that she was behaving

better now to him than she had done before. She was grateful to him; she was ashamed of the past, and she was ashamed of breaking her engagement; but yet she felt that she was doing him a service. He had been very kind; her mother had said he had been kinder than she knew, because she did not as yet understand the burthens of married life; and from these burthens she was now about to release him. In one way she had never deceived him; he had not asked for more than she could give: and thus it was that though she wrote her letter gravely, and a little mournfully, she did not feel overpowered by shame for what she had done, nor by pity for what she was about to do; and yet it was hard to her to write the letter; and though it was short, it was a long time before she could put her meaning into words:—

"DEAR MR. WARDE,—This morning, Captain Cleasby has asked me to marry him. It was very sudden, and I was taken by surprise; but if it had not been sudden, I could have given him no other answer; and after he had spoken I could not have married anyone else. I know that I was engaged to you, and that I have broken my engagement very suddenly, and when I had given you no reason to think that there was any change. But until this morning there was no change. I think that I ought never to have promised to marry you. You were kind and generous in wishing it, and now I believe that you will forgive me, because you are kind and generous always.

"Yours very gratefully,

"CHRISTINA NORTH."

Mr. Warde made no answer by letter, but in the evening he walked down to the White House, and asked to see Christina. She was sitting silently at her work, and rose up as he came in and held out her hand.

"I meant it for the best, Christina," he said; "but I suppose it was a mistake. Did you not know your own

mind, or were you afraid to speak out?"

"I don't know—I meant—" she said, hesitating.

"Never mind," he said, with the considerate kindness which had made him like her always. "We will not go back upon the past. It has been a mistake. I thought that I could have made you happy; but as it is not to be, why should we make ourselves more unhappy about it than we can help?"

"Only I must say that I am sorry."

"No, Christina, you need not say that. It all rests between you and me; and if I do not blame you, no one else has a right to do so."

There was something so simple, and yet so generous, in the entire absence of reproach or self-pity; there was something so honest and true in his thought for her, that Christina looked up at him with a feeling of reverence as well as admiration. And yet he was no saint, but an unintellectual man, without sensitive perceptions, or perhaps the highest aspirations.

"I am afraid that you have difficulties before you, and you know you may always count upon my friendship; but first, Christina, I am going to preach a little. Do not think that you can choose your trials for yourself. They are all sent, as well as your blessings, and you must take them as they come, and make the best of them. You ran with the footmen, and you failed, and yet you would have thrust yourself into the swelling of Jordan. You were dissatisfied and unhappy, and so you thought yourself capable of a great sacrifice; and in its accomplishment you hoped to find an escape. Perhaps I should have thought of this, but I did not until I got your letter. I thought that if it had been so you would have spoken. If you are doing right now,—and remember, Christina, I do not blame you because of to-day,—if you are doing right in promising to marry Captain Cleasby, do not think that you will have nothing more that will be hard to bear; yet do not despair because there are lions in your path."

Then he left her, and went across the

passage to see her grandfather. When Mr. North spoke to her again, he no longer refused to see Captain Cleasby, and his tone, though querulous, was no longer bitter. Then Christina knew that Mr. Warde had already put himself upon her side, and that at least she would have one powerful ally.

The day after, Captain Cleasby called for her; and she saw him again for the first time since their meeting and their engagement. One day she had said that she must be free to make the announcement to her grandfather and her mother, and to write to Mr. Warde. Now these things had been done, done with less difficulty and pain than she had a right to expect, done comparatively so easily that she was remorseful and sorry, far more sorry than she would have been if the opposition she had had to encounter had been more violent and more sustained; and she was softened and humbled, feeling as if she had much to atone for. But yet she knew, in spite of it all, that at last she had found that for which unconsciously she had longed. It was not that she did not feel that there might be dangers to be met; only now they had no power to make her retrace her steps. She had thought herself strong, but he had conquered her.

She could not go down to meet him, as she had gone down to meet Mr. Warde. At the sound of his step on the gravel-walk the colour came flushing into her face, and she got up quickly, and went to him half shyly, with her eyes glancing about in all directions, as they had a habit of doing when she was excited, and with a flitting smile hovering round her mouth.

"At last, Christina," he said, and he too smiled; "and how is it to be? It is too late for anyone to say no, but still for your sake I hope that I am to be forgiven."

"Grandpapa will see you," said Christina; but they did not go at once to the old man, but sat together in the front parlour, in that dingy little room into which the sunshine was used to creep slowly and stealthily, as into an unaccustomed place; but to-day it was filled

with the sunshine of happiness, and Hope was standing at the door.

And the hour passed, as our happiest and saddest hours pass, so quickly that we can hardly understand their sweetness or their bitterness till it is gone, and we shall know it no more; and then Mrs. North brought word that her father would see Captain Cleasby before he left the house.

"Yes, he is coming," said Christina: and she rose at once, and led the way across the passage, and knocked at the study door.

She wished that there might be no outward show of anger and reproach, and yet the meeting struck her as more melancholy than if there had been some sign of real feeling; for what is sadder than a form from which the spirit has for ever departed? A smile which would be friendly if it might, words of gratitude and kindness veiling the coldness of a heart.

Christina felt it instinctively as she stood in the doorway and watched the meeting,—her grandfather rising stiffly from his chair, and holding out his hand with apparent cordiality; the young man's graceful and indifferent bearing,—she understood it all, and turned away with a feeling of pain that it must be so always.

Yet before Captain Cleasby left the house he had done much to smooth away the difficulties in their path; and Mr. North had consented to the marriage taking place so soon as Walter should have got his affairs into order.

"I ought to have been straight before now," he said; "but these lawyers are for ever making difficulties, and as a matter of fact, though I have been six months at the Park, I have not come into my property yet. I think I shall have to run up to London to see about things, and in the meantime Christina can be making her preparations, so that we can be married, when I return, at once. I never saw the use of making such a fuss over weddings, and bothering oneself with a whole heap of aunts and uncles. We mean to do it in our own way, don't we, Christina?"

Christina had as yet given no thought

at all to the wedding. It was all so new, and she was wrapt up in her present happiness, and she had never imagined it would be so soon. But when he appealed to her, she did not hesitate a moment.

"Yes, of course," she said; "but why must you go away now? Can't the lawyers do without you? I am sure they don't want you."

"You don't understand, Christina," said Mr. North. "Captain Cleasby is quite right; a man should always look after his affairs for himself, and then perhaps there wouldn't be so many poor fools ruined in this world. Trust yourself, and depend on yourself, and look about you,—that's my advice: and there's many a young fellow would have been glad had he followed it instead of taking his ease, whilst his money was being thrown to the dogs:—yes, and his good name too, if he had only known it, and all through some one he trusted as a friend,—lucky for him if it wasn't his own flesh and blood."

It was a long speech for Mr. North, and he ended in a low mournful cadence, so that they hardly caught his last words. Christina knew that he was thinking of his son, and of his own misfortunes; she was softened and pitiful, and encouraged by his taking Captain Cleasby's part even upon a trifling subject.

"You must not think so much of old times," she said gently; "I think the world has grown better. And we are all going to be good and happy, like the people at the end of a fairy tale; and you must forget about the past, and be fond of him for my sake,—won't you, grandpapa?"

She was sitting on the arm of her grandfather's chair, and Captain Cleasby was close to her on the other side, leaning against the low chimney-piece, and as she spoke she reached out her hand for one of his, and put it in the old man's.

"Say something nice to him, grandpapa!"

Captain Cleasby smiled, but not sarcastically, and waited a little curiously for what would follow.

"I'm not saying he's worse than others, and I'm not saying he's better," said Mr. North slowly. "I could have wished Christina had married a man I knew and could have trusted. I don't say I don't trust you, sir, but you're young, and you're a stranger, and Christina there has as much prudence as a baby, and wouldn't believe a tiger was treacherous till he had torn her in pieces; but what's the use of standing out? I said I wasn't going to stand out, and I'll stick to it. Christina has chosen for herself, and you have chosen for yourself, and I believe the name and the thought of the old place went against you at first; but there! I don't take much account of that now, and I have not got anything more to say against you than that you are a stranger to me."

"But time will do something for me there," said Walter. He was not angry, but, on the contrary, rather honoured the old man for his open speaking.

"It may or it may not," said Mr. North. "I am old, and I don't understand present fashions, nor the young men now-a-days and their goings on. There's a great deal I don't understand and don't want to understand. You've got the thing that matters most to me now in this world: keep her what she is now, with all her faith in truth and constancy and happiness unshaken; and then I'll say God bless you, and thank you too."

Captain Cleasby's attention had wandered a little during the first part of Mr. North's speech, and he had been looking at Christina, who still sat with her hand in the old man's. He remembered how he had seen her first in the same oak parlour by the flickering light of the fire, as he saw her at this moment, only now her startled curious look had given place to one of thoughtful happiness, and the smile which had hovered around her mouth was banished only by the solemnity of her grandfather's words. But as Mr. North ended, Captain Cleasby withdrew his eyes from her and came a little forward.

"I will do my best, sir," he said.

"Of course you are right: I am a stranger, and you have no particular reason to place confidence in me, except that you knew my father; but I hope you don't want us to wait. It is done now, you know, and I hope you won't consider that waiting is any good. I must go up to see these lawyers, and then of course I will do anything you like in the way of settlements."

"It isn't the settlements," said Mr. North, perversely; "it all looks very pretty—I know it always does when people are young—and I'm not saying anything special against you; but I have seen enough of it in my time to last my life. There's Mary—well, it was all a bright look-out for her once, and what did it come to? And there was my poor Margaret—married nine months and left a widow; and if it's going to be like that with Christina—well, I suppose I can't prevent it, only I'd sooner it was after I am dead, and out of the way of seeing it."

"But it won't be like that, will it, Christina?" said Captain Cleasby, softly.

"I can't hear what you say, nor can't see you either," said Mr. North, discontentedly. "For the matter of that, I have said yes, and may have done with it; but I am quicker at forgetting than at remembering now, and I don't suppose I should know you if I was to meet you in the street."

Captain Cleasby turned to the chimney-piece, struck a match, and lighted one of the tall candles which stood upon it, took it in his hand, and held it so that the light fell full upon his face as he stood before Mr. North, composed and grave, whilst the old man's eager eyes looked him all over. It was a refined and distinguished face: the expression, although not distinctively frank, had nothing to make you doubt its truth; the grey eyes looked straight before them, and the delicate lines of the mouth had a determined look about them which gave a manliness to the face it might otherwise have lacked, for it was wanting in broad outlines and marked features, and gave you rather

the impression of a pencil sketch than of a finished drawing. But as he stood there quietly with the strong light upon him, there was something so independent and unfearing, and yet so courteous and deferential in his manner, and in the mode he had chosen of dissipating the old man's suspicions, that the cloud cleared from Mr. North's forehead, and he held out his hand to him with a cordiality which had as yet had no place in his conduct.

"I believe I wronged you. I wronged you, I daresay; but things have gone badly with me of late, and Christina here is about the only thing that remains to me, and she had disappointed me. She should have known her own mind sooner; but we won't say any more about that. I don't say but it may turn out better than I should have thought."

"I think so," said Captain Cleasby. He was not a man to make protestations. "Won't you believe that, as Christina says, we are going to be good and happy?"

Then for the first time Mr. North saw the peculiar charm of his smile, and he was conquered.

"You may, you may—I trust you may," he said, rather tremulously, and brushed his hand hastily across his eyes. He was growing weak, poor old man, and he could not talk of things that excited him for long at a time without being agitated; and soon after Captain Cleasby took his leave. His sister was all alone, and would be waiting dinner for him, but yet he lingered for a moment at the door in the soft autumn twilight before he wished Christina good-night.

"What a little time ago it is!" he said. "Just think, Christina, only yesterday you thought you were going to marry some one else. You are very fickle, I am afraid. I am astonished at my own imprudence in trusting myself to you. Whom will you be going to marry to-morrow, I wonder?"

Christina thought of Bernard, and of Mr. Warde, and her self-reproach was

too keen, and her regrets too oppressive, to allow her to answer him lightly or indifferently.

"Don't," she said; "please don't. Don't talk about it. I think happiness makes one feel what one has done wrong more: when I was so unhappy, it didn't seem as if it mattered so much."

"Don't make yourself unhappy about it now, then. After all, it did me, or might have done me, more harm than anyone else. I don't consider that Warde has half—no, not a quarter as much to forgive as I have; if I can give you absolution, I am sure he may. Only, you understand, that it is a little fault which must not be repeated."

Of course he could not know how much real ground for misery and remorse there had been. He had been more moved than he chose to show by Mr. North's fears and reluctance to part with his grand-daughter, and it was a sort of reaction from the mood of the last half-hour which made him now disposed to get rid of his unusual sense of responsibility and gravity by talking lightly. But Christina was disturbed that he should speak carelessly of what had touched her so deeply.

"It hurts me to think of it," she said: and he saw the tears in her eyes.

"Forgive me!" he said, quickly; "I ought to have thought of that. Don't let me go away feeling that I have made you unhappy. You know I don't blame you for a moment; we are going to forget all that, dearest. My life has been an unsatisfactory one. Gusty will tell you I am not good for much, but it is too late now, isn't it? Say you forgive me, Christina, before I go."

Silently she put both her hands in his, and they stood there together for a minute looking out at the dusky twilight, through which the stars were faintly shining, on across the heath and the white road to the trees of the Park, and the light beyond on the top of the hill.

"It is a new heaven and earth to me," he said, "since we stand in the world together."

*To be continued.*

## LONDON DINNERS.

MANKIND has been divided into "those who live to eat," and those "who eat to live." In a very clever Dutch novel called the "Burgomaster's Family," which has just been charmingly translated by Sir John Shaw Lefevre, the Burgomaster is described as belonging to the first category: "He had one idol which he worshipped with all his heart and soul, and on whose altar he would in case of necessity have sacrificed everything belonging to him." "What a good dinner was to Burgomaster Welters no words can tell; it was the realization of all his dreams and wishes." No doubt such people exist, but there is surely a third and a very numerous class who, though preferring good cooking to bad, yet consider eating as a mere adjunct to the real pleasure of society, and look upon the actual dinner as very secondary in importance to the enjoyment of the agreeable qualities of those assembled to eat it.

Much has been written about cookery, much about gastronomy in general, and much about the various domestic arrangements connected with eating and drinking, and especially with the important meal of the day. But I do not recollect meeting with anything in print which fully enters into the question of London Dinners, considered in their bearing upon social intercourse in its most agreeable form, as well as with reference to their gastronomic excellence; and yet few of those who have been in the habit of dining out in London, during the last twenty-five or thirty years, can fail to remember with extreme pleasure those dinner-parties in London where they have met Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Milman, Quin, Charles Villiers, Strzelecki, B. Osborn, A. Hayward, and a host of others who have kept up a lively conversation with a degree of wit and spirit which has resulted in the greatest intellectual enjoyment, and with

an amount of gaiety which is the most wholesome relaxation after the fatigues of the day, whilst at the same time the gastronomic part of the entertainment has been perfectly well maintained.

I think it was in the year 1835 that a Mr. Walker, a well-known London police magistrate, published a series of periodical papers called "The Original," devoted to "The Arts of Dining and giving Dinners," "The Art of Travelling, and the Art of attaining High Health." They were amusing, but Mr. Walker appeared to be a sort of social cynic,—he liked society mainly so far as it contributed to his own personal enjoyment; for, though he says that he considers eight as the number for a dinner-party, I believe he would have been quite satisfied with a party of two, or even to have dined by himself, provided he was at that time in the enjoyment of perfect health, and provided the dinner was served up according to his own somewhat peculiar notions.

Mr. Hayward's book on dining is open to no such criticism, but those who have read his article on this subject as it appeared in the *Quarterly Review* many years since, or in its subsequent republication by Murray, will not find fault with me, I think, for inviting a little further consideration as to the best mode of arranging private dinner-parties in London.

In so doing, I entirely exclude public dinners, which are for specific purposes, and which require to be conducted on different principles from ordinary entertainments; these remarks apply entirely to dinners at private houses, especially during the scrambling months succeeding Easter. Previous to Easter, London society is almost perfect; for the same materials, intellectual and gastronomic, are attainable, while they are brought together in a less formal way than is possible later in the year. After

Easter the state of affairs is quite altered. A three weeks' invitation is not considered too long to secure a pleasant party, or, what by many is considered a synonymous term, a large party. A room thirty feet by twenty is supposed to be large enough to hold twenty or twenty-four guests in comfort. Dinner begins about half-past eight, and does not end till half-past ten, the party being too numerous for anything like general conversation during dinner; carriages are announced, and the guests hurry away, without having had the opportunity of exchanging a dozen words with any but the couple right and left of them at the table. The great fault of these so-called entertainments is that the party is too large (and consequently the room too hot) and the dinner too long. Can these assertions be contradicted? and if not, may it not be worth while to consider whether some reform might not be advantageously introduced? It is not in the power of every one to command wit or great social qualifications, but it must certainly be for the general advantage of society to give facilities to all for displaying whatever powers they possess, and it may be as well to begin by pointing out the disadvantages of the present arrangements.

It is not necessary to discuss the art of cookery, or to enter into details respecting the arrangements of the *cuisine*. As good cooks may be found in England as in any part of Europe, and the cost of a dinner must of course be regulated by the taste and the purse of the host, though there is no greater mistake than to suppose that the most expensive dinner is necessarily the best. Good wine is indispensable, but the quantity consumed is in general too small to make it a formidable item of expense, and, with the exception of a few sorts of fruit, all articles of consumption are best where they are the most plentiful and consequently cheapest. There are certain large houses and establishments which seem to require large parties or banquets; but as a rule in London houses, fourteen, or at the utmost sixteen, are as many as can be well accom-

modated, and it is not easy to enjoy general conversation with a larger number. If invitations are given for a quarter before eight, it is generally understood that eight is the hour intended; after that time ten minutes or a quarter of an hour is enough law to give for accidental delays. To keep a whole party waiting, because one or two ladies or gentlemen will not take the trouble to dress in time, is a very questionable act of politeness. It used to be said of two distinguished brothers who were habitually unpunctual, that if one was asked to dine at seven on Tuesday, the other came at eight on Wednesday; but such eccentricities can only be pardoned in men whose minds are so absorbed by public business as to make them forgetful of the courtesies of society.

In this country, where people do not converse freely with each other without an introduction, any foreigner should be specially introduced by host or hostess; and the only good reason which can be given for not doing the same to every guest, is that in our vast London society, those may be inadvertently asked together, who have been trying to avoid each other all their lives, and then an introduction becomes awkward. A little arrangement is of course necessary as to sending down the right ladies and gentlemen together, and also as to seating them properly at table, so that husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, &c., are not placed next to each other; and for want of this previous forethought the best assorted parties are sometimes quite spoiled. Having begun with the assumption that parties of fourteen or sixteen are best suited for the size of ordinary London dining-rooms, as well as for conversation, the number of attendants upon such a party must of course be regulated by the fortune of the entertainer; but to ensure perfect attendance, one servant to every three guests is about the necessary number. Much of general comfort, and more of mental activity than is generally supposed, depends upon the temperature and ventilation of a room. With the

thermometer at 62°, conversation may flow easily, and wits may be at their brightest and sharpest; but raise the temperature to 75° or 80°, and the most elastic spirits become subdued, the most brilliant genius subsides into mediocrity. I am always tempted to ask, when I hear that some wit "was not himself last night," what was the state of the thermometer? No dinner should last more than an hour and a quarter, or at longest an hour and a half; if it does, a pleasure becomes a pain. There is no country in Europe, I believe, where so much time is spent at the dinner table as in England, and this is owing to the greater number of dishes which we think necessary. I have on this point consulted a lady friend in Russia, whose table there is considered as well and plentifully supplied as that of anyone at the Court, and her answer is as follows:—

"ST. PETERSEURG, June 17, 1871.

"I send you *menus* of our own three last dinners, which are very good specimens. The one for twenty-two was got up in a hurry for Marshal Comte Berg and other Government generals, only here for a few days; otherwise two soups, one clear and one *purée*, would have been better: it is the very largest dinner as to dishes ever given here. The dinners in Berlin, at the King's and Crown Princess's, I remember, were even smaller. Sometimes at very State dinners a *Punch à la Romaine* is put in between the cold *entrée* and the *rôti*; *that is all*. Of course beyond twelve or fourteen there are doubles and trebles of each dish handed round at the same time, and each dish comes in separately and is quite done with before another comes. The dessert and flowers are on the table. It is thought a very badly served dinner if it takes more than 1 or 1½ hour. The dessert is then handed round, each dish, and the plates changed for each dish; then the finger-glasses and water put down on a plate each, which is the signal for the end. The serving of the dessert is included in the time I have named. It would be a most happy revolution in London if you could bring it about. Here they wait very dexterously, and no one is ever forgotten in handing a dish as each goes regularly round."

FOR 14 PERSONS.

*Dîner du 16 Mai, 1871.*

Consommé de gibier aux quenelles.  
Petits pâtés.  
Truites de gatchina, sauce hollandaise.  
Selle de mouton à l'Anglaise.  
Filets de perdreaux à la Périgieux.  
Poulets nouveaux gélinoftes et grins rôtis.

Salade.

Asperges en branche.

Pain de groseilles à l'allemande.

Mousse au café.

FOR 22 PERSONS.

*Dîner du 8 Mai, 1871.*

Consommé de volaille à la D'Orléans.  
Petits pâtés.  
[Truites saumonée, sauce hollandaise.  
Filets de bœuf à la Jardinière.  
Suprêmes de volaille à l'écarlate.  
Côtelettes de foies gras en bellevue.  
Poulets nouveaux, perdreaux et cailles rôtis.

Salade.

Haricot verts à l'Anglaise.

Plum puddings, sauce John Bull.

Glaces à l'écoissaise.

FOR 12 PERSONS.

*Dîner du 5 Juin, 1871.*

Consommé de volaille aux quenelles.  
Petits pâtés.  
Saumon, sauce hollandaise.  
Filet de bœuf à la Jardinière.  
Suprême de perdreaux aux truffes.  
Poularde et gibier rôtis.

Salade.

Asperges en branche.

Gâteau Moka.

Glace aux framboises.

A letter, dated 5th May, 1871, from a friend in Copenhagen, an excellent authority on even more important affairs than dinners, is much to the same effect—"I enclose a couple of *menus* such as you ask for. One is of a dinner at our Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the other at Count Moltke's. I do not myself approve of putting down the wines on a bill of fare, as it savours too much of the restaurant. I never do, and my dinners, I think I may say, are considered the best given here, or certainly amongst the best. I had a very formidable rival in the Russian Minister, who had positively a genius for house decoration, but he is no longer here." I insert the Copenhagen *menus*:—

JEUDI LE 12 JANVIER, 1871.

St. Péray.	Huîtres fraîches.
Chât. Léoville.	Consommé aux quenelles de volaille.
Sherry impérial.	Diablotins à la parisienne.
	Filet de bœuf truffé à la Périgieux.

Chât. d'Yquem.	Poisson, sauce hollandaise.
Chât. Latour.	Côtelettes de chevreuil sautées. Galantine de chapon en bellevue.
Chât. Grillet.	Fonds d'artichauts à la princesse.
Cabinet Crémant.	Faisans rôtis—Salade. Croustade de pêches et d'abricots.
Vieux Madère.	Gelée champagne. Corbeille garni de glaces.
Cap Constance.	Gâteau à la Turque.

JEUDI LE 30 MARS, 1871.

St. Péray.	Huîtres.
Chât. Rauzan.	Potage à l'Anglaise.
Oporto. Sherry.	Dindes farcis aux truffes.
Vieux Johannis-berger Cabinet.	Saumon, sauce hollandaise.
Chât. Margaux.	Côtelettes de coqs de bruyère au riz.
Vieux Oporto blanc.	Pâtés de foies gras.
Veuve Clicquot.	Faisans rôtis. Compote. Salade. Asperges en branches. Gelée de champagne à l'ananas.
Vieux Madère.	Fromage et beurre.
Vieux Tokayer.	Glace. Dessert.

I also add some *menus* of dinners given by our Ambassador in Paris, whose table is as well arranged and served, and whose dinners are as good as can possibly be desired, and never last more than an hour and a half.

DINER DU 23 MAI, 1868.

Potage tortue à l'Anglaise.
Jardinière à l'impériale au consommé.
Petites bouchées à la reine.
Filets de saumon à la Chambord.
Filet de bœuf Madère à l'Espagnole.
Poulardes à la Montmorency, sauce Périgueux.
Côtelettes d'agneau aux concombres.
Cailles farcies à la Bohémienne.
Aspics de crevettes en bellevue sur socle.
Punch à l'Impératrice.
Canetons et gélinottes rôtis.
Buisson de truffes au vin de Champagne.

Asperges, sauce hollandaise.
Croustades d'abricots nouveaux à la Condé.
Macédoine de fruits Marasquin.
Bombes cardinal.

DINER DU 7 FÉVRIER, 1867.

Printanier à la royale.
Purée à la Jussienne.
Feuillantines grillées.
Crêtes de coq à la Villeroy.
Bars, sauces cardinale et aux huîtres.
Dindes à l'impériale.
Escallopes de filets de chevreuil aux olives.
Suprême de poulets à l'écarlate.
Homards en bellevue, sauce Mayonnaise.
Punch à la Romaine.
Faisans rôtis, sauce Périgueux.
Pâtés de foies gras de Strasbourg.
Cardons à la Moëlle.
Haricots verts sautés au beurre.
Pains d'ananas aux pistaches.
Coupes garnies de soufflés glacés.
Glaces.

From Spain, I have the authority of our Minister, expressed in the most unqualified terms, that an hour and a half is ample time for any dinner. To some of the Ministerial *menus* I have added one purely Spanish, as a specimen of the different customs in eating of different countries.

MADRID PALACE.

May 31, 1871.

Potages :—

Consommé de volaille aux quenelles.  
Bisque d'écrevisses à la Joinville.

Hors d'œuvre :—

Pâtés de foies gras, chaud, froid.

Relevés :—

Saumon à la hollandaise.  
Roastbeef à la Provençale.

Entrées :—

Côtelettes de poulets aux pois.  
Cailles à la financière.  
Mayonnaise.

Punch à la Romaine.

Légumes :—

Asperges en branches.

Rôti :—

Dindonneaux nouveaux.

Entremets :—

Gâteau Napolitain historié.  
L'abricotine glacé.

## DINER DU 7 JUIN, 1871.

Consommé de volaille à la Célestine.

Petits pâtés à la cardinale.

Saumon.

Selle de mouton à l'Anglaise.

Côtelettes de cailles aux truffes.

Foies gras—bordure de gelée.

Ponche à l'Impériale.

'Outarde rôti.

Petits pois au beurre.

Savarin à la Montmorency.

Petits soufflés glacés au Marasquin.

## COMIDA DE S.A. PARA EL JUEVES 3 DE MARZO.

Ostras.

*Sopas* :—

De Menudillos de arroz à la Valenciana.

Melon.

Cocido.

*Fritos* :—

Sesos, manos y criadillas.

*Pescado* :—

Bacalao à la Vizcaina—Calamares en tinta.

*Entradas* :—

Perdices estofadas—Pepitoria de Pavo.

Ponche Helado.

*Legumbres* :—

Menestra—Alcachofas fritas con aceite.

*Asados* :—

Cochifritos—Toston.

Ensalada.

*Platos de Dulce* :—

Huevos moles con bizcochos—Huevos hilados.

Postres.

Helados.

*Vinos* :—

Jerez, Valdepeñas tinto y blanco, Manzanilla, Arganda, Rioja, Málaga, Malvasia, Champagne.

I am told that at Buckingham Palace her Majesty's dinners are entirely concluded within the hour; but it must be remembered that the Queen's habits in this particular appear to have been formed without much reference to social requirements. Her Majesty partakes of a good luncheon and tea, and makes her dinner a short meal.

To return, however, to my subject of considering dinners as a means of promoting social intercourse in its most

agreeable form. No one can deny the importance which is attached to this subject in London society, when it is remembered the infinite trouble taken by many in the arrangement of the company to be asked as well as in the decoration of the table, and other matters connected with the entertainment. Much pains are bestowed, and much money spent, in endeavouring to give agreeable dinners, and both are often thrown away by an attempt to do too much. Nothing is more true than the old saw of "enough is as good as a feast." More food than anyone can enjoy, more wit than anyone can listen to, are alike to be avoided. People are often so much exhausted by the heated atmosphere of a dining-room, and by long sitting during and after a protracted dinner, that conversation languishes when the adjournment to the drawing-room takes place, and the only anxiety is to get away either to some fresh scene of overcrowded amusement, or to bed, worn out instead of refreshed by the so-called evening's entertainment. It is to be hoped that hereafter the custom may be adopted, which obtains everywhere but amongst the Anglo-Saxon race, of ladies and gentlemen leaving the table together; so that conversation may go on without a break, and the grouping of gentlemen in one part of the room and ladies in another be avoided. It also enables those who wish to go elsewhere, to leave at an earlier hour—which is of more consequence, however, with foreign habits than with our own. Abroad people visit in the evening when they wish to find their friends at home, and thus avoid a great amount of card leaving and loss of time. I heard the present American Minister, General Schenck, observe that London visiting might be arranged more effectually and economically (as to time) by a system of visiting-clearing-houses, one for each district; boxes, like post-office letter-boxes, bearing the names of all one's acquaintance being arranged round a room, with a key belonging to the respective families, into which cards or invitations could be dropped, the boxes

to be emptied each day by some one sent from each family. Our Transatlantic brethren are certainly far ahead of us in practical suggestions, and might perhaps give us valuable hints upon the subject of the present article, as well as upon the art of visiting, or rather card leaving. In this country it is difficult to prevent politics from forming too large a portion of conversation; the addition of music or cards in the evening tends to prevent this, and to give a fair chance of amusement for all tastes.

A few words before I conclude, about the arrangements of the dinner-table. Although a dining-room should be well lighted throughout, the brightest spot, the high light of the picture, should be the table itself. Wax candles are the most perfectly unobjectionable mode of lighting, the most pleasing to the eyes, and without the distress to the organs of smell which may arise from lamps. Small shades upon the candles throw the light upon the cloth and table, and prevent any glare upon the eyes. Gas light is to many quite intolerable, at least as managed in England, for it frequently produces a feeling of weight on the head, and general discomfort, even if discomfort to the olfactory organs can be avoided. The present fashion of flower decoration is extremely pretty, and can be carried out without any great expense if bright colours and general effect are more considered than mere cost. All table ornaments should be kept low, so as not to intercept the view of any one by all the other guests. For the number of dishes for a party of twelve or sixteen, I recommend the Russian *menu* No. 3.

Having now gone through what seem to me the defects of the present system of London dinners, and pointed out some of the remedies, thinking that most people admit that some reform is desirable, I must leave the matter in the hands of those able and willing to head the great reform movement. A clever author who has written upon the art of "putting things," says that if you want to commend a subject to a Tory leader, you talk of it as a sovereign remedy; if

to a Whig, you call it a radical improvement, so that in my wishing to please all parties I have been perhaps injudicious in calling a diminution of the hours and the quantity of food at dinners, a reform movement. A moderate constitutional change would best express what I want.

The question now is, who is to bell the cat, who is bold enough to reform the present system by shortening the hours and decreasing the quantity of food at our London dinners? Will the movement originate on the Liberal side? I remember hearing a remark made by a gentleman in the House of Commons, whose eyes were directed from the front bench on the Conservative to the Liberal side, "Is it possible that a ministry formed by those men can stand? I do not believe they have a cook amongst them who can dress a good dinner." If this be so, we must look elsewhere. Is there no lady of high rank, no Baring or no Rothschild, who with cooks about whose merits there can be no difference of opinion, will set an example of constitutional reform in this matter by—

1st. Limiting the number of guests to twelve or fourteen;

2nd. Keeping the dining-room cool and well-ventilated;

3rdly. Sitting down to dinner at 8.15 without waiting for guests who may be absent;

4th. Returning to the drawing-room by 9.30 to 9.45;

5th. Reducing the present number of dishes?

If this were done, London dinners might be, what they ought to be, from the materials to be collected in London society—the most agreeable reunions in the world; and much useless expense would be avoided, so that these entertainments might be within reach of even very moderate fortunes, and our nation be rescued from the reproach so often cast upon us by foreigners, of preferring quantity to quality, and a large party to a sociable and lively dinner. A French gentleman once said to me, "En Angleterre on se nourrit bien, mais on ne dîne pas."

THOMSON HANKEY.

## A WEEK IN THE WEST.

FROM A VAGABOND'S NOTE-BOOK.

## PART V.

"You can't think what an odd kind of half-sentimental feeling the name Sioux city stirs up in me," said the optimist, as we rolled down a gentle incline towards the biggest town we had seen since leaving Dubuque.

"Thinking of Natty Bumppo, and Uncas, I reckon?" inquired the potentate.

"Yes. But let's see—it wasn't Uncas? No, Mahtoree was the name of the Sioux chief. 'Mahtoree is a wise chief,' don't you remember? Do you think we shall see any Sioux about?"

"Well—likely you may see one or two half-tamed, drunken savages on the levee. What's left of the tribe is well away to the West. But there are not more now than a few hundreds, I believe."

"It's a shocking thing the way you are getting rid of these Indians," said the optimist. "Don't you really think that anything better can be done with them than poisoning them with bad whiskey, and shooting them down like wolves? When I was in Philadelphia I met several gentlemen who had been amongst them themselves, and were in correspondence with the Quakers, who are in the West trying to save the little remnants of the tribes. They all said, that the Indian is fit for anything with decent treatment, and has nearly as much to teach the white as the white has to teach him. Do you think the Quakers likely to succeed?"

"I don't know but what they might if they only had time," said the potentate. "They have a way of getting hold on the red-skins, these Quakers, ever since Penn's time. All the churches and all the sects have tried their hand at it, more or less; but it never amounted to much. They never could get the

hang of it, though they sent good men enough, and spent piles of money."

"But how do you account for it? Why should the rest fail and the Quakers succeed?"

"I don't know much about it," said the potentate, "but, from what I can learn, the rest began by talking about the devil and their sins. Now the Quaker has been bred to begin at the other end. So he comes, and sits down by the red-skin, and asks him what the Great Spirit has been saying to him, and that fetches him at once. But I'm afraid it's too late. They talk now about getting them all off into a separate State, and letting them send senators and members to Congress. But you can't locate them any more than you can the buffaloes. They're bound to go out."

"I hope not," said the optimist. "I'm told their numbers don't fall off over the border. There ought to be room enough in the great West even for buffaloes, let alone the original proprietors. And now that you have passed the constitutional amendment, red, and black, and yellow ought to have a chance."

"And your cattle would be none the worse for grazing by a herd of tame buffaloes," remarked the struggler.

I think the potentate was glad to get away from the Indian question.

"Now you seem to kind o' take for granted," he said, "that we don't care for breed in our cattle. You never made a greater mistake. Why, there are Squire Burnett, and half-a-dozen other New England men, with as fine herds as you can find in any Duke's park. And they give the highest prices for the best English stock too, and take the pick of it out of your farmers' mouths."

"Last time I crossed," said the President, "I came back in the same boat

with a short-horned bull, for which one of our breeders had given 1,000 guineas."

"Why, yes, as long back as the colonial times we used to get your bulls over. There was Brigadier Ruggles's English bull. Ever hear of the Brigadier?"

"Never."

"Well, he got made Brigadier in the French war, somehow. A sturdy old Tory he was, and went over to Nova Scotia after our war broke out. He wouldn't fight against the colonies, but King George and the old country had the strongest pull on him, and he couldn't live squarely under a new flag. However, before '76, Brigadier Ruggles kept a good house in Berkshire, Massachusetts, furnished pretty well all through from England. Half the chairs and tables had a history; but the piece he was proudest of was a tall old mirror, bevelled at the edges of the glass, and set in a carved ebony frame, which some of his wife's folk—Madam Ruggles they called her—had sent over as a present from old Berkshire. Madam Ruggles's mirror was the finest thing inside any house in Massachusetts, and stood in the hall right opposite the front door, so that everyone who came to the house might see it at once. And Brigadier Ruggles's English bull was a long way the first beast in New England, at least so the Brigadier said, and the up-country farmers used to come miles out of their way only to get a look at him. At last one of them, after he had seen the Brigadier's bull all round, guessed he knew a Vermonter who had got a home-bred bull, alongside of which the Brigadier's bull was of no account. This made the Brigadier rile up; but as they could not settle it by talk, and the Vermonter was coming down to a fair at Boston in the fall, it was agreed he should bring his bull along, and stop a night with the Brigadier. Well, accordingly, Saturday night before Boston fair, sure enough the Vermonter came along with his bull. It was too dark to judge much about the beasts that night, so the Vermonter's bull was put in the next pen to the Brigadier's bull, and they went in to

supper. All night Brigadier Ruggles tossed about, thinking of the Vermonter's bull; and next morning he was that bad with a fit of colic, that, though he was an elder, Madam Ruggles thought it best to let him stop away from meeting. Accordingly, she and the Vermonter went off in the waggon with the farm-servants, and left the Brigadier by the fire, with a book of Cotton Mather's sermons, and a chalk draught at his elbow. Somehow, they hadn't been gone more than a quarter of an hour, when the Brigadier began to feel better. After reading a spell, he seemed to think a little fresh air might set him all right, so he gets on his thick boots, just to stroll out in the garden. Sure enough the air was just what he wanted, and presently it came into his head just to drop over to the pens, and see if it was all right with the bulls. So he opened the garden-gate, and stepped across, and looked over into the pens. There was his bull, all in a lather, marching up and down one side of the fence, and the Vermonter's bull on the other, both of them moaning to themselves in a low tone, as if they were swearing, and nothing but a gate on the latch to hinder them getting at one another. The Brigadier took up a prong, and leant over, and tried to coax his bull, who was tame enough to him, to come and be scratched between his horns. But the bull took no notice, and kept marching up and down. So the Brigadier watched them both, and fell to comparing them, and thinking, 'Well, that Vermonter's bull ain't of any account after all alongside of my bull—he ain't so straight in the back, nor so square in the barrel, nor so thick in the neck—he don't weigh, now, not, I should say, within a hundredweight of my bull.'

"Somehow, as he was going on thinking of the bulls, the Brigadier kept on tip-tapping at the hasp of the gate, and not minding what he was at with his prong, till all of a sudden he just gave a tip too much at the latch, and the gate between the pens swung slowly open, just as the Vermonter's bull came opposite it. Next minute the bulls were

together by the horns. The Brigadier hallooed right out, though it was Sabbath, but all the men were away at meeting. Look again, and there was the Vermonter's bull driving his bull back on his haunches. Brigadier Ruggles was a brave man, so he throws open the gate he was leaning over, and lays on to the Vermonter's bull behind with the prong, just as the brute drives down his own bull, and breaks his neck in the corner of the pen. Then the Vermonter's bull turns round on the Brigadier, and after one good look at him, puts down his head with a sort of low whistle, and scrapes with his fore hoof, meaning mischief. The Brigadier didn't wait, but made off for the house, slamming the pen gate and the garden gate behind him. But he hears two crashes, and then the whistle of the Vermonter's bull coming after him, as he reaches his open front door, and bolts through the hall to the kitchen, slamming the second door behind him. 'Perhaps the cuss won't come into the house,' thought the Brigadier, as he stood panting behind the kitchen door; but next minute he hears the Vermonter's bull stalk into the hall. Then silence for a minute, and then the whistle and scraping again. 'What's he up to now?' thought the Brigadier, as he just peeped through a crack. There stood the bull, right opposite his own image in Madam Ruggles's mirror. A king's arm always hung on the hooks, over the kitchen fireplace, loaded with ball, and the Brigadier caught it down, and made two steps across the floor, and right out into the hall, just in time to see the Vermonter's bull down his head and go crash into the mirror. The shock seemed to stagger him, and before he could turn round, the Brigadier—that mad that he would have faced all the bulls of Bashan—steps up to his side, and lets drive just behind his shoulder. The Vermonter's bull goes over amongst the broken glass, the Brigadier stands over him, king's arm still smoking, when the waggon draws up, and Madam Ruggles and the Vermonter

walk into the hall, fresh from meeting, with the doctor from Cambridge. Madam had thought to bring him home to get his dinner with them, and fix up the Brigadier, so as he might be well enough to get to Boston fair next day."

"Not a bad tableau for a Sabbath morning scene in the old Puritan home," said the optimist. "Haven't you got a painter who could do it? But, I say, my belief is, that if you told the whole truth, that Vermonter's bull was English bred."

"No more than I am," said the potentate.

"The Vermonters are mostly smart men," said the President, gravely.

"Right-smart, I guess, many of them," added the Vice, "though if that Vermonter had been right-smart he wouldn't have left the Brigadier behind at meeting-time."

"Now, what's the difference between smart and right-smart?" put in the critically-minded struggler.

"I should say now, the potentate here was a right-smart man," said the optimist; "a kind of fellow who is always catching your fingers in a tree, or dropping you in some hole."

"No, no; I guess I'm too loose in the jaw," said the accused party, "but I'll show you the difference better than you could touch it off in words in a week. You saw the notices up at Storm Lake there, in the middle of the prairie, that the Ex-M. C. and candidate for the district was coming down to make a speech."

"Yes, and I was glad to see it, as a proof that wild life doesn't take your settlers away from politics."

"I won't say anything about that. Any way the candidates come after *them*, and it's a caution the sort of stuff they serve out to the sovereign people when they're on the stump in such out-of-the-way places. Well, when Illinois was settling up, a candidate came down to just such a wild place as Storm Lake, where I was stopping with the post-master, who kept the biggest store, and was the boss of the town. The candidate kept on talking for well on to

three hours ; and as it was just before our war, and he didn't seem to quite know which way the cat was going to jump, why his talk wasn't altogether meaty—you couldn't get much of a meal off it either side. As we went back we came up with a settler, a pawky, queer old man, crumpled up with the shakes. 'Good evening, Uncle Josh,' said my friend. 'Evenin', Jack,' said the old boy (my friend's name was John). 'Won't you step in and take a drink, uncle?' 'Waal, Jack, if ever I do take anythin' it's just at this hour.' 'Come in, then. Now, how'll you have it, uncle? About half-and-half?' 'Waal, yes, Jack—that'll du. But ef you du give either on 'em a trifle advantage, let it be the whiskey.' 'And now, uncle,' went on my friend, when he had got the old man's brew to his mind, 'tell us what you think of the new candidate.' 'Waal, he seemed to get off his talk easy enough. Kep us at it near upon three hours, I reckon. A fair-spoken, leaky kind o' young man ; but, Jack, ef he'd been a smart man he'd hev said all that in five-and-twenty minutes ; and ef he'd been a right-smart man, Jack, he wouldn't hev said it at all.'

"Good again," said the optimist, laughing : "you're in undeniable form to-day. But now we must get out, and do Sioux city. I must own my first impressions of the Missouri are not favourable."

So we descended from the platform of the Champaign, and looked about us. We had pulled up in the middle of an open space on the left bank of the river, on to which our line seemed to have strayed by accident, as we had passed what was intended for the terminus some quarter of a mile behind. The other line from the south, which had preceded ours by some months, was the only other occupant of this vacant space at present, and boasted of a considerable temporary station. The potentate and his colleagues were instantly in close and earnest colloquy. It must be a *sine qua non*, if they were to take to the new line, that their terminus should be brought right down to the river-bank, so that they could

build wharves. While they hunted up the official representatives of the proposed vendors to lay down their terms, we strolled along the levee of the Missouri. That it is the longest river in the world is a thing that everybody knows, but the geography books omit to add that it is perhaps the ugliest and most depressing. What we saw was a sluggish and unutterably muddy stream, crawling through a channel of some 200 yards across. Black snags peered up here and there from the yellow current, ugly and dangerous to look at. There were some half-dozen lumber steamers aground under the bank below where we stood, and on the opposite side was a strip of sand—here dry, there quaky—twice the breadth of that part of the bed which was under water. The Missouri has an almost continuous margin of this kind along this part of its course, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other : and every now and then, and not unfrequently, takes a caprice to change its bed, and does it almost without notice, and quite without paying the least attention to the interests of the enterprising persons who have settled on its banks. Within the memory of several of the citizens whom we met, the Missouri had flowed half a mile west of the present site of Sioux city, and there seemed no sort of reason why it should not go back to its old bed any day. Meantime, and until they are left high and dry again, the people of Sioux city are eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, pretty much like the folk before the Flood.

Not that I would for a moment suggest that the dwellers on the Upper Missouri are specially like the antediluvians, or indeed worse than their neighbours, or than the ordinary run of folk in the older States, or elsewhere. But their opportunities and temptations have been peculiar ; and although I do not believe that they have done more than develop their natural share of the old Adam, I must own they have done this diligently. In a town which has passed its childhood hundreds of miles away from any considerable settlement of human beings,

and indeed never heard the whistle of a locomotive before last year, one might fairly look for some traces of primitiveness and simplicity. Such a search would, I fear, be disappointing. On the other hand, the flashy, devil-may-care life and lawless licence, which Bret Hart describes so vividly in his sketches of outlying Californian mining villages, if it ever existed in any perfection here, has migrated further west, leaving nothing more than a strong taint behind. The place has become a commercial centre—a place of big stores, and banks, and ledgers, and financial persons. Nevertheless, two days before our arrival, a notorious evil-doer had ridden up and down the main streets on his pony, openly defying the authorities to seize him. Fortunately for the law and order party, he took so many straight drinks during his ride, that he was carried to the State prison, in a helpless state, in the course of the evening, where he was waiting his trial. Our informant, a local journalist, who had assisted at the capture, seemed to treat the incident as by no means an unusual one. A safer index, however, of the social condition and prevalent tastes of the city lies in its possessing, to meet the wants of a population of something under 4,000, seventy-three drinking and billiard saloons, and four regular gambling-houses. On the other hand, it possesses two daily and four weekly papers and a magazine, a quite adequate number of places of worship, and a monster free-school, lately finished at an outlay of upwards of 40,000 dollars, towards the cost of which the saloons and gambling-houses had been mulcted heavily.

When we had satisfied ourselves with the inspection of the stranded steamers, and of the few pigs who were rooting about the open space between the river and the town, we turned in pursuit of our friends, whom we ran to ground in a temporary booking-office, where the three railway magnates were putting their ideas together as to the conditions upon which they would be prepared to negotiate for the line we had just travelled. The day was hot, and the latter part of our run had been through

light sand, so we found our friends refreshing themselves—washing the dust out of their throats, they called it by courtesy—with draughts of the most repulsive-looking water, straight from the Missouri.

"You don't get at water like this every day," said the potentate, as he finished his draught with apparent zest. "Try it."

I think I should have suspected a practical joke, but that the grave Vice added his testimony to the merits of Missouri water, assuring us that all who lived near the river not only tolerated it for drinking purposes, and found it wholesome, but actually preferred it to any other. Even with this recommendation, appearances remained so strongly against the fluid, and it looked so suggestively like Gregory's mixture, that I could not bring myself to do more than swallow about a mouthful, which I am bound to say had no objectionable taste. It would do well enough for a meal in the dark, to wash down (say) charcoal biscuits.

A lounge through the streets, and a drive in a sort of tilt, called a prairie-waggon, to a bluff overhanging the town, filled up the hours till sundown. For driving across country commend me to the prairie-waggon. It isn't a thing of beauty, exactly, or a thing of comfort, but its power of travelling over any kind of ground at any angle without upsetting is extraordinary. Ours passed safely half-a-dozen times through positions of most unstable equilibrium, as if determined to rival the sure-footedness of the lean, sinewy beasts that drew it. From the bluff there was a fine open view of a long series of wave-like sandhills rolling away to the horizon, and two black dots on a distant ridge, which, in all probability either horses or bullocks, were by common consent set down as buffaloes. For it would never do, of course, to come back from the Far West without having seen a buffalo. Disappointing enough that there is not a single Sioux Indian to be seen in Sioux city, though some painted photographs of rather stagey and overdressed warriors, labelled "Great Elk," "Red

Deer," and so on, are for sale in the shop windows here and there.

Towards dusk we were all assembled abroad the Champaign, which as usual had been backed into a siding for the night, when suddenly a stranger in seedy black velvet, and with a suspiciously big note-book in his hand, appeared in the open doorway, and, after a hasty look round, introduced himself with, "Good evening, gentlemen. Would you favour us with the object of this visit?"

As the question was not addressed to anyone in particular, and sounded slightly vague, there was an awkward silence for a minute or so, till the potentate, without removing his cigar, laconically retorted, "Why?"

"Sir, I represent the *Sioux City Morning Intelligencer*," was the stranger's answer. "So if any gentleman will be so kind as to give me names and descriptions of the party, and your ideas and intentions relative to our city, I—" and he completed the sentence by producing a pencil from his waistcoat pocket and unclasping the big note-book.

It was plain enough what the object of our friend's visit was, at any rate. We were to be "interviewed," and might just as well submit to the operator with a good grace at once. The potentate, however, made one faint effort to divert the attack by inquiring, with an air of interest, "You represent the *Morning Intelligencer*, did you say? Does this place keep a daily, then?"

"Two, sir—the *Intelligencer* and the *Times*. And here's the gentleman who represents the *Times* coming down the track.—Come up, Charley."

And up came Charley, sure enough, a jolly, round-faced fellow, of easy confidential address, and, with a lift of his hat to the company generally and a nod to his professional rival, took up a masterly strategic position in a vacant arm-chair.

"Well, George?" he began at last, with a familiar nod to the seedy stranger.

"I was just asking these gentlemen their intentions with reference to our city," replied George, with rather an uneasy look at the potentate, who was

puffing away with the air of a man resolved not to be pumped. "And they told me——"

"This gentleman," broke in the potentate, with a wave of his arm towards the struggler, "is the Honourable Lord William O'Doodle, native of the Carribee Highlands, in the kingdom of Scotland, and Member of the British Parliament, and this——"

"Exactly, sir," said Charley, good-humouredly; and, turning to George, who was still fidgetting on his feet in the background, "Better put it down in that note-book of yours," he suggested, in a tone unmistakeably expressive of half-sarcastic pity for his rival's awkward approaches and rebuff.

I suppose the optimist must have looked more accessible than the rest of us, for, after a short silence, Charley singled him out for his first question. "Well, sir, and what do you think of our city?"

"Covers plenty of ground," said the optimist. "But what struck me as odd this afternoon was, that half the best building plots, right in the heart of the place, and down on the river-bank, have been left to the weeds and the pigs, while further off the houses stand as thick as need be."

"Ah, I'll just tell you how that is. It's near ten years ago now, there was a talk of a railroad being brought through this city, which was in a smallish way of business then. So at once we all reckoned we were bound to be bigger than Chicago in no time, and building lots along all the likeliest streets jumped up to a thousand dollars apiece. Well, the track didn't come, and the settlers who dropped in from the East by stage or prairie-waggon, mostly didn't bring a thousand dollars in their pockets. Somehow, though, the price of lots stuck pretty much where it was—guess I can't tell you just why."

"The same reason perhaps that keeps your clothes, and wine, and victuals at the prices they rose to in '63—just to spite the political economists," interposed the struggler.

"I don't know about that, sir. We don't take much account of such cusses

out West. But in Sioux city here the upshot was, that people couldn't afford to buy the best lots, and so the place has got built up stragglewise. But now this new track is open, we shall mend all that quick. I guess my paper's bound to be a handsome property now."

"It doesn't pay, then, just at present?"

"Not exactly. I calculate to lose a matter of three hundred dollars a month by it, more or less; but just let me hold on till the city turns the corner, and it'll be another story. Our people like *vim*, sir. They're very good about advertising, our people here, and they do their best for George and me; but there's not enough of them just yet, you see; that's about the fact. It's hard work to make out one's dozen or fourteen columns of intelligence, too, for they won't look at it unless it's as spicy as red pepper."

"Does that delectable vegetable flourish in Sioux city?" put in the struggler.

"Never ate them, did you?" said the potentate.

"Haven't I? and I promise you I shan't forget them in a hurry. One day when we were in New York I turned into the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on the prowl for something for my inner man, and, feeling the gregarious instinct strong upon me, went and sat down by the only other occupant of the saloon, a long, cadaverous Yankee, just that sort that Tenniel always puts into his cartoons, with stripy trousers and a starry shirt, to typify Cousin Jonathan. I had come across a good many strange vegetables since we landed in the States, but a dish of reddish something, which my gaunt neighbour was devouring with apparent relish, struck me at once as a novelty. 'May I ask what they are?' 'Red peppers—try them.' Innocently I accepted the invitation, and the moment I bit one of the things, felt—how shall I describe the sensation?—well, as if a red-hot poker had been laid upon my tongue. Luckily, just before screaming out, I caught the eye of my cadaverous enemy fixed upon me with a queer,

amused, half-malicious look, that told its tale in a moment. He was bent on teaching the benighted Britisher a lesson, and it was the benighted Britisher's bounden duty to refuse him that satisfaction. So, by a severe muscular effort, I strangled all outward facial signs of pain, and slowly chewed my agonizing mouthful before my torturer's eyes till it was fairly swallowed. At last he said, rather impatiently, 'How do you find the peppers, sir?' 'A little warm,' I answered, calmly; 'but (forgive me the fib!) a nice kind of vegetable, decidedly.' 'You needn't be afraid of the next world, then,' he jerked out, and, though evidently disappointed, treated me with decided respect from that moment."

By this time Charley was quite at home with all the party aboard the Cham-paign, and he now offered to escort any of us who would accompany him on an evening stroll through the town, suggesting that he was well known at the "kino" houses.

Our railway friends declined the chance of seeing round Sioux city at night. They had heard of a proposed visit on business from the municipal authorities, and would not risk being out of the way. The optimist sat with his heels up on the platform, in true Yankee fashion, watching the afterglow of the sunset across the Missouri, cigar in mouth and coffee at elbow. He was immovably bent on letting well alone. So the struggler and I started, one on each side of the voluble Charley, on our voyage of observation. A more amusing or hospitable guide I never wish to encounter. His perfect openness, on all subjects connected with the city, and the works and ways of its citizens, relieved us of all embarrassment. We visited first a beer garden, not unlike those at Munich, though of course smaller, where we sat at one of many little tables, under a maple tree, and drank reasonably good beer, served by a very pretty and not particularly forward damsel, one of several who were flitting about on like errands. There were arrangements for musical entertainments, and dancing, and a billiard

saloon at the side of the bar. There were a dozen such in the outskirts of the town, Charley said, varying in character from respectable to rowdy, supported mainly by Germans and Swedes, but much frequented by all nations.

From the beer garden we proceeded to the principal gambling house, in the middle of the town, through dark rough streets, where huge stores and shanties alternated. Charley entertained us with anecdotes of the ventures in cattle, minerals, and more questionable speculations, by which the owners of the former edifices had made their pile. I must own to considerable disappointment in this Western experience. The house which we entered was a roomy dingy place, with a long bar on the ground-floor, at which we drank sherry cobbler, savouring strongly of corn whiskey, at the expense of our guide, who insisted on franking us everywhere. Then we adjourned to the first floor, a large room, badly lighted, with a long table at one end, and smaller ones scattered about. At one of the latter sat a party playing at poker, but as quiet as an afternoon whist party at the Athenæum or Travellers'. If the players had bowie knives down their backs, and revolvers in their pockets, no external sign or gesture betrayed the fact; and neither amongst the poker players, nor at the bar, could I detect any specimen of the border ruffian, or digger—not even a man who would pass muster as "Tennessee's pardner." Kino had not begun yet, and we must have gone away disappointed but for the courtesy of the manager of the place, an intimate of Charley's, who volunteered to show us the game. He was a well-dressed, well-spoken German, perfectly self-possessed, and without a trace, so far as I could see, of any lurking doubt as to his occupation. Certainly, for the croupier, kino is the gambling game which must sit least heavily on the conscience. The table does not stake against the players, but simply takes a percentage on each pool. It is also, apparently, a perfectly fair game for the players. These sit round the long table, at the centre of

which the croupier stands, a large vessel with a slender neck before him, suspended on two uprights, so that he can turn it over. At each revolution one ball comes out of the neck, marked with a number, which he calls out. Cards are distributed to the players, on each of which are printed several rows of numbers, each row containing an equal number of compartments. The player who has the number called out by the croupier, acknowledges it, and marks it off on his card, and the first player who fills up one of his rows sweeps the board. The stake is the same for every player, but otherwise unlimited. After our lesson we loitered for some time in hopes of seeing a table formed, but the players dropped in so slowly that we were obliged to leave before the game had begun. On our way back to the Champaign, our guide argued the question of the advantage of kino to the town. He was decidedly in favour of it, on the ground that it was the means of retaining in Sioux city considerable sums which would otherwise pass through to the east. As it was, United States' officers stationed to the west, and prosperous farmers, flocked to Sioux city, and found so many facilities for getting rid of superfluous dollars that they had little inducement to press through to the older settlements.

We found a snug party on board when we got back, enjoying the potentate's hospitality, discoursing on the present prospects of their town and neighbourhood, and of the former wild times when Judge Lynch had borne sway. A ghastly story of one of the last summary executions must suffice as a specimen. A notorious and desperate character had been taken red-handed, who confessed to several murders, and any number of minor offences, such as horse-stealing. When led out to be hung, with his arms pinioned to his sides, so that he could only just reach his mouth to remove the cigar he was smoking with perfect coolness, he was asked whether he had any last wishes—if anything could be done for him? He replied that the only thing they could do for him was to take off his boots. This was accordingly done,

and having finished his cigar, he said :  
 "Thar, my old mother always told me  
 I should die in my boots, and I wanted  
 to show the old gal that she lied ;" and  
 so went to his account. It was getting  
 towards midnight, an unusually late  
 hour for the West, before our last guest  
 took his leave, and we turned in.

Charley could not have spent much  
 time in bed after he left us, for, true to  
 a voluntary promise on his part, just as  
 our engine was getting up steam at day-  
 light, a boy came running down the  
 line with a damp sheet of the *Sioux  
 City Times* from the printing-press.  
 The following paragraph occupied a  
 prominent place in the first page :—

*"Distinguished Arrival.*—Yesterday  
 afternoon there arrived by special train  
 a party consisting of the president, vice-  
 president, and New York manager of  
 one of our largest Western lines ; also  
 of three English gentlemen who are on  
 a mingled tour of pleasure and observa-  
 tion in our country. Several prominent  
 citizens visited the distinguished excu-  
 sionists last evening. The president  
 and his associates are apparently pleased  
 with the country between here and Fort  
 Dodge, and speak unreservedly of future  
 business and greatness that is prospect-  
 fully in store for us. The party leave  
*(sic)* at an early hour this A.M. for Council  
 Bluffs and Omaha." T. HUGHES.

## SWEET SEVENTEEN.

I KNEW a maid ; her form and face  
 Were lily-slender, lily-fair ;  
 Hers was a wild unconscious grace,  
 A ruddy-golden crown of hair.

Thro' those child-eyes unchecked, unshamed,  
 The happy thoughts transparent flew ;  
 Yet some pathetic touch had tamed  
 To gentler grey their Irish blue.

So from her oak a Dryad leant  
 To look with wondering glance and gay  
 Where Jove, uncrowned and kingly, went  
 With Maia down the woodland way.

Their glory lit the amorous air,  
 The golden touched the Olympian head,  
 But Zephyr o'er Cyllene bare  
 That secret the immortals said.

The nymph they saw not, passing nigh ;  
 She melted in her leafy screen ;  
 But from the boughs that seemed to sigh  
 A dewdrop trembled on the green.

That nymph the oak for aye must hold ;  
 The girl has life and hope, and she  
 Shall hear one day the secret told,  
 And roam herself in Arcady.

I see her still ; her cheeks aglow,  
 Her gaze upon the future bent—  
 As one who through the world will go  
 Beloved, bewitching, innocent.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.<sup>1</sup>

On the 25th of September, in the year 1827, in a dismal French chateau, the gloom of which was increased by the presence of death—forlorn and haggard, listless and desponding, a young man of seventeen sat writing to a friend.

This young man, whose letter was the expression of piercing and bitter thought, had just achieved the highest honours attainable at the Collège d'Henri Quatre, and was supposed to have a brilliant future opening before him. It was the poet Alfred de Musset. His intellect was prematurely developed. It was easy to him to take the front place; he was already acknowledged as a genius, and his published poetry had made a sensation. He was miserable—not with the sharp affliction of one who has lost what is dear to him, but with an oppressed sense of the narrow limits of humanity, of the painful details attending the end of life, of the pitiful conventions of mourning, and of the want of a real passionate emotion.

He had been summoned from his College in the hour of success, with a festive holiday in view, to the old chateau, where his grandmother had died suddenly. A fortnight before he had left her in health, and chatting, in her easy chair, with her French vivacity. Now a heap of earth covered her remains, and the contrast struck him with dismay. With the instinct of the poet, which assimilates all the phases of human experience, he saw himself dead and shrouded. His spirit rose against the assumed grief, the tragic mask which he saw put on before him. "Voilà," he wrote, "le sort qui m'attend, qui nous attend tous ! Je ne veux point de ces regrets de commande, de cette douleur

que l'on quitte avec les habits de deuil. J'aime mieux que mes os soient jetés au vent : toutes ces larmes feintes ou trop promptement taries ne sont qu'une affreuse dérision." He was disgusted and weary; he thought life was worth nothing, and that he would gladly get out of it if there were not the process of dying to go through, and the idea of the subsequent ceremonials of ostensible affliction among his relations to confront. The companion of his gloom was an uncle who was remarkable for his good common sense, for his erudition, and for his general respectability. He could not be expected to form the faintest idea of his nephew's mental attributes: he wondered at his tastes, while he was gratified by his success. He was continually extinguishing his fires with wet blankets. When the young Alfred talked with enthusiasm of a drama which had struck his imagination, or of a verse which rang in his ear, he would reply—"Est-ce que tu n'aimes pas mieux lire tout cela dans quelque bon historien ? C'est toujours plus vrai et plus exact."—The poet felt himself another Hamlet with another Polonius, and longed for sympathetic intercourse with Hamlet's creator.

"Je donnerais vingt-cinq francs pour avoir une pièce de Shakespeare ici en anglais."

It was not to be had. The desire for the unattainable was the poet's habit of mind. If he could have called up Shakespeare from the dead, he would probably have turned away from him after the first greeting; or if his favourite tragedy in English had suddenly tumbled down from a bookshelf close at hand, he would most likely have flung it from him after the first hasty rush through its leaves. He had nothing that he cared to read, he thought he

<sup>1</sup> "Œuvres Posthumes." Paris, 1867.  
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should like to write, but the thought soon wearied him.

"Je me sens par moments une envie de prendre la plume et de salir une ou deux feuilles de papier, mais la première difficulté me rebute et un souverain dégoût me fait étendre les bras et fermer les yeux."

Other fancies came across him.

"J'ai besoin de voir une femme, j'ai besoin d'aimer : j'aimerais ma cousine, qui est vieille et laide, si elle n'était pas économe et pédante."

The misery of Alfred de Musset's life was not wholly due to its outward circumstances, but to the peculiarities of his temperament and to his wayward disposition. He was not a hard, evil-minded man like Lord Byron, nor a wild theorist like Shelley; he knew how to love virtue and to hate iniquity, but he did not know how to conquer an impulse or to subdue a passion. He gave way to himself. After the wrong, came the repentance. He was unable to bear the suffering of that state, and flew to absinthe and dissipation to get rid of it.

He alternated between sublime aspiration and disappointment, disgust and debauch; and, starting in life with every material advantage—good family, good prospects, and brilliant genius—he died a premature old man, broken down and miserable, at the age of forty-seven. The indications of such a development are strongly marked in the letter from which we have quoted. At the early age of seventeen the characteristics of the poet show themselves as he writes to his intimate friend: the unsatisfied desire and the fine perception, the despondency, the satire, the weakness, the despair.

"Tu es la seule chose," he says to his friend, "qui me réveille de mon néant et qui me reporte vers un idéal que j'ai oublié par impuissance. Je n'ai plus le courage de rien penser. Si je me trouvais dans ce moment-ci à Paris, j'éteindrais ce qui me reste d'un peu noble dans le punch et la bière, et je me sentirais soulagé. On endort bien un malade avec de l'opium; quoiqu'on sache que le sommeil lui doit être mortel. J'en agirais de même avec mon âme."

The regret which is felt in the contemplation of a bright genius degraded, leads us sometimes to wonder sadly whether a mother, strong enough to understand and tender enough to persuade such a nature, would have averted his fate, or whether, if he had met with a true friend capable of exercising a maternal influence, of appreciating the impulses of his genius and forgiving its eccentricities, he might not have relinquished much evil, and have assimilated much good, calmed and sustained by such a sympathy; but there is an obvious reply to the suggestion. The poet was not prompted to seek an affection of this nature, and the fatal passion which dominated his life was taken to his heart with a distinct foreshadowing of what its consequences might be: he was very young, only twenty-three, but he went to the banquet with the warning of poison in its fruits. Rapture and agony, convulsion and swoon, seemed the necessity of his life; and if the Cleopatra who enslaved him had not existed, some other shining and evil star would still have risen to shape his destiny. His intellectual force was not equal to his creative genius. His compositions were sudden impulses which forced themselves upon him, and he wrote some of his most beautiful poems in fits of anguish; his work was followed by long periods of prostration. He was incapable of a sustained effort; but he was not easily satisfied with what he did, and reconsidered and finished his pieces with so much care, that they are justly esteemed as models of workmanship. The dialogue of his comedies is brilliant, and so delicate and subtle in its play, so piercing in its satire, that it is a matter of high ambition to the artists of the *Comédie Française* to deliver it with perfect precision, and to give full value to every syllable. None of De Musset's comedies are long, but all contain a great deal of matter; his wit is less obvious and more keen than Molière's; he has less fun and sharper satire; he does not hit so hard, but he wounds more deeply. His types of character are original; his perceptions

of the ridiculous are exquisite, and the sense of beauty is never absent from his style, even in his lightest touches. In all his prose there is poetry. To the student he is known as a poet; to the world at large, through the medium of the stage, as a dramatist.

Among his *Œuvres Posthumes*, which make a small volume, there is a dramatic fragment, called "Faustine," of great force and interest. The scene is laid at Venice, and the Venetian atmosphere surrounds the reader. The passion is worked up to a high pitch, when the drama suddenly stops. The same volume contains a complete comedy, called "L'Ane et le Ruisseau," which is clever and graceful, and some poems and letters, from the earliest of which we have already quoted. The letters are distinguished by grace and ease of language; they are sometimes epigrammatic, and sometimes playful; they are never artificial; they are generally sad. The most humorous among them describes a singular supper at the house of the famous Mdle. Rachel, a description which the poet valued, and which he requested his correspondent to keep, in order that the record of so strange an evening should some day be made known. The entertainment took place after a representation of "Tan-crède," in the fifth act of which Rachel had obtained showers of tears from her audience, and had herself wept with such strong emotion as to make her doubt whether she could continue her performance. Afterwards, as she walked down the arcades of the Palais Royal, with a company of artists, actresses, and singers, she fell in with the young poet, and invited him to join them. They all adjourned to her house, where her mother and sister were established; and they looked forward to a festive supper. But Rachel discovered that she had left her bracelets and rings at the theatre; she sent her maid-servant, whom she called her *bonne*, to fetch them. This *bonne* being absent, there was no servant left to prepare the supper. But presently Rachel left the room to change her dress, and in the space of a quarter

of an hour she reappeared in a dressing-gown and night-cap, with a handkerchief over her ears, looking, according to Alfred de Musset, as beautiful as an angel (but the angels are not handsome if Rachel was a type of them), and carrying a dish which contained three beefsteaks, the cooking of which she had personally superintended. She set down this dish in the middle of the table, said, "Régalez-vous!" and returned to the kitchen, whence she again emerged with a soup-tureen full of hot soup, and a saucepan full of spinach. This constituted the supper. There were no plates and no spoons; the *bonne* having taken away the keys. Rachel opened the sideboard, and there finding a salad-bowl with a salad in it ready dressed, she took the wooden spoon that stood in the midst, and began to eat apart from the rest. "Oh, dear!" said her mother, who was hungry, "I know, my child, that there are some pewter plates in the kitchen!" Upon which Rachel again disappeared, and returned with the pewter plates, which she distributed to her guests.

"My dear," said her mother, "these beefsteaks are overdone."

"They are," replied Rachel. "In the days when I kept house for you I used to cook better; so you see I have lost one talent to gain another. But, Sarah," she continued, addressing her sister, "what is the matter—you are not eating?"

Sarah replied, "I don't choose to eat off pewter plates."

"That, I presume," replied Rachel, "is because I have bought out of my savings a dozen silver plates. Soon you will require one servant in front of your chair and another behind it." Then, addressing Alfred de Musset, she said, "Just fancy—when I was acting at the Théâtre Molière, I possessed only two pair of stockings, and every morning—"

Now Sarah interrupted her, and began to chatter German to put an end to her sister's confessions; but Rachel went on resolutely. "No German here! I am not ashamed of what I say. I

I had only two pair of stockings, and I was obliged to wash one pair every morning that I might have clean ones to act in every night. I also managed everything in the house. I got up at six daily, and at eight o'clock all the beds were made; afterwards I went to La Halle to buy our dinner, and I was an honest cook, was I not, mamma?"

"That you were," replied the mother, with her mouth full.

"Only once," said Rachel, "I was guilty of thieving: what I bought at fourpence I set down as fivepence, and going on steadily in this way at the end of a month I made a profit of three francs."

"And what did you do with those three francs?" asked the poet, with mock severity.

"Oh!" exclaimed the mother, "she bought a Molière with them."

"Yes," said Rachel, "I had got a Racine and a Corneille, and I wanted a Molière. I bought it with my three francs, and then I confessed my crime."

Some of the guests now went away, and the *bonne* returned. Sarah continued to abstain from eating, and to chatter German. Rachel reproved her, persevered with stories of her youth, and presently made some punch and set it alight, putting the candles under the table in order the better to see the pretty blue flame as it was burning; when this pastime was over she played with Alfred de Musset's sword-stick, and drawing the blade out of its sheath she picked her teeth with it. But one sentence sufficed to put an end to all this vulgarity and folly, and to bring poetry and the instinct of art upon the scene.

The poet said, "How beautifully you read the letter in the fifth act to-night! You were greatly moved."

"Yes," replied Rachel, "I felt as if I were shattered—breaking into bits—and yet I don't care for the tragedy of 'Tancrède.' It is false."

"You prefer the tragedies of Corneille and Racine," said the poet.

"I like Corneille," Rachel replied, "though he is sometimes trivial and

sometimes turgid—he is not true to nature. The line in the Horace—

'On peut changer d'amant mais non changer d'époux,'

appears to me coarse and common."

"Not the less true for that," said De Musset.

"Unworthy of the poet, at any rate," said Rachel. "But speak to me of Racine the noble, the beautiful,—I adore him! And do you know I am resolved to act Phèdre" (she struck the table with her fist as she spoke). "They say I am too young and too thin, and more such nonsense; but I reply, it is the greatest part in all Racine, and I am determined to play it."

"You may be wrong there," said Sarah.

"Let me alone," said Rachel, "I mean to do it; if people tell me I am too thin, I say they are absurd. A woman possessed by an infamous passion, yet prepared rather to die than yield to it—a woman withering away in scorching fires and bitter tears—such a woman cannot be expected to look as plump as Madame Paradol. It would be a contradiction in nature. I have read the part ten times within the last eight days. I don't know how I should act it, but I tell you that I feel it in me. The newspapers may write what they please, but they will not disgust me with it. They are at a loss what to invent in order to injure me, instead of giving me encouragement and help; but I will act it, though only four persons should be present to see it." She then made a grand tirade against the journalists.

Her mother interrupted her. "My dear," said she, "you have been talking too much. This morning you were up at six. I don't know what possesses you. You have gabbled all day, and you have been acting this evening. You will be ill."

"Leave me alone," said Rachel; "it makes me feel that I am alive." She turned to De Musset and said, "Shall I fetch the book, and shall we read the tragedy both together?"

"What could be more delightful?" said the poet.

But Sarah observed that it was half-past eleven.

"Well," said Rachel, "who prevents you from going to bed?"

Accordingly Sarah went to bed, and Rachel left the room, but speedily returned with a volume of Racine in her hands. Her demeanour had undergone a total change: it had become solemn and religious; she seemed as one administering sacred rites. She took her seat next the poet and snuffed the candle. Her mother dozed off comfortably, with a smile on her face. Rachel bowed her head over the volume as she opened it, and said, "How I love this Racine! When I once get the book in my hand, I could go on reading for two days without stopping to eat or drink." The two now began their reading with the volume placed between them.

"D'abord," writes De Musset, "elle récite d'un ton monotone comme une litanie. Peu à peu elle s'anime. Nous échangeons nos remarques, nos idées sur chaque passage. Elle arrive enfin à la déclaration. Elle étend son bras droit sur la table; le front posé sur la main gauche, appuyée sur son coude, elle s'abandonne entièrement. Cependant elle ne parle encore qu'à demi-voix. Tout à coup ses yeux étincellent; le génie de Racine éclaire son visage; elle pâlit, elle rougit. Jamais je ne vis rien de si beau, de si intéressant; jamais, au théâtre, elle n'a produit sur moi tant d'effet. La fatigue, un peu d'enrouement, le punch, l'heure avancée, une animation presque fiévreuse sur ces petites joues entourées d'un bonnet de nuit, je ne sais quel charme inouï répandu dans tout son être, ces yeux brillants qui me consultent, un sourire enfantin qui trouve moyen de se glisser au milieu de tout cela; enfin, jusqu'à cette table en désordre, cette chandelle dont la flamme tremblote, cette mère assoupie près de nous, tout cela compose à la fois un tableau digne de Rembrandt, un chapitre de roman digne de *Wilhelm Meister*, et un souvenir de la vie d'artiste qui ne s'effacera jamais de ma mémoire."

It was now past midnight, and Rachel's father came home from the

Opera. He was hardly seated before he addressed some brutal words to his daughter, and ordered her to leave off reading. Rachel shut up the book, saying, "It is intolerable: I will buy a match-box, and I will read alone in my bed." Tears rolled down her cheeks.

It was intolerable to the poet to see such a creature so treated: he rose and took his leave, full of emotion and admiration, and before he went to bed he wrote down an account of the scene, which he addressed to a lady well known in Paris for her wit and beauty, and who had a high appreciation of his genius. She still lives, and is still witty and still pretty; he used to call her playfully his "Marraine," for she was a great many years older than himself: but he seems to have anticipated the fact of her surviving him. We owe to her the preservation of one of the most curious fragments of biography ever published. To all lovers of art this picture of the poet and the actress side by side, drawing inspiration from each other as the pages of Racine glowed under their touch, must be full of interest. To those who remember Rachel's grand interpretations of the classical French dramatists, who remember the beauty of her declamation, her fire, her sublime passion, her statuesque dignity, which made her small frame seem at times colossal, the scene here set down is a golden treasure received from the hands of the poet. The contrast between her actual life and her ideal representation woven so curiously into unity is strange, exciting, painful and yet beautiful; for no sooner did the player and the poet concentrate their thoughts upon their art than it conquered all the rest: and the sordid facts and mean surroundings disappeared under the enchantment of exalted imagination.

The Théâtre Français was the favourite temple of worship of De Musset, and there he studied objectively the emotions which, when he suffered them within himself, were too passionate for his frame, and sometimes destroyed his sense.

The most beautiful of his lyrics, however, grew out of his own affliction; they are the harmonious moanings of an irremediable sorrow, of a lost faith, of a great, ruined passion. They were written at the age of twenty-five, and are known as *Les Nuits*. They include "La Nuit de Mai," "de Décembre," "d'Octobre," and "d'Août." "La Nuit d'Octobre" is well known through the passionate recitation of Delaunay and Favart: "La Nuit de Décembre" is not less poetical; the oppressive gloom of the winter season invests it: it describes that strange impression which haunted the poet in all his misery of a figure by his side, whose aspect was the counterpart of his own: the figure was dressed in black, and its expression was that of mournful regret. It came too late to be a warning: it was too sad to be a consolation; in every disorder of his mind his strained imagination projected this image before him, and the sight of it was accompanied by anguish. He was a child when it first appeared to him. He saw it for the second time at the age of fifteen.

"Comme j'allais avoir quinze ans,  
Je marchais un jour, à pas lents,  
Dans un bois, sur une bruyère.  
Au pied d'un arbre vint s'asseoir  
Un jeune homme vêtu de noir,  
Qui me ressemblait comme un frère.

"Je lui demandai mon chemin;  
Il tenait un luth d'une main,  
De l'autre un bouquet d'églatière.  
Il me fit un salut d'ami,  
Et, se détournant à demi,  
Me montra du doigt la colline."

In the poet's first love-sorrow the figure appeared again, sad and anxious. With one hand it pointed to heaven; in the other it held a sword; it breathed only one sigh, and disappeared like a dream.

In the midst of unholy, wild festivity the shape next showed itself—

"À l'âge où l'on est libertin,  
Pour boire un toast en un festin,  
Un jour je soulevai mon verre.  
En face de moi vint s'asseoir  
Un convive vêtu de noir,  
Qui me ressemblait comme un frère.

"Il secouait sous son manteau  
Un haillon de pourpre en lambeau,  
Sur sa tête un myrte stérile.  
Son bras maigre cherchait le mien,  
Et mon verre, en touchant le sien,  
Se brisa dans ma main débile."

The sterile myrtle and the emaciated arm were the fatal anticipations of the poet's conscience working among scenes of riot and clamour in some momentary isolation of thought. A year passed before the image was seen again; it was then at the death-bed of his father. Its eyes were deluged with tears; it was like "les anges de douleur."

"Je m'en suis si bien souvenu  
Que je l'ai toujours reconnu  
À tous les instants de ma vie.  
C'est une étrange vision,  
Et cependant, ange ou démon,  
J'ai vu partout cette ombre amie."

It followed him to Italy; he saw it in the stormy days of his travel; it sometimes rose to perplex a sunny hour:—

"À Florence au fond des palais,  
À Brigues dans les vieux châlets,  
Au sein des Alpes desolées;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
À Venise, à l'affreux Lido  
Où vient sur l'herbe d'un tombeau  
Mourir la pale Adriatique."

Wherever he went the vision pursued him:—

"Partout où j'ai voulu dormir,  
Partout où j'ai voulu mourir,  
Partout où j'ai touché la terre,  
Sur ma route est venu s'asseoir  
Un malheureux vêtu de noir,  
Qui me ressemblait comme un frère."

An episode of great beauty, but too long and too continuous in its flow to furnish extracts, follows this stanza. It describes the fluctuations of that unhappy passion for the woman who subdued his soul, which ended in despair; the fraternal shape of sorrow glides in at the hours of sharpest affliction. At last the poet questions the vision, and his passionate appeal is answered—

"Ami, je suis la Solitude."

This was not a dream conjured up in the hour of poetical composition. The poem is a true record, and it is difficult

to conceive anything more pathetic. These lyrical pieces were written at the early age of twenty-five, and nothing of the poet's at a later day surpassed them either in passion or in perfection of verse.

Heine, always cruel in his satire, said of De Musset when he was thirty years old, "C'est un jeune homme d'un beau passé." But there was truth in those bitter words. At the age of thirty-seven, De Musset ceased to write; at forty-seven the burthen of his sorrows and faults was lifted from him, and he died suddenly in the night, of heart disease, on the 1st of May, 1857, at Paris.

It was after his death that the "*Nuit d'Octobre*" was produced upon the stage of the Théâtre Français at the celebration of his birthday, while his marble bust, crowned with laurel, looked on still and calm, as he never could be at any instant of his troubled life.

The performance of a long dialogue in verse, with no change of scene, and little action, depending wholly on the

beauty of poetry and the movement of passion, was felt to be hazardous even by French artists for a French audience, but the success was complete, and the theatre is crowded at every representation of this piece. It was bravely risked during the last season, when dramatic art showed its full perfections at the Opéra Comique, in London; and it warmed the cold blood of English audiences, and established the fame of the French poet with many who had never even heard his name before. His birthday is annually celebrated at the Comédie Française, by a performance of pieces exclusively of his writing. It is an occasion when the theatre is always filled with spectators of literary distinction, and with renowned artists. There is a certain sense of exaltation in these honours duly paid to the dramatist and poet; but it is accompanied by a profound melancholy as the memorial of great gifts misused, of the promise of youth ending in the blight of manhood, and of a fine imagination overthrown.

## THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

## CHAPTER VII.

## ATRA CURA.

*"O gentle wind that bloweth south,  
To where my love repaireth,  
Convey a kiss to his dear mouth,  
And tell me how he fareth!"*

"My dear, you are unphilosophical. Why should you rebuke Bell for occasionally using one of those quaint American phrases, which have wandered into this country? I can remember a young person who had a great trick of quoting Italian—especially in moments of tenderness—but that was a long time ago—and perhaps she has forgotten——"

"It is shameful of you," says Queen Titania, hastily, "to encourage Bell in that way. She would never do anything of the kind but for you. And you know very well that quoting a foreign language is quite a different thing from using those stupid Americanisms which are only fit for negro-concerts."

"My dear, you are unphilosophical. When America started in business on her own account, she forgot to furnish herself with an independent language; but ever since she has been working hard to supply the want. By and by you will find an American language—sharp, concise, expressive—built on the diffuse and heavy foundations of our own English. Why should not Bell use those tentative phrases which convey so much in so few syllables? Why call it slang? What is slang but an effort at conciseness?"

Tita looked puzzled, vexed, and desperate; and inadvertently turned to Count von Rosen, who was handing the sugar-basin to Bell. He seemed

to understand the appeal, for he immediately said—

"Oh, but you do know, that is not the objection. I do not think Made-moiselle talks in that way, or should be criticised about it by anyone; but the wrong that is done by introducing the slang words is, that it destroys the history of a language. It perverts the true meaning of roots—it takes away the poetry of derivations—it confuses the student."

"And who thought of students when the various objects in life were christened? And whence came the roots? And is not language always an experiment, producing fresh results as people find it convenient, and leaving students to frame laws as they like? And why are we to give up succinct words or phrases because the dictionaries of the last generation consecrated them to a particular use? My dear children, the process of inventing language goes on from year to year, changing, modifying, supplying, and building up new islands out of the common sand and the sea. What to-day is slang, to-morrow is language, if one may be permitted to parody Feuerbach. And I say that Bell, having an accurate ear for fit sounds, shall use such words as she likes; and if she can invent epithets of her own——"

"But, please, I don't wish to do anything of the kind," says Bell, looking quite shamefaced.

That is just the way of those women: interfere to help them in a difficulty, and they straightway fly over to the common enemy, especially if he happens to represent a social majority.

I began to perceive about this stage of our journey that a large number of

small articles over which Bell had charge were now never missing. Whenever she wanted a map, or a guide-book, or any one of the things which had been specially entrusted to her, it was forthcoming directly. Nay, she never had, like Tita, to look for a hat, or a shawl, or a scarf, or a packet of bezique-cards. I also began to notice that when she missed one of those things, she somehow inadvertently turned to our Lieutenant, who was quite sure to know where it was, and to hand it to her on the instant. The consequence on this morning was, that when we all came down prepared to go out for an exploration of Oxford, we found Bell at the window of the coffee-room, already dressed, and looking placidly out into the High-street, where the sunlight was shining down on the top of the old-fashioned houses opposite, and on the brand-new bank, which, as a compliment to the prevailing style of the city, has been built in very distinguished Gothic.

It was proposed that we should first go down and have a look at Christ Church.

"And that will just take us past the post-office," said Bell.

"Why, how do you know that? Have you been out?" asked Tita.

"No," replied Bell, simply. "But Count von Rosen told me where it was."

"Oh, I have been all over the town this morning," said the Lieutenant, carelessly. "It is the finest town that I have yet seen—a sort of Gothic Munich, but old, very old—not new, and white like Munich, where the streets are asking you to look at their fine buildings. And I have been down to the river—that is very fine, too—even the appearance of the old colleges and buildings from the meadows—that is wonderful."

"Have you made any other discoveries this morning?" said Queen Tita, with a gracious smile.

"Yes," said the young man, lightly.

"I have discovered that the handsome young waiter who gave us our

breakfast—that he has been a rider in a circus, which I did suspect myself, from his manner and attitudes—and also an actor. He is a very fine man, but not much spirit. I was asking him this morning why he is not a soldier. He despises that, because you pay a shilling a day. That is a pity your soldiers are not—what shall I say?—respectable; that your best young men do not like to go with them, and become under-officers. But I do not know he is good stuff for a soldier—he smiles too much, and makes himself pleasant. Perhaps that is only because he is a waiter."

"Have you made any other acquaintances this morning?" says Tita, with a friendly amusement in her eyes.

"No, no one—except the old gentleman who did talk politics last night. He is gone away by the train to Birmingham."

"Pray when do you get up in the morning?"

"I did not look that; but there was no one in the streets when I went out, as there would be in a German town; and even now there is a great dulness. I have inquired about the students—they are all gone home—it is a vacation. And a young lady in a book-shop told me that there is no life in the town when the students are gone—that all places close early—that even the milliners' shops are closed just now at half-past seven, when they are open till nine when the students are here."

"And what," says my Lady, with a look of innocent wonder, "what have the students to do with milliners' shops that such places should be kept open on *their* account?"

No one could offer a sufficient solution of this problem; and so we left the coffee-room and plunged into the glare of the High-street.

It would be useless to attempt here any detailed account of that day's long and pleasant rambling through Oxford. To anyone who knows the appearance and the associations of the grand old city—who is familiar with the various mass of crumbling colleges, and quiet

cloisters, and grassy quadrangles—who has wandered along the quaint clean streets that look strangely staid and orthodox, and are as old as the splendid elms that break in continually on the lines and curves of the prevailing architecture—to one who has even seen the city at a distance, with its many spires and turrets set amid fair green meadows, and girt about with the silver windings of streams—any such brief recapitulation would be inexpressibly bald and useless; while he to whom Oxford is unknown can learn nothing of its beauties and impressions without going there. Our party absolutely refused to go sight-seeing, and were quite content to accept the antiquarian researches of the guide-books on credit. It was enough for us to ramble leisurely through the old courts and squares and alleys, where the shadows lay cool under the gloomy walls, or under avenues of magnificent elms.

But first of all we paid a more formal visit to Christ Church, and on our way thither the Lieutenant stopped Bell at the post-office. She begged leave to ask for letters herself; and presently reappeared with two in her hand.

"These are from the boys," she said to my Lady: "there is one for you, and one for papa."

"You have had no letter?" said Tita.

"No," answered Bell, somewhat gravely as I fancied; and for some time after she seemed rather thoughtful and anxious.

As we paused underneath the archway in front of the sunlit quadrangle of Christ Church, the letters from the boys were read aloud. This is the first one, which shows the pains a boy will take to write properly to his mother, especially when he can lay his hands on some convenient guide-book to correspondence.

"COWLEY HOUSE, TWICKENHAM.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,—I take up my pen to let you know that I am quite well, and hope that this will find you in the enjoyment of good health. My studdies are advancing favably, and I

hope I shall continue to please my teacher and my dear parents, who have been so kind to me, and are anxious for my welfare. I look forward with much delight to the approaching holidays, and I am, my dear mamma,

"Your affectionate son,

"JACK.

"P.S. He does gallop so; and he eats beans."

Master Tom, on the other hand, showed that the fear of his mother was not on him when he sat down to write. Both of them had evidently just been impressed with the pony's galloping; for the second letter was as follows:—

"COWLEY HOUSE, TWICKENHAM.

"MY DEAR PAPA,—He does gallop so, you can't think [this phrase, as improper, was hastily scored through] and I took him down to the river and the boys were very Impertinent and I rode him down to the river and they had to run away from their clothes and he went into the river a good bit and was not afraid but you know he cannot swim yet as he is very young Harry French says and Doctor Ashburton went with us yesterday my dear papa to the ferry and Dick was taken over in the ferry and we all went threw the trees by Ham House and up to Ham Common and back by Richmond bridge and Dick was not a bit Tired. But what do you think my dear papa Doctor Ashburton says all our own money won't pay for his hay and corn and he will starve if you do not send some please my dear papa to send some at once because if he starvves once he will not get right again and the Ostler says he is very greedy but he his a very good pony and very intelgent dear papa Doctor Ashburton has bawt us each a riding-whip but I never hit him over the ears which the Ostler says is dangerous and you must tell the German gentleman that Jack and I are very much obled [scored out] obledg [also scored out] obbligated to him, and send our love to him and to dear Auntie Bell and to dear Mamma and I am my dear papa your affexnate son. "TOM."

"It is really disgraceful," said the mother of the scamps, "the shocking way those boys spell. Really Doctor Ashburton must be written to. At their age, and with such letters as these—it is shameful."

"I think they are very clever boys," said Bell, "and I hope you won't impose extra lessons on them just as they have got a pony."

"They ought not to have had the pony until they had given a better account of themselves at school," said my Lady, severely; to which Bell only replied by saying, in a pensive manner, that she wished she was a boy of nine years of age, just become possessed of a pony, and living in the country.

We spent a long time in Christ Church, more especially in the magnificent Hall, where the historical portraits greatly interested Bell. She entered into surmises as to the sensations which must have been felt by the poets and courtiers of Queen Elizabeth's time when they had to pay compliments to the thin-faced, red-haired woman who is here represented in her royal satins and pearls; and wondered whether, after they had celebrated her as the Queen of Beauty, they afterwards reconciled these flatteries to their conscience by looking on them as sarcasm. But whereas Bell's criticism of the picture was quite gentle and unprejudiced, there was a good deal more of acerbity in the tone in which Queen Tita drew near to speak of Holbein's Henry VIII. My firm belief is, that the mother of those two boys at Twickenham, if she only had the courage of her opinions—and dared to reveal those secret sentiments which now find expression in decorating our bedrooms with missal-like texts, and in the use of Ritualistic phrases to describe ordinary portions of the service and ordinary days of the year—would really be discovered to be—but let that pass. What harm Henry VIII. had done her, I could not make out. Anyone may perceive that that monarch has not the look of an ascetic; that the contour of his face and the setting of his eyes are not particularly pleasing; that he could

not easily be mistaken for Ignatius Loyola. But why any woman of these present days, who subscribes to Mudie's, watches the costumes of the Princess of Wales, and thinks that Dr. Pusey has been ungenerously treated, should regard a portrait of Henry VIII. as though he had done her an injury only the week before last, it is not easy to discover. Bell, on the other hand, was discoursing to the Lieutenant about the various workmanship of the pictures, and giving him a vast amount of information about technical matters, in which he appeared to take a deep interest.

"But did you ever paint upon panel yourself, mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Bell, "I was at one time very fond of it. But I never made it so useful as a countryman of mine once suggested it might be. He was a Cumberland farmer who had come down to our house at Ambleside, and when he saw me painting on a piece of wood, he looked at it with great curiosity.

"'Heh, lass,' he said, 'thou's pentin a fine pictur there, and on wood, too. Is't for the yell-house?'

"'No,' I said, explaining that I was painting for my own pleasure, and that it was not a public-house sign.

"'To please thyself, heh? And when thou's done wi' the pictur, thou canst plane it off the wood, and begin another—that's thy meanin', is't?'

"I was very angry with him, for I was only about fifteen then, and I wanted to send my picture to a London exhibition."

"Why, I did see it down at Leatherhead!" said Von Rosen. "Was not that the picture, on panel, near the window of the dining-room?"

"Come, come!" said Titania to the girl, who could not quite conceal the pleasure she felt on hearing that the Count had noticed this juvenile effort of hers; "come along, and let us see the library before we go into the open air again."

In the library, too, were more portraits and pictures, which these young people were much interested in. We found it impossible to drag them along.

They would loiter in some corner or other, and then, when we forsook our civil attendant and went back for them, we found them deeply engrossed in some obscure portrait or buried in a huge parchment-bound folio which the Lieutenant had taken out and opened. Bell was a fairly well-informed young woman, as times go, and knew quite as much of French literature as was good for her; but it certainly puzzled Tita and myself to discover what possible interest she could have in gazing upon the large pages of the *Encyclopedia*, while the Lieutenant talked to her about D'Alembert. Nor could it be possible that a young lady of her years and pursuits had imbibed so much reverence for original editions as to stand entranced before this or that well-known author whose earliest offspring had been laid hold of by her companion. They both seemed unwilling to leave this library; but Von Rosen explained the matter when he came out—saying that he had never felt so keenly the proverbial impulses of an Uhlan as when he found himself with these valuable old books in his hand, and only one attendant near. I congratulated the authorities of Christ Church on what they had escaped.

Of course we went down to the river some little time after lunch; and had a look from Folly Bridge on the various oddly-assorted crews that had invaded the sacred waters of the Isis in the absence of the University men. When the Lieutenant proposed that we, too, should get a boat and make a voyage down between the green meadows, it almost seemed as if we were venturing into a man's house in the absence of the owner; but then Bell very prettily and urgently added her supplications, and Tita professed herself not unwilling to give the young folks an airing on the stream. There were plenty of signs that it was vacation-time besides the appearance of the non-descript oarsmen. There was a great show of painting and scraping and gilding visible among that long line of mighty barges that lay under the sha-

dow of the elms, moored to tall white poles that sent a line of silver down into the glassy and troubled water beneath. Barges in blue, and barges in cream and gold, barges with splendid prows and Gorgon figure-heads, barges with steam-paddles and light awnings over the upper deck, barges with that deck supported by pointed arches, as if a bit of an old cloister had been carried down to decorate a pleasure-boat—all these resounded to the blows of hammers, and were being made bright with many colours. The University barge itself had been dragged out of the water, and was also undergoing the same process; although the cynical person who had put the cushions in our boat had just remarked, with something of a shrug—

"I hope the mahn as has got the job 'll get paid for it, for the 'Varsity Crew are up to their necks in debt, that's what they are!"

When once we had got away from Christ Church meadows, there were fewer obstructions in our course; but whether it was that the currents of the river defied the skill of our coxswain, or whether it was that the Lieutenant and Bell, sitting together in the stern, were too much occupied in pointing out to each other the beauties of the scenery, we found ourselves with a fatal frequency running into the bank, with the prow of the boat hissing through the rushes and flags. Nevertheless, we managed to get up to Iffley, and there, having moored the boat, we proceeded to land and walk up to the old church on the brow of the hill.

"It's what they calls eerly English," said the old lady who showed us over the ancient building. She was not a talkative person; she was accustomed to get over the necessary information rapidly; and then spent the interval in looking strangely at the tall Lieutenant and his brown beard. She did not betray any emotion when a small gratuity was given her. She had not even said "Thank you" when Von Rosen, on calling for the keys of the church, had found the gate of her garden unhinged, and had

laboured fully ten minutes in hammering a rusty piece of iron into the wooden post. Perhaps she thought it was Bell who had driven down the gate; but at all events she expressed no sense of gratitude for its restoration.

Near an old yew-tree there was a small grave—new-made and green with grass—on which some careful hand had placed a cross composed exclusively of red and white roses. This new grave, with these fresh evidences of love and kindly remembrance on it, looked strange in the rude old churchyard, where stones of unknown age and obliterated names lay tumbled about or stood awry among the weeds and grass. Yet this very disorder and decay, as Tita said gently, seemed to her so much more pleasant than the cold and sharp precision of the iron crosses in French and German graveyards, with their grim, fantastic decorations and wreaths of immortelles. She stood looking at this new grave and its pretty cross of roses, and at the green and weather-worn stones, and at the black old yew-tree, for some little time; until Bell—who knows of something that happened when Tita was but a girl, and her brother scarcely more than a child—drew her gently away from us, towards the gate of the churchyard.

“Yes,” said the Lieutenant, not noticing, but turning to the only listener remaining; “that is true. I think your English churchyards in the country are very beautiful—very picturesque—very pathetic indeed. But what you have not in this country are the beautiful songs about death that we have—not religious hymns, or anything like that—but small, little poems that the country-people know and repeat to their children. Do you know that one that says—

Hier schlummert das Herz,  
Befreit von betäubenden Sorgen;  
Es weckt uns kein Morgen  
Zu grösserem Schmerz.

And it ends this way—

Was weinst denn du?  
Ich trage nun muthig mein Leiden,  
Und rufe mit Freuden,  
Im Grabe ist Ruh’!

There was one of my comrades in the war—he was from my native place, but not in my regiment—he was a very good fellow—and when he was in the camp before Metz, his companion was killed. Well, he buried him separate from the others, and went about till he got somewhere a gravestone, and he began to cut out, just with the end of a bayonet, these two verses on the stone. It took him many weeks to do it; and I did hear from one of my friends in the regiment that two days after he had put up the stone, he was himself killed. Oh, it is very hard to have your companion killed beside you, and he is away from his friends, and when you go back home without him—they look at you as if you had no right to be alive and their son dead. That is very hard—I knew it in Sixty-six, when I went back to Berlin, and had to go to see old Madame von Hebel. I do hope never to have that again.”

Is there a prettier bit of quiet river-scenery in the world than that around Ifley Mill? Or was it merely the glamour of the white day that rendered the place so lovely, and made us linger in the open stream to look at the mill and its surroundings? As I write, there lies before me a pencil sketch of Bell’s, lightly dashed here and there with water-colour, and the whole scene is recalled. There is the dilapidated old stone building, with its red tiles, its crumbling plaster, its wooden projections, and small windows, half-hidden amid foliage. Further down the river there are clumps of rounded elms visible; but here around the mill the trees are chiefly poplars, of magnificent height, that stretch up lightly and gracefully into a quiet yellow sky, and throw gigantic lines of reflection down into the still water. Then out from the mill a small island runs into the stream; the wood-work of the sluice-gates bridges the interval; there is a red cow amid the green leafage of the island, and here again are some splendid poplars, rising singly up from the river-side. Then beyond there is another house, then a wooden bridge, a low line of trees; and

the river, in a sharp curve, glimmers in the light and loses itself behind low-lying meadows and a marginal growth of willow and flag.

For very shame's sake, the big Lieutenant was forced to offer to take Tita's oar, as we once more proceeded on our voyage; but she definitely refused to endanger our lives by any such experiment. A similar offer on the part of Bell met with a similar fate. Indeed, when this little woman has once made up her mind to do a certain thing, the reserve of physical and intellectual vigour that lies within the slight frame and behind a smooth and gentle face, shows itself to be extraordinary. Place before her some arithmetical conundrum that she must solve in order to question the boys, or give her an oar and engage her to pull for a certain number of miles, and the amount of patient perseverance and unobtrusive energy she will reveal will astonish most people. In the meantime, her task was easy. We were going with the stream. And so we glided on between the green banks, under the railway-bridge, past the village of Kennington, past Rose Isle, with its bowers, and tables, and beer-glasses, and lounging young fellows in white trousers and blue jackets, and so on until we got up to Sandford Lock. Here, also, we fastened the boat to the bank, close by the mill, and went ashore for half an hour's stroll. But while Tita made direct, as she generally does on entering a new village, for the church, the Lieutenant went off in quest of beer; and when we came back to the boat, he had a wonderful story to tell us. He had made friends with some innkeeper or other, and had imbibed from him a legend which was a curious mixture of fact and inference and blunder. Von Rosen had doubtless mistaken much of the Oxfordshire *patois*; for how could any man make a reasonable narrative out of the following?—

"And he told me it was a farmer's house in the village—the village of Sandford, I suppose—and while they took it down to repair it, they were lifting up the floors, and many strange things were there. And he said among the nonsense

and useless rubbish they were finding there, was a hat; and the man brought the hat down to him; and he saw it was a cavalier's hat——"

"A cavalier's hat," suggested Bell; and the Lieutenant assented.

"Then the farmer went up to the house, and he found some hidden letters, and one was to Ettrick—to some soldier who was then on a campaign at the river Ettrick in the north. And they found that it was in this very house that King Charles the First did cut off his beard and moustache—I suppose when he was flying from the Parliamentary army; but I am forgetting all about that history now, and the innkeeper was not sure about the battle. Well, then, the news was sent to London; and a gentleman came down who is the only surviving descender—descendant—of King Charles, and he took away the hat to London, and you will find it in the British Museum. It is a very curious story, and I would have come after you, and showed you the houses; but I suppose it is a new house now, and nothing to look at. But do you know when the king was in this neighbourhood in escaping?"

Here was a poser for the women.

"I don't remember," says Tita, looking very profound, "to have seen anything about Oxford in Lord Clarendon's narrative of the king's escape after the battle of Worcester."

"Mamma!" said Bell, in accents of reproach, "that was Charles the Second."

"To be sure it was," returned Tita, with a gesture of impatience; "and he couldn't have come this way, for he went to Bristol. But Charles the First was continually at Oxford—he summoned the Parliament to meet him here——"

"And shaved off his beard to curry favour with them," it is suggested.

"You needn't laugh. Of course, when he was finally defeated he fled from Oxford, and very probably disguised himself."

"And when did he fly, and whither?"

"To Scotland," said Bell triumphantly, "and after the battle of Naseby."

"Good girl. And where is Naseby?"

"Well, if he fled north-east from the Parliamentary army, Naseby must be in the south-west; and so I suppose it is somewhere down about Gloucester."

"Herr Professor Oswald, where is Naseby?"

"I do not know," says the Lieutenant; "but I think it is more in the north, and not far from the country of your great man Hampden. But he was killed before then, I think."

"And pray," says Queen Tita, taking her seat, and putting her oar into the rowlock, "will you please tell me what you think of those men—of Cromwell and Hampden and those—and what your historians say of them in Germany?"

"Why, they say all kinds of things about them," said the Lieutenant, lightly—not knowing that he was being questioned as a representative of the feudal aristocracy of a country in which the divine right of kings is supposed to flourish—"just as your historians do here. But we know very well that England has got much of her liberty through that fight with the king, and yet you have been able to keep a balance and not let the lowest classes run riot and destroy your freedom. They were ambitious? Yes. If a man is in politics, does not he fight hard to make his side win? If he is a soldier, does not he like to be victorious? And if I could be King of England, do you not think I should like that very well, and try hard for it? But if these men had their own ambitions, and wanted to get fame and honour, I am sure they had much of righteousness and belief, and would not have fought in that way and overturned the king if they believed that was an injury to their country or to their religion. And besides what could this man or that man have done except he had a great enthusiasm of the nation behind him—if he did not represent a principle? But I have no right to speak of such things as if I were telling you of our German historians. That is only my guess—and I have read not much about it. But you must not suppose that because we in Germany have not the same political system that you have, that we cannot tell the value of yours,

and the good it has done to the character of your people. Our German historians are many of them professors in universities; and they spend their lives in finding out the truth of such things; and do you think they care what may be the opinion of their own Government about it? Oh, no. They are very independent in the universities—much too independent, I think. It is very pleasant when you are a very young man, to get into a university, and think yourself very wise, and go to extremes about politics, and say hard things of your own country; but when you come out into the world, and see how you have to keep your country from enemies that are not separated by the sea from you (as you are here in England), you see how bad are these principles among young men, who do not like to be obedient, and always want to hurry on new systems of government before such things are possible. But you do not see much of those wild opinions when a war comes, and the young men are marched together to save their country. Then they forget all the democratic notions of this kind—it is their heart that speaks, and it is on fire—and not one is ashamed to be patriotic, though he may have laughed at it a week before."

"It must be very hard," said Bell, looking away at the river, "to leave your home and go into a foreign country, and know that you may never return."

"Oh, no; not much," said the Lieutenant; "for all your friends go with you. And you are not always in danger—you have much entertainment at times, especially when some fight is over, and all your friends meet again to have a supper in the tent, and some one has got a bottle of cognac, and some one else has got a letter from home, full of gossip about people you know very well. And there is much fun, too, in riding over the country, and trying to find food and quarters for yourself and your horse. We had many good parties in the deserted farmhouses, and sometimes we caught a hen or a duck that the people had neglected to take, and then we kindled a big fire, and killed

him, and fixed him on a lance, and roasted him well, feathers and all. Then we were very lucky—to have a fire, and good meat, and a roof to keep off the rain. But it was more dangerous in a house—for it was difficult to keep from sleeping after you had got warm and had eaten and drunk perhaps a little too much wine—and there were many people about ready to fire at you. But these are not heroic stories of a campaign, are they, Mademoiselle?"

Nevertheless, Mademoiselle seemed sufficiently interested; and as Tita and I pulled evenly back to Iffley and Oxford, she continually brought the Lieutenant back to this subject by a series of questions. This modern maiden was as anxious to hear of the amusements of patrols, and the hair-breadth escapes of dare-devil sub-lieutenants, as was Desdemona to listen to her lover's stories of battles, sieges, fortunes, and moving accidents by flood and field.

That was a pleasant pull back to Oxford, in the quiet of the summer afternoon, with the yellow light lying warmly over the level meadows and the woods. There were more people now along the banks of the river—come out for the most part in couples to wander along the pathway between the stream and the fields. Many of them had a good look at Bell; and the Radley boys, as they sent their long boats spinning down the river towards Sandford, were apparently much struck. Bell, unconscious of the innocent admiration of those poor boys, was attending much more to the talk of our Uhlan than to her tiller-ropes. As for him—but what man would not have looked contented under these conditions—to be strong, healthy, handsome, and only twenty-five; to have comfortable means and an assured future; to have come out of a long and dangerous campaign with honour and sound limbs; to be off on a careless holiday through the most beautiful country, take it for all in all, in the world; and to be lying lazily in a boat on a summer's evening, on a pretty English river, with a pretty English girl showing her friendly interest and

attention in every glance of her blue eyes?

You should have seen how naturally these two fell behind us, and formed a couple by themselves, when we had left the boat and were returning to our inn. But as we walked up to Carfax, Bell separated herself from us for a moment and went into the post-office. She was a considerable time there. When she came out she was folding up a letter which she had been reading.

"You have got your letter at last," said Tita.

"Yes," said Bell, gravely, but showing no particular gladness or disappointment.

At dinner she was rather reserved; and so, curiously enough, was the Lieutenant. After dinner, when we were allowed half an hour by ourselves for a cigar, he suddenly said—

"Why do you not interfere with that stupid young fellow?"

"Who?" I asked, in blank amazement.

"Why, that young fellow at Twickenham—it is quite monstrous, his impertinence. If I were the guardian of such a girl, I would kick him—I would throw him into the river and cool him there."

"What in all the world do you mean?"

"Why, you must know. The letter that Miss Bell did ask for more than once, it is from him; and now when it comes, it is angry, it is impertinent—she is nearly crying all the time at dinner. It is for some one to interfere, and save her from this insult—this persecution——"

"Don't bite your cigar to pieces, but tell me, if you please, how you happen to know what was in the letter."

"She told me," said the Lieutenant, with a stare.

"When?"

"Just before you came down to dinner. It is no business of mine—no; but when I see her vexed and disturbed, I asked her to tell me why. And then she said she had got this letter, which was a very cruel one to send. Oh, there

is no mystery—none. I suppose he has a right to marry her—very well; but he is not married yet, and he must not be allowed to do this.”

“Bell at least might have told me of it, or have confided in Tita——”

“Oh, she is telling her now, I dare say. And she will tell you too, when there are not all of us present. It is no secret, or she would not have told me. Indeed, I think she was sorry about that; but she was very much vexed, and I asked her so plain, that she answered me. And that is much better to have confidence between people, instead of keeping all such vexations to yourself. Then I ask her why he is angry? and she says only because she has gone away. Pfui! I have never heard such nonsense!”

“My dear Oswald,” I say to him, “don’t you interfere between two young people who have fallen out, or you will suffer. Unless, indeed——”

“Unless what?”

“Unless they happen to be angels.”

“Do you know this—that he is coming to see her?”

“Well, the phaeton can hold five at a pinch. Why should not we have an addition to our party?”

“Very good. I do not care. But if he is rude to her, he will not be very long in the phaeton.”

“Why, you stupid boy, you take those lovers’ quarrels *au grand sérieux*. Do you think he has been positively rude to her? Nothing of the kind. He has been too well brought up for that, although he has a peevish temper. He might be with us all through the journey——”

“*Jott bewahre!*” exclaimed the Count, with a kick at a cork that was lying on the carpet.

“—And these two might be at daggers drawn and you would see nothing of it. Indeed, young people never get extremely courteous to each other until they quarrel and stand on their dignity. Now, if you had seen that letter, you would have found it respectful and for-

mal in the highest degree—perhaps a trifle sarcastic here and there, for the lad unhappily thinks he has a gift that way—but you would find no rhetorical indignation or invective.”

The Count threw his cigar into the grate.

“They will be waiting for us,” he said; “let us go.”

We found Tita with the bezique-cards spread out before her. Bell looked up with rather a frightened air, apparently conscious that the Lieutenant was likely to have spoken about what she had confided to him at the impulse of a momentary vexation. However, we sat down.

The game was an open and palpable burlesque. Was Ferdinand very intent on giving checkmate when he played chess with Miranda in the cave; or was he not much more bent upon placing his king in extreme danger and offering his queen so that she had to be taken? The audacious manner in which this young Lieutenant played his cards so as to suit Bell was apparent to every one, though no one dared speak of it, and Bell only blushed sometimes. When she timidly put forth a ten, he was sure to throw away another ten, although he had any amount of aces in his hand. He spoiled his best combinations rather than take tricks when it was clear she wanted to lead. Nay, as he sat next to her, he undertook the duty of marking her various scores, and the manner in which the small brass hand went circling round the card was singular, until Tita suddenly exclaimed—

“Why, that is only a common marriage!”

“And do not you count forty for a common marriage?” he said, with a fine assumption of innocent wonder.

Such was the ending of our first day’s rest; and then, just before candles were lit, a Cabinet Council was held to decide whether, on the morrow, we should choose as our halting-place Moreton-in-the-Marsh or Bourton-on-the-Hill. The more elevated site won the day.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## NEAR WOODSTOCK TOWN.

*"In olde dayes of the king Arthour,  
Of which that Britons speake great honour,  
All was this land full filled of faerie;  
The Elf-queen, with her jolly company,  
Danced full oft in many a green mead.  
This was the old opinion, as I read;  
I speak of many a hundred years ago;  
But now can no man see no elves mo."*

THE phaeton stood in the High-street of Oxford. Castor and Pollux, a trifle impatient after the indolence of the day before, were pawing the hard stones, their silken coats shining in the morning sunlight; Queen Titania had the reins in her hands; the tall waiter who had been a circus-rider was ready to smile us an adieu; and we were all waiting for the Lieutenant, who had gone off in search of a map that Bell had forgotten.

If there is one thing more than another likely to ruffle the superhuman sweetness of my Lady's temper, it is to be kept waiting in a public thoroughfare with a pair of rather restive horses under her charge. I began to fear for that young man. Tita turned once or twice to the entrance of the hotel; and at last she said, with an ominous politeness in her tone—

"It does seem to me singular that Count von Rosen should be expected to look after such things. He is our guest. It is no compliment to give him the duty of attending to our luggage."

"My dear," said Bell, leaning over and speaking in very penitent tones, "it is entirely my fault. I am very sorry."

"I think he is much too good-natured," says Tita, coldly.

At this Bell rather recedes, and says, with almost equal coldness—

"I am sorry to have given him so much trouble. In future I shall try to do without his help."

But when the Count did appear—when he took his seat beside Tita, and we rattled up the High-street and round by the Corn-market, and past Magdalen church, and so out by St. Giles's-road, the remembrance of this little preliminary skirmish speedily passed away.

For once more we seemed to have left towns and streets behind us, and even while there were yet small villas and gardens by the side of the road, the air that blew about on this bright morning seemed to have a new sweetness in it, and the freshness and pleasant odours of innumerable woods and fields. There was quite a new light, too, in Bell's face. She had come downstairs with an obvious determination to cast aside the remembrance of that letter. There was something even defiant in the manner in which she said—in strict confidence, be it observed—that if Arthur Ashburton did intend to come and meet us in some town or other, there was no use in being vexed about it in the meantime. We were now getting into the open country, where pursuit would be in vain. If he overtook us, it would be through the mechanism of railways. His only chance of obtaining an interview with Bell was to lie in wait for us in one of the big towns through which we must pass.

"But why," said the person to whom Bell revealed these matters, "why should you be afraid to meet Arthur? You have not quarrelled with him."

"No," said Bell, looking down.

"You have done nothing that he can object to."

"He has no right to object, whatever I may do," she said with a gentle firmness. "But, you know, he is annoyed, and you cannot reason with him; and I am sorry for him—and—and—and what is the name of this little village on the left?"

Bell seemed to shake off this subject from her, as too vexatious on such a fine and cheerful morning.

"That is Woolvercot; and there is the road that leads down to Godstow, and the ruins of Godstow Nunnery, in which Rosamond Clifford lived and died."

"And I suppose she rode along this very highway," said Bell, "with people wondering at her beauty and her jewels, when she used to live at Woodstock. Yet it is a very ordinary-looking road."

Then she touched Tita on the shoulder.

"Are we going to stop at Blenheim?" she asked.

"I suppose so," said our driver.

"I think we ought not," said Bell; "we shall be greatly disappointed, if we do. For who cares about the Duke of Marlborough, or Sir John Vanbrugh's architecture? You know you will be looking about the trees for the old knight with the white beard, and for Alice Lee, and for pretty Phoebe Mayflower, and for Wildrake and the soldiers. Wouldn't it be better to go past the walls, Tita, and fancy that all these old friends of ours are still walking about inside in their picturesque costume? If we go inside, we shall only find an empty park and a big house, and all those people gone away, just like the fairies who used to be in the woods."

"But what are the people you are speaking of?" said the Count. "Is it from history, or from a romance?"

"I am not quite sure," said Bell, "how much is history, and how much is romance; but I am sure we know the people very well; and very strange things happened inside the park that we shall pass by and by. There was a pretty young lady living there, and a very sober and staid colonel was her lover. The brother of this young lady was much attached to the fortunes of the Stewarts, and he brought the young Prince Charles in disguise to the house; and all the gratitude shown by the Prince was that he began to amuse himself by making love to the sister of the man who had risked his life to save him. And of course the grave colonel discovered it, and he even drew his sword upon Prince Charles——"

"I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, "but do not trouble to tell me the story; for I know it very well. I did read it in German years ago; and I think if Colonel Esmond had thrashed the Prince——"

"Oh no, you are mistaken," said Bell, with some wonder; "it is Colonel Markham, not Colonel Esmond; and the brother of the young lady succeeded in getting the Prince away just before Cromwell had time to seize him."

"Cromwell!" said our Lieutenant, thoughtfully. "Ah, then, it is another story. But I agree with you, Mademoiselle: if you believe in these people very much, do not go into the park, or you will be disappointed."

"As you please," said Tita, with a smile.—I began to observe that when the two young folks agreed about anything, my Lady became nothing more than an echo to their wishes.

At length we came to the walls that surrounded the great park. Should we leave all its mysteries unexplored? If one were to clamber up, and peep over, might not strange figures be seen, in buff coats and red, with bandoleers and helmets; and an aged knight with a laced cloak, slashed boots, and long sword; countrywomen in white hoods and black gowns; divines with tall Presbyterian hats and solemn visage; a braggart and drunken soldier of the king, and a colonel the servant of Cromwell? Or might not Queen Elizabeth be desecrated, looking out as a prisoner on the fair domains around her? Or might not Chaucer be found loitering under those great trees that he loved and celebrated in his verse? Or, behind that splendid wall of chestnuts and elms, was it not possible that Fair Rosamond herself might be walking all alone, passing like a gleam of light through the green shadows of the trees, or sitting by the well that still bears her name, or reading in the heart of that bower that was surrounded by cunning ways? Was it along this road that Eleanor came? Or did Rosamond, surviving all her sin and her splendour, sometimes walk this way with her sister-nuns from Godstow, and think of the time when she was mistress of a royal palace and this spacious park?

We drove into the town of Woodstock. The handful of houses thrown into the circular hollow that is cut in two by the river Glym, was as silent as death. In the broad street that plunged down into the valley, scarcely a soul was to be seen; and even about the old town-hall there were only some children visible. Had the play been played out, and the actors gone for ever? When

King Henry was fighting in France or in Ireland, doubtless Rosamond, left all by herself, ventured out from the park, and walked down into the small town, and revealed to the simple folks the wonders of her face, and talked to them. No mortal woman could have remained in a bower month after month without seeing anyone but her attendants. Doubtless, too, the people in this quaint little town were very loyal towards her; and would have espoused her cause against a dozen Eleanors. And so it happened, possibly, that when the romance came to an end, and Rosamond went to hide her shame and her penitence in the nunnery of Godstow, all the light and colour went out of Woodstock, and left it dull, and grey, and silent as it is to this day.

The main street of Woodstock, that dips down to the banks of the Glym, rises as abruptly on the other side; and once past the turnpike, the highway runs along an elevated ridge, which on the one side is bounded by a continuation of Blenheim Park, and, on the other, slopes down to a broad extent of level meadows. When we had got up to this higher ground, and found before us an illimitable stretch of country, with ourselves as the only visible inhabitants, the Lieutenant managed to introduce a remote hint about a song which he had heard Bell humming in the morning.

"I think it was about Woodstock," he said; "and if you will please to sing it now, as we go along, I shall get out for you the guitar."

"If you will be so kind," said Bell, quite submissively.

What had become of the girl's independence? Asked to sing a song at great trouble to herself—for who cares to play a guitar in the back-seat of a phaeton, and with two pairs of wheels rumbling an accompaniment?—she meekly thanks him for suggesting it! Nay, it was becoming evident that the girl was schooling herself into docility. She had almost dropped entirely the wild phrases and startling metaphors that so deeply shocked Tita. Sometimes they dropped out inadvertently; and

sometimes, too, she gave way to those impulsive imaginative flights that led her unthinkingly into an excitement of talk which Tita used to regard with a sort of amused wonder. But of late all these things were gradually disappearing. She was less abrupt, independent, wayward in her manner. She waited more patiently to receive suggestions from others. She was becoming a good listener; and she received meekly criticisms that would, but a short time before, have driven her into a proud and defiant silence, or provoked some rejoinder a good deal more apt than gentle. It was very odd to mark this amiable self-discipline struggling with her ordinary frank impetuosity; although sometimes, it is true, the latter had the best of it.

On this occasion, when the Lieutenant had jumped down and got out the guitar for her, she took it very obediently; and then Tita rested the horses for a little while under the shadow of some overhanging trees. Of course you know the ballad that Bell naturally turned to, seeing where she was at the moment, and the sort of music she was most familiar with.

"Near Woodstock town I chanced to stray,  
When birds did sing and fields were gay,  
And by a glassy river's side  
A weeping damsel I espied."

This was what she sang, telling the story of the forlorn maiden who was found weeping for her faithless lover, who only wished that he might come and visit her grave, and think of her as "one who loved, but could not hate." Perhaps this old-fashioned ballad is not a masterly composition; but the music of it is expressive enough; and we who were familiar with Bell's ballads had got into a habit of not caring much what she sang, so long as she only continued singing.

"You would make your fortune by singing," said Tita, as Bell finished, and the horses were sent forward.

"Perhaps," said the girl, "if all my audience were like you. But I think you must have been lent out as an infant to an old woman with an organ, and

so, by merely sitting on the vibrating wood, you have become so sensitive to music that anything at all pleases you."

"No, Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, "you do yourself an injustice. I never heard a voice like yours, that has the tremble of a zither in it, and is much softer than a zither."

Bell blushed deeply: but to conceal her embarrassment, she said lightly to Tita—

"And how am I to make my fortune?

Oh, I know—by coming in after public dinners, to sing grace, and follow the toasts with a glee. I am in white silk, with a blue ribbon round my neck, white gloves, bracelets, and a sheet of music. There is an elderly lady in black velvet and white pearls, who smiles in a pleasant manner—she sings, and is much admired by the long rows of gentlemen—they have just dined, you know, and are very nice and amiable. Then there is the tenor—fair and smooth, with diamond-rings, a lofty expression, and a cool and critical eye, that shows he is quite accustomed to all this. Then there is the stout, red-bearded man who sings bass, and plays the piano for the four of us, and is very fierce in the way he thumps out his enthusiasm about the Queen, and the Navy, and the Army, and the Volunteers. What a happy way of living that must be! They will give us a nice dinner beforehand—in a room by ourselves, perhaps; and all we have to do is to return thanks for it in an emotional way, so that all the waiters shall stand round in a reverential manner. But when that is over, then we introduce a few songs—sprightly, coquettish songs, and the gentlemen are vastly amused—and you think——"

"Well, what do you think?" said I, seeing that Bell rather hesitated.

"I think," said Tita, with a smile, "that you are very ungenerous, Bell, in remembering so much of what you saw the other night from the gallery of the Freemasons' Tavern. Is it fair to recall, in open daylight, in the cool forenoon, the imbecile good-nature and exuberant loyalty of a lot of gentlemen who have just dined? I wonder how many of the

husbands there told their wives what sums they signed away under the influence of the wine?"

"I dare say," says one of the party, "that the wives would be sorry to see so much money go in charity which might otherwise have been squandered in millinery and extravagances."

"Don't be ill-tempered, my dear," says Queen Tita, graciously. "Women are quite as charitable as men; and they don't need a guinea dinner to make them think of other people. That is a sort of charity that begins at home. Pray how much did you put down?"

"Nothing."

"I thought so. Go to a charity dinner, enjoy yourself, and come away without giving a farthing! You would not find women doing that."

"Only because they have not the courage."

"They have plenty of courage in other directions—in getting married, for example, when they know what men are."

"Knowing that, is it not a pity they choose to make martyrs of themselves? Indeed, their anxiety to become martyrs is astonishing. But what if I say that in the next published list of subscriptions you will find my name down for about as much as your last millinery bill came to?"

"I think that a good deal more likely, for I know the state of philanthropy into which men get at a public dinner—fathers of families, who ought to remember their own responsibilities, and who are impatient enough if any extra bit of comfort or kindness is wanted for their own kith and kin."

"Some such trifling matter as a fur cloak, for instance, that is bought out of a Brighton shop-window for sixty-five guineas, and is only worn twice or thrice, because some other woman has the neighbour of it."

"That is not true. You *know* the weather changed."

"The weather! what weather? Were you at Brighton at the time?"

Titania did not reply for a considerable time. Perhaps she was thinking

of some crushing epigram ; but at all events Bell endeavoured to draw her away from the subject by pointing out another river, and asking whether this or the Glym at Woodstock was the stream associated with the "Oxfordshire Tragedy" she had just been singing. We discovered, however, that this small stream was also the Glym, which here winds round and through the marshy country that Thomas Warton described.<sup>1</sup> Bell came to the conclusion that the banks by the river at this part were not sufficiently picturesque for the scene of the song, where the love-lorn heroine sits and weeps by a glassy stream, and complains that her lover is now wooing another maid.

Meanwhile, my Lady had given expression to the rebellious thoughts passing through her mind, by admonishing Castor and Pollux slightly ; and these accordingly were going forward at a rattling pace. We rushed through Enstone. We dashed along the level highway that lies on the high ground between the Charlford Farms and Heythrop Park. We sent the dust flying behind us in clouds as we scudded down to Chipping Norton ; and there, with a fine sweep, we cantered up the incline of the open square, clattered over the stones in front of the White Hart Inn, and pulled up with a noise that considerably astonished the quiet village.

This large open space gives to Chipping Norton a light and agreeable appearance ; and on entering the big tall inn that looks down over the square, we found everything very cleanly, bright, and comfortable. The very maid-servant who served us with lunch was a model of maid-servants,

and was a very handsome young woman besides, with shining light-blue eyes and yellow hair. The Lieutenant at once entered into a polite conversation with her, and she informed him, in answer to his respectful inquiries, that she had just come from Folkestone.

"From Folkestone ! that is a seaport—a busy place—a large town, is it not ?"

"Yes, there *was* some business doing there," said the maid, with an inflection of voice which rather cast discredit on Chipping Norton.

"Don't you find this place dull ?" he asked.

"Well, I can't say the people seem to worry themselves much," she replied with a slight curl of the lip.

"That is very good for the health," said the Count gravely. "Now I do think you have a very nice and even temper, that does not irritate you——"

But here my Lady and her companion came into the room, and the conversation ceased ; for the Lieutenant had at once to spring up and take charge of the books, maps, and scarves that Bell had brought in with her. And then, when we sat down to lunch, he was entirely engrossed in attending to her wants, insomuch that he was barely civil to the more elderly lady who had from the first been his champion. As for Bell, what had become of her dislike to officers, her antipathy to the German race, her horror of Uhlans ? That very morning I had heard on good authority that Bell had been asking in confidence whether England did not owe a great debt to Germany for the gift of Protestantism which that country had sent us. "And were not the Prussians mostly Protestant ?" asked Bell. What answer was returned I do not know ; for Queen Titania is strong on the point that the word "Protestant" is not scriptural.

"But I have quite forgotten to tell you," remarked the Lieutenant, "that this morning, when I was walking about in Oxford, I came into the theatre. I

<sup>1</sup> "Within some whispering osier isle,  
Where Glym's low banks neglected smile ;  
And each trim meadow still retains  
The wintry torrent's oozy stains ;  
Beneath a willow, long forsook,  
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook ;  
And bursting through the crackling sedge,  
That crowns the current's caverned edge,  
He startles from the bordering wood  
The bashful wild-duck's early brood."

*Ode to the First of April.*

saw some bills up; I went along a strange passage; I found an iron gate, and much lime and stone, and things like that. A man came—I asked him if I could see the theatre, and he took me into the place, which they are repairing now. Oh, it is a very dingy place—small, tawdry, with ridiculous scenes, and the decorations of the galleries very amusing and dirty. Why, in an old city, with plenty of rich and intelligent people, you have such a pitiful little theatre?—it is only fit for a country green and wandering actors. In a great university town, you should have the theatre supported by the colleges and the bequests, and hire good actors, and play all the best dramas of your great writers. That would be good education—that would be a good compliment to pay to your great dramatists. But here, in a city where you have much learning, much money, much of your young men of good families being educated, you have only a dingy small show, and I suppose it is farces they play, and wretched dramas, for the townspeople and the farmers. That is not much respect shown to your best authors by your learned institutions.”

“No wonder students find the milliners’ shops more attractive,” said Tita with a smile.

“But I think there is always much interest in an empty theatre,” continued the Lieutenant. “I did go all over this poor little building, and saw how it imitated the deceptions of fine theatres in a coarse manner. I saw the rude scenes, the bad traps, the curious arrangements, which I do not think can differ much from the theatre which Shakespeare himself described, where a man was made to represent a city, if I am right.”

“You are familiar with the arrangements of a theatre, I suppose?” I say to the Lieutenant.

“Pray tell me if you saw anything else in Oxford this morning,” says Tita, hastily.

“I suppose you could produce a pantomime yourself,” I observe to the young man.

“Did you visit any more of the colleges?” says Tita, at the same moment.

“Or get up a ballet?”

“Or go down to the Isis again?”

Von Rosen was rather bewildered; but at last he stammered out—

“No, Madame, I did not go down to the river this morning. I walked from the theatre to the hotel; for I remained much too long in the theatre. Yes, I know something about the interior of theatres. I have been great friends with the managers and actors, and took great interest in it. I used to be much behind the stage—every night at some times; and that is very curious to a young man who likes to know more than other people, and thinks himself wise not to believe in delusions. I think it is Goethe who has made many of our young men like to know stage-managers, and help to arrange pieces. But I find that they always end by being very much in love with one of the young ladies, and then they get not to like the theatres, for they do not wish everybody to admire her and be allowed to look at her. This is very good for the theatre, however; for they take many boxes, and ask their friends to accompany them, and that pays better than to let out the seats by the year to families. Some of the young men make light of this; others are more melancholy, but afterwards they have much interest in some theatres merely for the sake of the old associations.”

“Oh, Bell,” exclaimed Tita, turning anxiously to our companion, “did you see that your guitar was properly put away, or has it been left lying open in the phaeton?”

“I did put it away, Madame,” said the Lieutenant.

“Oh, thank you,” said Tita. “I am sure if some of those ostlers were to have their curiosity aroused, we should have no more music all the journey.”

And thus, having got the Lieutenant away from rambling reminiscences of theatres, the little woman took very good care he should not return to them; and so we finished luncheon without any catastrophe having happened. Bell had been sitting very quietly during

these revelations, scarcely lifting her eyes from the table, and maintaining an appearance of studied indifference. Why should she care about the mention of any actress, or any dozen of actresses? My Lady's anxiety was obviously unnecessary.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

*"Till the live-long daylight fail;  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How faery Mab the junksies eat."*

CHIPPING NORTON is supplied with all the comforts of life. Before leaving for the more inhospitable regions in which we are to pass the night, we take a leisurely walk through the curious little town, that is loosely scattered over the side of a steep slope. Here civilization has crowded all its results together; and Queen Tita is asked whether she could not forsake the busy haunts of men, and exchange that hovering between Leatherhead and London, which constitutes her existence, for a plain life in this small country town.

"Chemists' shops abound. There is a subscription reading-room. There are co-operative stores. A theatre invites you to amusement. You may have *Lloyd's News*, various sorts of sewing machines, and the finest sherry from the wood——"

"Along with a Wesleyan chapel," she says, with a supercilious glance at the respectable, if somewhat dull-looking little building that fronts the main street.

There is no reply possible to this ungracious sneer; for who can reason, as one of us hints to her, with a woman who would spend a fortune in incense, if only she had it, and who would rejoice to run riot in tall candles?

Bell takes us away from Chipping Norton, the Lieutenant sitting beside her to moderate the vehemence of her pace in the event of her getting into a difficulty. First the road dips down by a precipitous street, then it crosses a

hollow, in which there are some buildings of a manufactory, a tiny river, and a strip of common or meadow, and then it ascends to the high country beyond by a steep hill. On the summit of this hill we give the horses a rest for a few seconds, and turn to look at the small town that lies underneath us in the valley. There is a faint haze of blue smoke rising from the slates and tiles. The deadened tolling of a bell marks the conclusion of another day's labour: for already the afternoon is wearing on apace; and so we turn westward again, and set out upon the lofty highway that winds onward towards the setting sun. Small hamlets fringe the road at considerable intervals, while elsewhere our route lies between stretches of heath and long fields. And still the highway ascends, until we reach the verge of a great slope; and, behold! there lies before us a great landscape, half in gloom, half in the dusky yellow light of the evening. And over there, partly shutting out the dark lines of hills in the west, a great veil of rain stretches from the sky to the earth, and through it the sun is shining as through ground glass. But so far away is this pale sheet of yellow mist, that we seem to be above it, and over the level and dark landscape on which it descends; and, indeed, where this veil ends, the sunlight sends forth long shafts of radiance that light up level tracts of the distant and wooded country. What fate is to befall us when we get down into this plain, and go forward in search of the unknown hostelry at which we are to pass the night?

"I hope the rain will not spread," says Bell, who had been telling us of all the wonders we should find at Bourton-on-the-Hill; "but even if it does rain to-night, we shall be as well off on a hill as in a swamp."

"But at Moreton-in-the-Marsh," says Tita, "there is sure to be a comfortable inn, for it is a big place; whereas Bourton-on-the-Hill appears to be only a small village, and we may find there only a public-house."

"But suppose it should clear?" says

Bell; "the moon will be larger to-night, and then we can look down on all this level country from the top of the hill. We have not had a night-walk for a long time, and it will be so much more pleasant than being down in the mists of a marsh."

"And you are prepared to sleep on a couple of chairs in the smoking-room of a public-house?" I ask of Miss Bell.

"I dare say we shall get accommodation of some kind," she replies, meekly.

"Oh, I am quite sure Mademoiselle is right; there is so much more adventure in going to this small place on the top of a hill," cried the Lieutenant.

Of course Mademoiselle was right. Mademoiselle was always right now. And when that was understood, Queen Titania never even attempted to offer an objection, so that in all affairs pertaining to our trip the rude force of numbers triumphed over the protests of an oppressed and long-suffering minority.

But only change the relative positions, and then what a difference there was! When the Lieutenant hinted in the remotest way that Bell might do so and so with the horses, she was all attention. For the first time in her career she allowed the interests of justice to moderate her partiality for Pollux. That animal, otherwise the best of horses, was a trifle older than his companion, and had profited by his years so far as to learn a little cunning. He had got into a trick accordingly of allowing Castor—the latter being younger and a good deal "freer"—to take more than his share of the work. Pollux had acquired the art of looking as if he were perpetually straining at the collar, while all the time he was letting his neighbour exercise to the full that willingness which was his chief merit. Now Bell had never interfered to alter this unequal division of labour. Queen Tita knew well how to make the older horse do his fair share; but Bell encouraged him in his idleness, and permitted his companion to work out of all reason. Now, however, when the Lieutenant pointed out the different action of the

horses, and said she should moderate the efforts of the one, while waking up the other to a sense of his duties, she was quite obedient. When the whip was used at all—which was seldom enough, for both horses were sufficiently free—it was Pollux that felt the silk. The Lieutenant fancied he was giving Bell lessons in driving, whereas he was merely teaching her submissiveness.

That golden sheet of rain had disappeared in the west, and the yellow light had sunk further and further down behind far bands of dark cloud. A grey dusk was falling over the green landscape, and the birds were growing mute in the woods and the hedges. In the pervading silence we heard only the patter of the horses' feet and the light rolling of the phaeton, as we sped onward down the long slopes and along the plain. We passed Four-shire-Stone, the adjacent shires being Worcester, Warwick, Gloucester, and Oxford; and then, getting on by a piece of common, we rattled into a long and straggling village, with one or two large and open thoroughfares.

Moreton-in-the-Marsh was asleep, and we left it asleep. There were still a few men lounging about the corner public-house, but the women and children had all retired into the cottages from the chill night-air. In some of the windows the light of a candle was visible. The dark elms behind the houses were growing darker.

Between Moreton and Bourton you plunge still deeper into this great and damp valley, and the way lies through a rich vegetation which seems to have thriven well in this low situation. The hedges along the roadside are magnificent; the elms behind them constitute a magnificent avenue extending for nearly a couple of miles; all around are dense woods. As we drove rapidly through this country, it almost seemed as though we could see the white mists around us, although the presence of the vapour was only known to us by the chilling touch of the air. On this July night we grew cold. Tita hoped there would be a fire at the hostelry on

the top of the mountain, and she besought Bell to muffle up her throat, so that we should not be deprived of our ballads by the way.

At last we beheld the hill before us.

"It is not very like the Niessen," says Tita.

"But I have no doubt there is a very good inn at the top," remarks the Lieutenant; "for after this hill the people would naturally stop to rest their horses."

"And we shall get up to see the sunrise, as we did on the Niessen?" asks Bell, with a fine innocence; for she knows the opinions of some of us on the subject of early rising. "Do you remember the fat little woman who had walked up all by herself, and who came out by herself in the morning, and appealed to us all to tell her the names of the mountains, that she might write them down?"

"And how oddly she turned up again at nearly every railway station we stopped at, with all her luggage around her!" says Tita.

"I believe," says Bell, "she is still sailing all through Europe on a shoal of handboxes and portmanteaus. I wish I could draw the fat little woman balancing herself in that circle of luggage, you know, and floating about comfortably and placidly like a bottle bobbing about in the sea. She may have drifted up to St. Petersburg by this time."

"I think *we* have," says the Lieutenant, who is leading the horses up the steep hill, and who rubs his chilled hands from time to time.

We reach the centre of the straggling line of houses which must be Bourton, and, behold! there is no inn. In the dusk we can descry the tower of a small church, and here the cottages thicken into the position which ought to be dominated by an inn, but there is no sign of any such thing. Have we climbed this precipitous steep, and have Castor and Pollux laboriously dragged our phaeton and luggage up, all for nothing? The Count asks a startled villager, who points to a wayside house

standing at the higher extremity of the row. Where is the familiar signboard, or the glowing bar, or the entrance to the stables? Von Rosen surrenders his charge of the horses, and walks into the plain-looking house. It is an inn. We begin to perceive in the dusk that a small board over the doorway bears the name of "SETH DYDE." We find, however, instead of a landlord, a landlady—a willing, anxious, energetic woman, who forthwith sets to work to take our party into this odd little place. For dinner or supper, just as we choose to call it, she will give us ham and eggs, with either tea or beer. She will get two bedrooms for us; and perhaps the single gentleman will accept a shake-down in the parlour. In that room a fire is lit in a trice; a lamp is brought in; and presently the cheerful blaze in the huge fire-place illuminates the curious old-fashioned chamber, with its carpets, and red table-cloth, and gloomy furniture. A large tray appears—an ornamental teapot is produced. Sounds are heard of attendants whipping through the place—so anxious and so dexterous is this good woman. And Queen Tita, who is merciless in one respect, examines the cups, saucers, forks and knives, and deigns to express her sense of the creditable cleanliness and order of the solitary inn.

Meanwhile, the horses.

"Oh," says the Lieutenant, coming in out of the dark, "I have found a famous fellow—the first man I have seen in England who does his work well with grooming a horse. He is an excellent fellow—I have seen nothing like it. The horses are well off this night, I can assure you—you will see how good they look to-morrow morning."

"It is strange so good an ostler should be found here," remarks Tita.

"But he is not an ostler," replies the Lieutenant, rubbing his hands at the fire; "he is a groom to some gentleman near. The ostler is away. He does his work as a favour, and he does it so that I think the gentleman must keep some racing horses."

"How do you manage to find out all these things about the people you meet?" asked Titania, with a gracious smile.

"Find out!" replied the tall young man, with his blue eyes staring. "I do not think I find out any more than others. It is people talk to you. And it is better to know a little of a man you give your horses to—and there is some time to talk when you are seeing after the horses—and so—that is perhaps why they tell me."

"But you have not to see about horses when you are in a bookseller's shop at nine in the morning, and the young lady there tells you about the milliners' shops and the students," says my Lady.

"Oh, she was a very nice girl," remarks the Lieutenant, as if that were sufficient explanation.

"But you talk to every one, whether they are young ladies, or innkeepers, or grooms: is it to perfect your pronunciation of English?"

"Yes, that is it," said the young man, probably glad to arrive at any solution of the problem.

"Then you ought not to speak to ostlers."

"But there is no ostler who talks so very bad as I do—I know it is very, very bad——"

"I am *sure* you are mistaken," says Bell, quite warmly, but looking down; "I think you speak very good English—and it is a most difficult language to pronounce—and I am sure there are few Germans who can speak it as freely as you can."

"All that is a very good compliment, Mademoiselle," he said, with a laugh that caused Bell to look rather embarrassed. "I am very glad if I could think that, but it is impossible. And as for freedom of speaking—oh, yes, you can speak freely, comfortably, if you are going about the country, and meeting strangers, and talking to any one, and not caring whether you mistake or not; but it is different when you are in a room with very polite English ladies who are strangers to you—and you are introduced—and you do not know how to say those

little sentences that are proper to the time. That is very difficult—very annoying. But it is very surprising the number of your English ladies who have learned German at school; while the French ladies, they know nothing of that, or of anything that is outside Paris. I do think them the most useless of women—very nice to look at, and very charming in their ways, perhaps—but not sensible, honest, frank like the English women, and not familiar with the seriousness of the world, and not ready to see the troubles of other people. But your Englishwoman who is very frank to be amused and can enjoy herself when there is a time for that—who is generous in time of trouble, and is not afraid, and can be firm and active and yet very gentle, and who does not think always of herself, but is ready to help other people, and can look after a house, and manage affairs—that is a better kind of woman, I think—more to be trusted—more of a companion—oh, there is no comparison!"

All this time the Lieutenant was busy stirring up the fire, and placing huge lumps of coal on the top; and he had obviously forgotten that he was saying these things to two Englishwomen. Tita seemed rather amused, and kept looking at Bell; Bell said nothing, but pretended to be arranging the things on the table. When the Lieutenant came back from the fire, he had apparently forgotten his complimentary speech; and was regarding with some curiosity the mighty dish of ham and eggs that had come in for their supper.

That was a very comfortable and enjoyable repast. When the chill of driving through the fogs of the plain had worn off, we found that it was not so very cold up here on the hill. A very liberal and honest appetite seemed to prevail; and there was a tolerable attack made on the ample display of ham and eggs. As for the beer that our Lieutenant drank, it is not fair to tell stories. He said it was good beer, to begin with. Then he thought it was excellent beer. At length he said he had not tasted better since he left London.

Women get accustomed to many things during the course of a rambling journey like this. You should have seen how naturally Queen Tita brought forth the bezique-cards directly after supper, and how unthinkingly Bell fetched some matches from the mantelpiece and placed them on the table. My Lady had wholly forgotten her ancient horror of cigar smoke—in any case, as she pointed out, it was other people's houses we were poisoning with the odour. As for Bell, she openly declared that she enjoyed the scent of cigars; and that in the open air, on a summer evening, it was as pleasant to her as the perfume of the wild roses or the champions.

However, there was no bezique. We fell to talking. It became a question as to which could find the freshest phrases and the strongest adjectives to describe his or her belief that this was the only enjoyable fashion of travelling. The abuse that was poured upon trains, stations, railway porters, and the hurry of cabs in the morning, was excessive. Time-tables of all sorts were spoken of with an animosity which was wonderful to observe when it came along with the soft and pleasant undertones of our Bonny Bell's voice. Tita said she should never go abroad any more. The Lieutenant vowed that England was the most delightful country in the world to drive through. The present writer remarked that the Count had much to see yet; whereupon the foolish young man declared he could seek for no pleasanter days than those he had just spent, and wished, with some unnecessary emphasis, that they might go on for ever. At this moment Bell rose and went to the window.

Then we heard an exclamation. Looking round, we found the shutters open, and lo! through the window we could see a white glare of moonlight falling into the empty thoroughfare, and striking on the wall on the other side of the way.

"It cannot be very cold outside," remarks the young lady.

"Bell!" cries Queen Tita, "you

don't mean to go out at this time of night!"

"Why not, Madame?" says the Lieutenant. "Was it not agreed before we came up the hill? And when could you get a more beautiful night? I am sure it will be more beautiful than the sunrise from the top of the Niessen."

"Oh, if you think so," says my Lady, with a gentle courtesy, "by all means let us go out for a little walk."

That is the way affairs began to be ordered about to suit the fancies of those young nincompoops. What little vestige of authority remained with the eldest of the group was exerted to secure a provision of shawls and rugs. Bell was not loth. She had a very pretty grey shawl. She had also a smart little grey hat, which suited it; and as the hat was trimmed with blue, the grey shawl could not have a prettier decoration than the blue ribbon of the guitar. Who proposed it I cannot say; but Bell had her guitar with her when we went out into the bright wonder of the moonlight.

Bourton-on-the-Hill was now a mass of glittering silver, and sharp, black shadows. Below us we could see the dark tower of the church, gleaming grey on the one side; then a mass of houses in deep shadow, with a radiance shining from their tiles and slates; then the grey road down the hill, and on one side of it a big wall, with its flints sparkling. But when we got quite to the summit, and clambered on to a small piece of common where were some felled trees, what words can describe the extraordinary view that lay around us? The village and its small church seemed to be now half-way down the hill; whereas the great plain of the landscape appeared to have risen high up on the eastern horizon, where the almost invisible stars met the dark woods of Oxfordshire. Over this imposing breadth of wood and valley and meadow—with its dark lines of trees, its glimmerings of farm-houses, and winding streams—the flood of moonlight lay so softly that the world itself seemed to have grown clear from underneath. There were none of the

wild glares of white surfaces, and the ebony blackness of shadows which threw everything around us into sharp outline; but a far-reaching and mellow glamour that showed us the mists lying along the river-tracks, and only revealed to us the softened outlines and configurations of the land. If there had been a ruddy light in Moreton-in-the-Marsh, we should have seen it; but the distant village seemed dead; and it, as well as all the great tract of wooded country around it, was whitened over by this softened and silent and almost sepulchral radiance that lay somehow between the dark blue vault overhead and the vast plain beneath. It was but a young moon, but the exceeding rarity of the air lent strength to its radiance.

"Does not moonlight give you the impression that you can hear far?" said Bell in a rather low voice, as if the silence and the stars had overawed her. "It is like frost. You fancy you could hear bells ringing a hundred miles across the clear air."

"Mademoiselle, you will let us hear your singing in this stillness?" said the Lieutenant.

"No, I cannot sing now," she said; and the very gentleness of her voice forbade him to ask again.

We passed along the road. The night air was sweet with the odour of flowers. Out in the west, where the moonlight was less strong, the stars were faintly twinkling. Not a breath of wind stirred; and yet it seemed to us that if a sound had been uttered anywhere in the world, it must have been carried to us on this height. We were as gods up here in the cold sky and the moonlight; and far over the earth, sleep had sealed the lips and the eyes of those poor creatures who had forgotten their sorrows for a time. Should we send them dreams to sweeten their lives by some glimpses of a world different from their own, and cause them to awaken in the morning with some reminiscence of the trance in their softened memories? Or would it not be better to drown them in the fast and hard sleep of fatigue, so that the dawn might bring them a firmer

heart and no vanity of wishes? Gods as we were, we had no care for ourselves. It was enough to be. Could not the night last for ever, and keep us up here near the stars, and give us content and an absolute want of anxiety for the morrow? Queen Titania wandered on as if she were in an enchanted garden, followed by a black shadow on the gleaming white road; and her face, with all its gentleness and delicacy, seemed to have gained something of a pale and wistful tenderness as the white light shone down over the dark woods and crossed our path. As for Bell—but who can describe the grace of the figure that walked before us—the light touching the grey shawl, and the fine masses of brown hair that hung all around the shapely neck, and the flat, small shoulders? We four were in England, sure enough; but it seemed to us then that we were very much alone, and about as near to the starry world as to the definite landscape lying far away on the plain.

We turned, however, when it was found that the road did not lead to any view of the western country. It seemed to run along a high level, cutting through between sand-pits, farms, and woods; and so we made our way back to the bit of common overlooking Bourton, and there we had a few minutes' rest before getting into the small inn, whose windows were gleaming red into the white moonlight.

"Now you must sing to us something, Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant; "and here is a fine big tree cut down, that we can all sit on; and you shall appear as Apollo in disguise, charming the natives of this landscape with your song."

"But I do not know anything that Apollo sang," said Bell—sitting down, nevertheless, and taking the guitar from her companion.

"That is no matter. You must think yourself some one else—why not Zerlina, in this strange place, and you see Fra Diavolo sitting alone on the rock, and you sing of him? This is a very good place for highwaymen. I have no doubt they

have sat here, and watched the gentleman's carriage come up the road beneath; and then, hey! with a rush and a flourish of pistols, and a seizing of the horses, and Madame shrieks in the carriage, and her husband, trembling, but talking very brave, gives up his money, and drives on, with much swearing, but very contented to have no hurt."

"You are very familiar with the ways of highway robbers," said Bell, with a smile.

"Mademoiselle, I am an Uhlan," he replied gravely.

Two at least of the party startled the midnight air with their laughter over this unintentional rebuke; but Bell, conscious of past backslidings, seemed rather discomfited, and hastened to say that she would, if he pleased, sing the song in which Zerlina describes the bandit.

She sang it, too, very charmingly, in that strange silence. Knowing that we could not well see her face, she lent herself to the character, and we could hear the terror of Zerlina thrilling through her experiences of the dreaded Diavolo. "Diavolo! Diavolo!" the dark woods around us seemed to say. "Diavolo! Diavolo!" throbbed the bass strings of the guitar; and the girl's voice trembled in its low tones as she pronounced the name. If any lonely stranger had been passing along the highway at this hour, what would he have thought of this strange thing,—a beautiful girl seated overhead, amid the stars, apparently, with the moonlight striking on her exquisite face and her masses of hair, while she sang in a low and impassioned voice, and struck chords from some strange instrument? Would she not appear as some wild vision of the Lorelei? Or, considering that companions were visible, and some talking and jesting occasionally heard, might not this be a company of strolling play-actors, such as all honest persons were aforesaid conjured to discountenance and suppress?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "All persons concerned are hereby desired to take notice of and suppress all mountebanks, rope-dancers, ballad-singers, &c. that

You know that when Zerlina has sung the first verses of her dramatic song, Diavolo, disguised as a marquis, suddenly rises and sings the concluding verse himself. Bell accordingly handed the guitar to Count von Rosen, with a pretty smile. But would a young man, on such a night, sing a ballad about a mere bandit? No! The Lieutenant was not averse to act the character of Diavolo, so far as his minstrelsy went, but he adopted one of his gentler moods. Lightly running his fingers over the strings, he began to sing of Agnese la Zitella, and how had he learned to soften his voice so? The pretty Agnes was told that she was as sweet as the Spring, and then she is made to call forth her lover because the night is so fair—so much fairer than the day—and so silent. 'Tis a pleasant barcarole, and conveys a message as well as another. But lest he should be thought too bold, probably, our Uhlan rose abruptly when he had finished the song, and said lightly, with a laugh—

"There! was not that touching enough for Diavolo? He was a very accomplished person, to have all the rough delights of a brigand, and then go about dressed as a marquis, and amuse himself with adventures. I think they treated him badly in the end, if I do remember right."

Bell did not answer. She had got back the guitar. Apparently she was looking far down over the moonlit plain—her eyes grown distant and thoughtful—and as her fingers wandered over the strings, we heard, almost as in a dream, the various careless notes shape themselves into a melody—a wild, sad melody, that seemed to breathe the tenderness and the melancholy of this still night. "Silent, O Moyle, be the sound of thy waters"—perhaps that was the air; or perhaps it was the heart-break-

have not a licence from the Master of his Majesty's Revels (which for the present year are all printed with black letters, and the king's arms in red) . . . and all those that have licences with red and black letters, are to come to the office to change them for licences as they are now altered. April 17, 1684."

ing "Coolin"—one could scarcely say ; but when at last we heard no more of it, Tita rose and said we must go indoors. There was something quite regretful in her tone. It seemed as if she were bidding good-bye to a scene not soon to be met with again.

The Lieutenant gave his hand to Bell, and assisted her down the steep bank into the road ; and we passed on until the window of the inn was found glimmering red through the moonlight. We cast a passing glance around. Bourton lay beneath us, asleep. The great landscape beyond remained dark and silent under the luminous whiteness of the air. The silence seemed too sacred to be broken.

"Good night," said Tita to the Lieutenant ; "I hope you have spent at least one pleasant evening with us on this journey."

"I have spent many, Madame," he said, earnestly, "and many very pleasant mornings and days, and I hope we shall have a great many more. I do think we four ought to turn vagrants—gipsies, you call them—and go away altogether, and never go back any more to a large town."

"What do you say, Bell ?" asked Tita, with a kindly, if half-mischievous, look.

"I suppose we get to Worcester to-morrow," said Bell, with not much appearance of joy in her face ; and then

she bade good-night to us all, and left with my Lady.

"There it is," said the Lieutenant, with an impatient flinging down of his cap on the table. "That is what interferes with all our pleasure. You go away on the most delightful excursion in the world—you have the most beautiful scenes, and pleasant companions, and freedom—everything you can wish ; and then the young lady who ought to be more happy than anyone—who is at the time of life to have no care but to enjoy her prettiness and her good temper, and all that—who is the pleasant ornament of the excursion, and is a great delight to all of us—then she is vexed and frightened because that this—this—this contemptible fellow threatens to meet her in one of those big towns. Sacker-rrrrr-ment ! I do hope he will come and have it over—but if he is annoying—if he vexes her any more——"

Thus do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves in the midst of our happiest circumstances. But at last there comes a time for sleep. And soon this solitary inn on the hill was as quiet and peaceful as the great world outside, where the moonlight seemed to have hushed the very winds to rest, and where the far woods and the streams and the low hills along the edge of the land lay still and dark under the cold majesty of the stars.

[*Note by Queen Titania, written at Worcester on the evening of the following day.*—Any comment of mine on the foregoing is at the moment unnecessary ; we have other matters to engage our attention. *Arthur has come.* I can find no words to express the deep and serious annoyance which this escapade is likely to cause. All our plans may be upset ; for he can scarcely explain his present wild proceedings without provoking some sort of final agreement with Bell. And suppose she should consent to be engaged to him, how are we to continue our journey ? Of course he will not allow her : if he had not disliked it, he would not be here now. Certainly, I *think* Bell has acted imprudently ; for I told her that if she did not answer his letter, he would be sure to imagine all manner of things, and come and see her. The consequence is that she is, I fear, in a great dilemma ; for I do not see how she can avoid either refusing him altogether, or consenting to *everything* that he asks. And as we can't continue our journey till Monday, he will have a whole day to persecute her into giving him an answer of some kind ; and then she is so foolishly good-hearted that, if he is only pathetic enough, she will say "yes" to *everything*. It is *most* provoking. If we could only get this one day over, and *him back to London !*]

*To be continued.*

## ARTIFICIAL SELECTION.

BY PROFESSOR P. G. TAIT.

[THE following, for the most part almost self-evident, remarks were drawn up a few years ago, but somehow laid aside. Since this article was sent to London, Dr. Lyon Playfair, M.P., has published an excellent address on the comparative value of Examining Boards and Teaching Universities. I have also been referred to Chapter VII. of Mr. Helps' "Thoughts upon Government," in which there are some very telling remarks on the subject of Competitive Examinations. But I have not been able to avail myself of the contents of either of these papers. The ground here occupied is far less extensive than that of Dr. Playfair or of Mr. Helps, and the point of view somewhat different. But it is characteristic of the inherent badness of a system, that it should be found demonstrably bad from more points of view than one. It may be asked why, as my remarks are self-evident, I have published them. The answer is, that things which are self-evident are precisely those to which we are in the habit of paying no attention whatever. The consequences of such neglect in the present instance will be not merely serious, but sudden; and a single step taken in the wrong direction may render it for ever after impossible to regain even our present condition.]

THE course of nature when left to itself, as in the reproduction of wild plants and animals, is startlingly different from its course when directed by the caprices of finite intelligence to the formation of fancy tulips and pigeons. But far more startling is the process by which one finite intelligence attempts to judge of others, especially as to their relative fitness for positions of trust and difficulty. The consideration of the value of this mysterious process of Artificial Selection, or Examination as it is generally called, is at present enormously more important to the future of the empire than any mere speculation in science.

Several symptoms appear to indicate that we are approaching a great crisis in the history of selection, whether it be for University degrees or University Chairs for licence to practise in Medicine, or for those lower civil and military appointments which involve subsequent

promotion by seniority. The creation of so-called Universities, whose sole function is to examine; the proposed migratory medical Examining Boards; the amalgamation of the Universities in each division of the kingdom into great examining works<sup>1</sup> (a step much desired

<sup>1</sup> "There is no doubt that the University, at present, gives the amount and quality of instruction which the country really demands. When we succeed, as I hope we shall soon do, in developing a greater desire for Honours, our present system . . . will without effort adjust its teaching to the increased demand. . . . Another piece of advice which is constantly forced upon us is that the Scottish Universities should merge themselves in one National University, of which each would then be merely a College; an idea worthy of Procrustes, or rather of a drill-sergeant. Without disparagement to the other Universities . . . we desire to retain our own stature, our traditional glories, and, it may be, even our peculiarities. We object to being pruned off here and pulled out there, with the view of preventing the future possibility of our being distinguished from our neighbours. The experiment has already been tried; and what is the result? In Cambridge, a group of seventeen colleges forms one University. Professorial lectures count as nothing in their teaching. Even the college tutors and lecturers take but small part in the process of education. Private tutors, 'Coaches' there, 'Grinders' we should call them, eagerly scanning examination papers of former years, and mysteriously finding out the peculiarities of the Moderators and Examiners under whose hands their pupils are doomed to pass, spend their lives in discovering which pages of a text-book a man ought to read, and which will not be likely to 'pay.' The value of any portion as an intellectual exercise is never thought of; the all-important question is,—*Is it likely to be set?* I speak with no horror of, or aversion to, such men; I was one of them myself, and thought it perfectly natural, as they all do. But I hope that such a system may never be introduced here; and, as the most effectual preservative, let us avoid amalgamation. Let us unite, if we can, with another Scottish University, in sending a member to Parliament . . . but let us preserve our individuality, and remain to all time the University of the Gregorys, the Mac-

by a few enthusiasts); the recent attempts to sectarianize the Irish National Schools and Queen's Colleges, with the view of making them mere feeders of a proposed grand Irish examining-machine: such are but a few of the more prominent of these symptoms. It is scarcely possible to conceive of anything worse for the cause of education. Examinations are, at the best, singularly imperfect modes of testing even relative merit of any kind. It is to be deplored that they are, to a certain extent, at present indispensable; but the proposal to make them of more account than teaching, or even merely to put them on a level with it, is simply monstrous. The reasons are not far to seek. We shall draw our illustrations mainly from Mathematics and Physics, partly because we are more familiar with these than with other branches of education, but chiefly because these are of all subjects those in which (on account of their logical precision) the good features of examinations should most strikingly appear, provided always there be any good features.

A really good Examiner is perhaps the rarest product of civilization. In an unusually large experience, extending to each of the three kingdoms, I have met but two, and I see clearly how each of even these might be greatly improved.<sup>1</sup> It is easy to specify some of the more obvious qualifications which a good Examiner *must* possess, and a little thought will then show how unlikely it is that even these will be found united in any one man. Besides, who is to examine the Examiner? What precautions can secure that, having himself passed through an absurd ordeal, he may not determine that others also shall suffer? Who so great a bully as the ex-fag, except in extreme cases of rare nobility of nature? The tortures of the examina-

tion hall do not exalt a man; such tribulation is far from making perfect. He suffers—and bides his time. Woe to the wretch who first comes under his hands! It is almost impossible that a young Examiner should not be a bad one.

I. An Examiner ought to possess not merely great knowledge, but enormously extensive knowledge, of his subject and of the various modes of teaching it; otherwise, he is incapable of doing equal justice to the merits of students taught on different systems. He must have, in addition to classical or scientific knowledge, a working acquaintance with every sound system employed in teaching his subject, whether at home or abroad, whether *viva voce* or by books. Do you know, reader, any one man who has even these qualifications? What sort of chance of passing, in at least the great majority of examinations in elementary Dynamics, would a man have who should give Newton's own admirable proof of the Law of Composition of Forces? How many have been rejected because they could not tell whether a pair of scissors is a double lever of the first, second, or third order, or had neglected to commit to memory some other equally absurd, because unscientific, classifications? A man who answers correctly, according to modern knowledge, questions in Heat or Electricity, is almost sure to be plucked unless his Examiner be one of the few men who are aware that on these subjects almost all our text-books have been, till within a very few years, grossly incorrect. Hence it is absolutely necessary that, if there are to be examinations, these should be conducted (at least mainly) by *bonâ fide* teachers. No one who is not actually engaged in teaching, or at least working at a subject, can have accurate information as to its development, or that practical knowledge of it which is essential to an Examiner.<sup>1</sup> In Germany all higher

laurins, the Playfairs, and the Leslies." ("On the Value of the Edinburgh Degree of M.A.," an Address delivered to the Graduates in Arts at Edinburgh, April 24, 1866. Cambridge: Macmillan.)

<sup>1</sup> To these two men, however, is due a very large part of the few really sensible examination papers which have within recent years appeared in the Cambridge and the London University Calendars.

<sup>1</sup> In the Free Church of Scotland, to whose authorities even its enemies will not deny the possession of great practical shrewdness, it has hitherto been the custom to have one Examining Board. This Board examines the students of the Church's three Colleges at the end of their course, independently of the Professors. The result has been so extremely low a standard

examinations are conducted by Essays—*i.e.*, each candidate chooses a subject, and gives an investigation of it. Then the Examiner (*always* a Professor) questions him on various cognate subjects.

II. The Examiner must possess, simultaneously, infinite tact and thorough common sense. How rare this latter qualification is, few but the initiated can even suspect. A man who composes examination papers with a view to exhibit his own knowledge should be forever disqualified from examining. How many would survive the application of this test? A good Examiner will not be afraid of being sneered at or under-estimated for the mildness of his papers. Many men who make a tremendous show in some of the examinations, which by common repute are accounted among the highest, break down utterly before some extremely simple and practically useful question. We well remember cases in which such men, being asked something of an almost ridiculously easy nature, gasped in despair, "Oh! sir, I was not prepared for this," as if something awful had been propounded.<sup>1</sup> What is the value of *their* knowledge?

for pass, and such constant dissatisfaction with the Honours lists (the highest prizes having been repeatedly awarded to inferior men), that it has recently been resolved to associate the Professors with all the examinations. The students themselves have distinctly said that till this is done they can put no confidence in the results of the prize-examinations; and, on the other hand, it is found impossible to pluck inferior men on the evidence of the present Examiners merely, who, though often good theologians, constantly set unfair papers.

I have seen testimonials from the Examiners for another Presbyterian body to the effect that "Mr. — is an excellent mathematician. He has also a considerable knowledge of algebra and trigonometry!"

<sup>1</sup> Here is an excellent instance. The report is not in the least exaggerated:—

*Examiner.*—How is quicklime obtained from limestone?

*Candidate* (fresh from a brilliant success in a very stiff chemical examination).—I know, sir, that calcium is a dyad—and therefore — (Long pause.)

*Ex.*—We shall enter into the question of the meaning of the word "dyad" by and by; but at present I wish to know what you would do if you were given a piece of limestone and required to produce quicklime from it.

III. Even if he be possessed of all these requisites, the Examiner must be allowed sufficient *time* to test a man's knowledge. For it is one of the most fatal of all objections to examinations in general—though one not often adverted to—that one set of questions may floor a man who could answer completely another set considered by the Examiner to be equally difficult. We have known cases where, to prevent copying, two papers were drawn up by the same Examiner, on the same subject, in the same elementary stage of it—paper A being given to the 1st, 3rd, &c. on each bench, paper B to the 2nd, 4th, &c.—and where, in consequence of this arrangement, some men were plucked in one paper who could easily have passed in the other, and some got through whom a change of paper would have floored. When this is possible, where is the chance of a fair examination? Unless, then, an Examiner has time to take each man over the whole of each subject, he cannot (however good he may be) pretend to decide justly.

IV. Granting that all these desiderata can be supplied, there still remains the excessive difficulty of examining into the really useful part of one's knowledge. For, in the great majority of cases, the useful part is precisely that which it is least possible to break up into detached fragments, such as those required in the modern processes of examination.

V. There are many other difficulties in the way; but, looking to those we

*Cand.*—Calcium being a dyad—(pause). I really cannot answer your question.

And, again, as follows:—

*Ex.*—How is soap prepared from fat or oil?

*Cand.*—Fat or oil consists of a mixture of olein, palmitin, and stearin. Olein is three molecules of oleic acid in which the three atoms of replaceable hydrogen are substituted by the triad radical glyceryle; and palmitin and stearin have the same relations to palmitic and stearic acids respectively. (*Writes the formulæ correctly.*) Soap is sodic or potassic, oleate, palmitate, or stearate; soft soap being the potassic, and hard soap the sodic, salt.

*Ex.*—Quite true, but how do you get soap from oil or fat?

*Cand.*—By the saponification process.

*Ex.*—Explain how that process is conducted.

*Cand.*—I do not remember the details.

have noticed, it surely will not be considered necessary to extend the list. The consequence, however, of these and other inevitable imperfections in any and every system of examination has been the growth of Cram, and the development of a new and strange creature; the "Coach" (euphemistically the "Private Tutor," or the individual who "reads with gentlemen"), as the natural complement of the defects of the Examiner. This mysterious being studies the Examiner, feels his pulse as it were from time to time, and makes a prognosis (often very correct) of the probable contents of the papers to be set<sup>1</sup>—teaches the student the scraps of knowledge necessary for the answering of these, and of these only. Any more would be waste of time!

In the exact ratio in which Examiners improve in tact, or examinations diminish in importance, the demand for "Coaches" declines, and *vice versa*. The rottenness of the present system is to be measured by the prevalence of systematized Cram, as that of a tree by the toadstools about its roots. Where knowledge is the main thing sought, the teaching (as in the Scottish Universities and in the Queen's Colleges) is almost entirely conducted by the Professors; where the passing of examinations is the great object, the Professors' benches are empty, and Cram on special pet questions takes the place of general instruction in a subject.

In fact, examinations are usually a farce. Without them, the teacher can almost invariably tell who is the best man; with them, the best man by no means invariably wins. Why did X beat Y in such and such a year, Y being now one of the few great men living, and X unheard of? The answer is too often of this kind: "Why, don't you remember, old Z was Moderator, and set all his problems on Quaternions (let us say), which Y had

not got up?" Want of worldly wisdom, shown by his simple expectation that the examination would be a fair one (in the sense of not unduly giving prominence to some particular crotchet), thus lost Y the place which was his due. Or perhaps it may be that in one important paper Z has set a question which appears to Y to suit him exactly. Fond delusion!—he spends the whole three hours (probably in vain) in trying to discover some artifice which Z has been maturing, year after year, at his leisure, keeping it sacredly in reserve for his Avatar as Moderator! X fights shy of this particular question, and finds the remainder of the paper easy enough even for *him*. Or it may be otherwise. Y often is (like many of the greatest of men) a slow penman; X, on the other hand, writes like an articulated clerk. If Z's paper have but questions enough to afford X material of the Cram kind to keep him at work for the whole three hours, he inevitably does at least double the quantity that Y can manage; and, though this is not usually of double intrinsic value, it can hardly fail to be of superior value as regards the total marks. Is a man to win for his much writing? Here, however, there is an obvious cure, but it requires a good Examiner to apply it. Let the next three hours be devoted to but one question, and let it be such that mere Cram cannot attack it—Y will regain his artificially-burked superiority. To a certain extent this remedy is supplied in Cambridge by the Smith's Prize Examination (conducted by some of the very *élite* of living mathematicians), in which Y usually beats X hollow, and at the worst is bracketed equal with him. If the use of mathematicians were merely to solve infinitely modulated varieties of intrinsically simple problems, and were to be estimated by the number done in a given time, no doubt X would be the better man and would deserve his honours. Unfortunately for his laurels, however, this is *not* usually considered to be the use of mathematicians. Some people (not the worst authorities) are cruel enough to say that

<sup>1</sup> Even in the "model" University of London I have known steps to the relatively high degree of Doctor of Science to be secured by a hurried glance at the special "points" in the text-books published by some of those whom the candidate found appointed as his Examiners.

this does not even give a title to the name of Mathematician!

If such things be, and they are, common in Cambridge, where examination has been carefully developed as an art, what can we expect elsewhere, where Greek or Latin verses, English essays or poems, &c. &c., are required at a moment's notice? What but this—that the men picked out by such examinations are not by any means necessarily the best? How much of the development of science or of scholarship in this country is outside the mass of Fellowship-holders? How many of these magnificent endowments are absolutely thrown away by the present system of selection based on examinations?

Let us now briefly consider Medical Boards, where, at the best, each member is allowed to examine on what part of the subject he pleases; but is often made to examine on parts with which he is, to say the least, unfamiliar. What does the average medical man know about modern chemistry and physics, not to speak of their offspring, Physiology? The simplest portions of these subjects have changed within a few years, and are utterly strange to him, unless he be one of the exceptional few who, even as busy professional men, manage to keep themselves abreast of the elements of general science. How many a deserving student has been rejected simply because he knew more than his Examiner? This *ought* to be a grave and awful thought, but it is one which, unfortunately, has no effect except on those genuine men whom it deters from examining, and who would be infinitely the best Examiners. On the other hand, how many a man has passed in consequence of the sheer incapacity of the Examiner?<sup>1</sup> How many a quack has been let loose on helpless humanity to drug or to carve at will? A system

<sup>1</sup> *Medical Examiner (aside to his colleague).—This seems a good man; I shall ask him a few difficult questions.*

*Colleague (aside).—All right!*

*Ex.—What is caloric?*

*Cand.—I don't quite understand.*

*Ex.—If you mix alcohol and water, what is produced?*

which can, and almost inevitably does (be it but in a few cases), lead to such results as these, is self-condemned.

The inevitable conclusion from all that precedes, and from vastly more of the same kind which mere disgust rather than any want of space prevents us from giving, is simply that Examination is, at the very best, an excessively fallacious test. But, it may be asked, have we a better? To this we answer first,—that even if there were no better, the fact would not justify us in the use, still less in the contemplated increase of the use, of a radically bad test; radically bad, that is, because it is impossible to find men who can make even an approach, in actual practice, to the ideal examination. But, secondly, there is no doubt that whenever it can be carried out, the system of trial and approval, which we apply to servants of every grade from the most menial to the confidential, is infinitely superior to any examination. And, thirdly, as this cannot in many cases be applied, the best and the natural alternative is to improve teachers and teaching, and to take the certificate of qualified teachers, who have long observed the progress and behaviour of a student, as something absolutely priceless compared with the quickly-formed, and therefore at best dubious, judgment of an Examiner.

This leads to the further question of how teachers are themselves to be

*Cand. (hesitatingly).—Do you mean grog?*

*Ex.—I mean does it become hotter or colder?*

*Cand.—I think it becomes hotter.*

*Ex.—Why?*

*Cand.—I am afraid I have misunderstood you, sir.*

*Ex.—Does the mixture contract?*

*Cand. (in despair).—Yes.*

*Ex.—Yes, quite right; I see you understand it.*

Or again, as follows:—

*Ex.—If you wish to boil a kettle, (!) would you put it under, or above, the fire?*

*Cand.—(Speechless—because astounded.)*

*Ex.—What! Don't you know that heat ascends?*

No sarcasm could be half so effective as such simple narratives of what has actually occurred, and (if Medical Boards manage to obtain the sole power of licensing to practise) of what will be in future the possible fate of every British student of medicine.

selected. The principle above laid down applies, of course, fully to those of lower grades as in all varieties of schools. For University Chairs, however, the process must be to some extent modified. By far the most excellent opportunity which a young man can have of showing his fitness for a high educational post (always, of course, in addition to original work, which ought to be looked on as a *sine quâ non*) is furnished by his lecturing and otherwise giving instruction, either as assistant to, or as extra-mural concurrent of, a University Professor. If we are ever to have a really efficient staff in each of our Universities, it is by this test that they must, one by one, be discovered. When teaching and the verdict of the teacher come to have their proper value assigned to them, Cram will disappear, and Coaches with it. And then, even in Oxford and Cambridge, the University Professors will be the teachers, not merely of the select few, but also of the many. A combination of the Scottish and English University systems, to the exclusion of what is manifestly bad in each, is the thing really wanted. England's superiority consists, in very great measure, of money and lands—that of Scotland in making the University Professors the actual Teachers. Let us have, in the great English Universities, Professors teaching the many, to take the place of the all-pervading Coach—in addition, of course, to the almost unequalled body of Professors they now possess, from whom, however (as if to furnish the most telling of comments on our proposition), instruction is sought only by the very highest class of students. This could easily be done. A mere fraction of the Fellowship funds would suffice.

Would it were not absolutely hoping against hope to proceed as follows:—In Scottish Universities let many of the Chairs be doubled, or even trebled: let there be, for instance, a Professor of Experimental Physics in each, and a Professor of Applied Mathematics, in the place of the present solitary Professor of the enormous subject Natural

Philosophy; let us have a Professor of Chemistry and Medicine, and a Professor of the Theory of Chemistry, &c. At present it is simply impossible for them to do thoroughly the immense amount of work which devolves upon each; and (a matter of even greater importance) when they have done their best, no time remains to them to perform the grander half of a Professor's duty, the constant endeavour to extend his subject. Let the multifarious duties now discharged by one over-burdened man be distributed among two, three, or four; let their salaries not depend for so much as half the whole amount on the numbers attending their classes, so that there shall be no possible incitement to lower their standard to attract more listeners. But also let us take every care that they be rigorously kept to their work, and at once laid aside whenever they have ceased to be working teachers.

This, unfortunately, is not likely to be done. The extreme poverty of the Scottish Universities, more especially of the Metropolitan one, prevents their doing much. And Scotland's share of the Imperial Revenue has always been insignificant compared with her contributions to it. Still it is surely possible that a few annual thousands might be obtained from Parliament to furnish her Universities properly with laboratories; and the overworked and underpaid Professors with adequate remuneration, and with additional assistants, from whom in turn their successors may be chosen. Then the country, having done something to deserve success, cannot fail to attain it.

On the other hand, let Examining Boards be substituted for Teaching Universities; let all the ideas of old attributed (we know not with what justice) to Mr. Gladstone, and very recently repeated in most glaring deformity by Mr. Lowe at Halifax, be brought forward as accomplished facts, and the inevitable and almost immediate consequence will be the extinction of sound learning as well as of progressive science, and the apotheosis of Cram.

## AMERICAN JUDGES.

BY JAMES BRYCE.

To an account of the American Bar, such as that which it was attempted to give in the January number of this Magazine, some account of the American Judges is an almost necessary sequel. The relation between Bar and Bench is in the American system, as in our own, a very intimate one, and any change in the character of the one must immediately and directly affect the other. Everybody knows that such a change has passed on the American judiciary, and that it has been a change for the worse. But very few know precisely how far the degradation has gone; to what extent it has spread, or what are the causes which have produced it; still less do they know how far it may be considered symptomatic of a decline in public morals generally. To explain this, to describe the phenomena accurately, to estimate their importance, to show their connection with the political life of the country, is not an easy matter, especially for a foreigner, who is necessarily at the mercy of first impressions, and the reports of a comparatively small number of informants. But the subject is one of so much consequence, that even an imperfect account may render some service. Bad as the judiciary is in some parts of the Union, it is not so bad as a few outrageous scandals might seem to prove it; and it has not exerted so corrupting an influence on the morals of the community as Englishmen naturally and almost necessarily incline to fancy.

The first condition for understanding the judicial arrangements of America is to get thoroughly rid of our English conception of a Judge. For some centuries, we have associated the ideas of power, dignity, and intellectual eminence with the judicial office; a tradition, shorter no doubt, but still of respectable length, has made us regard it as incorruptible. Our Judges are among the greatest permanent officials of the State. They have

earned their place by success, more or less brilliant, but always considerable, in the struggles of the Bar; they are removable by the Crown only upon an address of both Houses of Parliament; they enjoy large incomes and great social respect. Some of them sit in the House of Lords; some are members of the Privy Council. When they go through the country on their circuits, they are received by the High Sheriff of each county with the ceremonious pomp of the Middle Age, and followed hither and thither by admiring crowds. The criticisms of our outspoken press rarely assail their ability, and never their fairness. Even the Bar, which watches them daily, which knows all their ins and outs (to use an American phrase), both before and after their elevation, treats them with far more respect than is commonly shown by the clergy to the bishops. Thus we form our conception of the Judge as a personage necessarily and naturally dignified and upright; and, having formed it, we carry it abroad with us as we do our notions of land tenure and other insular conceptions, and are astonished when we find that it does not hold in other countries. It is a fine and fruitful conception, and one which one would desire to see accepted everywhere. But it is quite peculiar to ourselves; the British Judge is as abnormal as the British Constitution, and owes his character to a not less curious and complex combination of conditions. In most parts of the Continent the Judge, even in the Superior Courts, does not hold a very high social position. He is not chosen from the ranks of the Bar, and has not that community of feeling with it which we find so valuable. Its leaders outshine him in France; the famous professors of law often exert a far greater authority in Germany. Both in France and in Italy his purity is, or till lately was, by

no means above suspicion. In no part of Europe do his wishes and opinions carry the same weight, or does he command the same popular reverence as among ourselves. One must not therefore be greatly surprised to find him in America so different from what we are disposed to expect. For it is not so much his inferiority there that is exceptional as his excellence here in England.

The most noticeable feature of the American system is the co-existence throughout the Union of two wholly distinct and independent judicial organizations—that of the State Courts, and that of the Federal Courts. Each State, being for many purposes an independent commonwealth, has its own Courts and its own laws, which may and often do differ entirely from those of its neighbours. Such Courts have exclusive jurisdiction in suits between members of the same State, and there is no appeal from them to any other Court.<sup>1</sup> In matters properly within its cognizance, the highest Court of Rhode Island or Delaware enjoys the same authority as the House of Lords does with us, and is not bound to regard as authoritative any case not decided in its own Courts. The great bulk of ordinary suits come in this way before the State Judges, who are of course responsible only to the Government of their own State. Entirely distinct from these State Courts, are the Federal or United States Courts, which have jurisdiction in suits where the parties are citizens of different States, or where either party is a foreigner, or where the parties are themselves States, or where the United States is itself a party; or where the question arises under a law of the United States.<sup>2</sup>

These Federal Courts are of three kinds: District Courts, held by Judges permanently stationed in one place;<sup>3</sup> Circuit Courts, held by members of the

Supreme Court, who move from place to place, through certain divisions of the country; and the Supreme Court, consisting of a Chief Justice and eight associate Judges, which sits at Washington, and entertains appeals from all the inferior Federal tribunals. They have nothing to do with the authorities of the States in which they happen to sit, have their own executive officers, the marshals, and are responsible to the President and Congress only.

This is, of course, the merest outline of a very complex system, to explain the full working of which many pages would be needed. The contrast between the two sets of Courts is in most respects in favour of the Federal. They have the great advantage of administering a more harmonious and consistent body of rules; for as all the decisions given by inferior Judges in them are subject to review by the Supreme Court, composed of the ablest Judges in the country, and they are bound thereafter to follow its decisions, their law tends to attain a higher degree of certainty, delicacy, and symmetry, than that of most, if not all of the several States. Indirectly, of course, the decisions of the Federal Courts influence the State Courts; that is to say, they have a moral weight, just as our Law Reports have, and a decision of the Supreme Court at Washington would be almost implicitly followed in any Court. But upon a great number of questions no authority from the reports of the Supreme Court can be cited; and it is a real misfortune to the Judges of the State Courts to be freed from the check which the possibility of an appeal from their decisions tends to impose. Still more important is the difference in the mode of choice. The Judges of the Federal Courts are appointed by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and hold office, like our own, during good behaviour. It is said that, especially of late years, the nominations have fallen too much under the control of the senators, and that they are frequently made rather from political or personal motives than with a view to

<sup>1</sup> Except in cases arising under the laws of the United States as distinct from State law.

<sup>2</sup> In some cases under United States law State Courts have a concurrent jurisdiction. There are other minor instances (e.g. Admiralty and maritime causes) of Federal jurisdiction which for brevity's sake I omit.

A district is usually coterminous with a State.

the public good. In the main, however, the men chosen are men of capacity, and being safe in their seat when once appointed they have no motive for further political subserviency. Quite otherwise in the several States. In the great majority of them the practice has sprung up within the last thirty years of choosing a Judge by popular vote, for a longer or shorter term—sometimes for one year only, as in Vermont (where however he is almost invariably re-elected, and where he is chosen by the legislature), sometimes for four, six, eight, ten, or fourteen years; every State being in these matters a law unto itself. Fourteen is (since 1870) the term in New York. Massachusetts is an honourable exception—she still commits the appointment of Judges to the Governor of the State, and makes them independent by giving them a tenure during good behaviour. This is the practice in three or four other States; and in several, although the office is temporary, the election is made not directly by the people, but by the legislature of the State.

The practical working of these arrangements differs much, as might be expected, in different parts of the country. Nearly everywhere the elections are influenced by political considerations; and a man not belonging to the dominant party, and not agreeable to its managers, has little chance of success. In some places, however, the Bar takes the matter up, and insists on the party's putting forward competent men: here and there it even happens that the Bar agrees upon and carries a list including respectable men of both parties. It would seem that in most of the eastern and northern States (of the South I do not undertake to speak, and its present condition is too abnormal and transitory to make it worth reasoning from) the elections are fairly well made. So for example in Connecticut, Ohio, Illinois; so even in Pennsylvania, which stands in point of political honour rather low among her sister commonwealths. Both in Chicago and in Philadelphia people say that it is the influence of the Bar that procures re-

spectable appointments—without this, the electors would be entirely at the mercy of the party wire-pullers. In Massachusetts one hears nothing but good of the Judges; and it is admitted that this is owing to the system of life appointments by the Governor. In New York one hears a great deal of evil: not only are some (by no means all) of its Judges bad men, greedy, violent, corrupt—they are chosen because they are bad men, because their want of principle makes them useful party tools.

The salaries paid to the Judges vary from State to State, but are everywhere miserably inadequate. In Massachusetts and Connecticut, for example, wealthy manufacturing and trading commonwealths, no Judge receives more than £1,000 a year—much less than the average salary of a County Court Judge here. In Pennsylvania the maximum is about £1,100, and I doubt whether it is higher in any other State (except New York), while in many it is a good deal lower.<sup>1</sup> New York has lately raised her scale, and now gives the highest Judges over £2,000. It is to be hoped she may soon get some better worth her money. The Federal Government is not a whit more liberal than are the States. The average salary of a Federal Judge does not exceed £800 or £900 a year; those of the Justices of the Supreme Court at Washington, who are supposed to be the picked men of the country, are fixed at about £1,150, and have been but quite lately raised even to that modest figure. Nor does the mere statement of these sums give a proper notion of their inadequacy. In the towns of America, and notably in Washington and other cities of the eastern seaboard, living is more expensive than in England; and £1,200 goes no further than £800 would here.

To what is this extraordinary parsimony to be ascribed? What can induce a nation among whom money is plentiful, who earn it quickly and spend it lavishly, to pay such contemptible salaries for work which it is of the highest conse-

<sup>1</sup> There were in 1869 twenty-four States in which the salary of the Judges of the highest Courts ranged from £400 to £850 per annum.

quence to them to have properly performed? It is true that all intellectual labour is comparatively ill-remunerated in America. The clergy for instance have a hard time of it, except in a few of the largest towns; the schoolmasters and professors in the universities are, according to English ideas, miserably underpaid. But the leading members of the Bar, whose remuneration is governed by the laws of demand and supply, obtain very large fees, and it might reasonably be supposed that their incomes and those to be gained by eminent ability in any other line of life, would fix the scale by which a Judge's salary would be regulated.

Something may perhaps be due to the fact that at a time when these salaries were fixed, life was much simpler, and the necessities of life much cheaper than is now the case. The rise in wants and the prices leads lawyers and men in other professions to protect themselves by making higher charges for their labour, while incomes settled by law have undergone little change. There are, however, deeper reasons for this inadequate payment of the Judges. In the first place, their salaries are determined by legislative bodies composed in great part of persons of narrow means and narrower ideas. The members of a State legislature are mostly poor men, belonging to what would be called here the lower middle class: they cannot see why everybody should not be content to live according to their standard of comfort and elegance, and have no idea of helping him to anything better. Not very long ago it was proposed in the legislature of Massachusetts to raise the salary of the Judges. An honest old farmer stood up to oppose the proposition. "They have got three thousand dollars a year at present," he said, "and I know that no man can spend more than six hundred dollars a year." The argument seems to have been thought convincing; anyhow, the bill was lost. To have explained that it was not a question of what a man could live on, but of the necessity of paying high in order to meet the competition of other occupations for able men, would have been wasting breath. For it is not merely that these rural

legislators, in their ignorance of the refinements and artificial needs of city life, do not understand what good pay is—they do not see why good pay should be given. They have no notion of the value of special training and high capacity: one office is to them much the same as another, and an honest man of average common sense is good enough for any. That it is essential to have the very best men has never occurred to them.

There is, however, so say the lawyers, a second reason for the poorness of these salaries—the indifference of the professional politicians to judicial office. The men who go into politics as a trade, and they are unhappily not rare, are mostly rather low and ignorant fellows, who do not care about being made Judges, and therefore have no interest in raising a Judge's salary, while they are quite willing to pay well for a place which they have a better chance of getting, and for which they would feel themselves less conspicuously unfit. "It is no paradox to assert," said a very distinguished New England lawyer and man of letters, "that with us the higher the functions of an office, the lower its emoluments. Everybody is willing to make a good thing of a place which everybody can hope to get into; but where the aspirants are few, the office, whatever its consequence, is sure to be starved." So it seems to have been with judgeships. The hack politician who, even if he has once practised, is more of an office seeker than a lawyer, cares as little about the welfare of the Bench as does the farmer. What attracts him is a place where the work, if it be done at all, may be done by the meanest capacity, and where payment is by fees, with all the chances which that plan opens of occasional and illicit gains. The Custom House has such places, and the Custom House is therefore the paradise of politicians, with its great fees and its greater opportunities. It is currently believed that the collector at New York has an income not much less than that of all the Judges of the Supreme Court at Washington put together.

It is not surprising, when one knows how the Judges are chosen and paid, to find that the best men do not become

Judges. People who are making eight, or ten, or fifteen thousand pounds a year at the Bar cannot be expected to accept places, especially temporary places, worth eight hundred or a thousand only, nor is it certain, in some States, that if they offered themselves they would be chosen. It is only where the office is held for life and is surrounded with a good deal of dignity, that eminent lawyers will accept it. This is the case in Massachusetts, and there accordingly the Bench of the highest Courts is filled by persons who, if they have not always had the largest practice, are yet for the most part thoroughly competent and upright. The traditional glory of the Supreme Federal Court, and its political importance as the guardian of the law and interpreter in the last resort of the written Constitution, make a seat in it still an object of ambition. But it is sometimes found impossible to induce the best men to take it—for to be able to do so they must have already saved a respectable fortune. Not long ago, when the Chief Justiceship of this Court seemed likely to be vacant, and the question of filling it up was talked about, many people thought that one very eminent lawyer, who would have done honour to it, would probably refuse because he might not be able to afford the great loss of income it would have involved. It sometimes happens that Judges of this Court or in the Supreme Courts of the several States resign their offices and go back to the Bar.<sup>1</sup>

The social position of the judiciary, depending to a great extent upon income and upon the eminence of those who compose it, is not generally good, and seems to be still further sinking. The Federal Judges, holding for life, appear to stand well, and so do those in Massachusetts. But in most of the States, a State Judge would not take rank with the leaders of the Bar and the most cultivated members of the mercantile class, or, if he did, would do so in virtue

of some personal merits. His official rank would count for little or nothing. Speaking of one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of New York City, a prominent politician once said to me: "I don't think him so bad a fellow as they make out; he has always been very friendly to me, and would give me a midnight injunction or do anything else for me at a moment's notice; and he's not an ill-natured man. But of course he's the last person I should ever dream of asking to my house." New York City is exceptional, and the functionary in question was exceptional even there; but in Pennsylvania, in Connecticut, in the middle and western States generally, Judges are held in but slight esteem. They have not even those external badges of dignity which, childish as they may appear to the philosopher, have so much power over the imaginations of the mass of mankind, and are not without a valuable reflex influence on the person whom they surround, raising his sense of his position and reminding him of its responsibilities. They wear no robe of office nor other characteristic dress, have no attendants to escort them, are in all respects treated like ordinary citizens. Popular sentiment, which has done away with academical costume in the Universities, tolerates nothing that seems to elevate or even mark off a man from his fellows.

The results of the condition of things which I have tried to sketch, though less serious than might have been expected, have yet been certainly unfavourable both to the substance of the law and to its administration. In many, perhaps in most States, the Bar does not greatly respect the Bench, and shows that it does not. Imputations of partiality or incompetence are freely thrown out. Decisions carry little moral weight; business is often conducted in a lax and slovenly manner. An immense mass of reports accumulates, containing many conflicting decisions, and adding to the difficulties caused by having a separate system of law for each State: for as there is no appeal from the Supreme Court of a State, there is no means of settling whether it, or the Court of another State which

<sup>1</sup> The courtesy of society continues their title both to these ex-Judges and to those whose term of office has expired; so one meets abundance of "Judges" practising at the Bar. For social purposes, once a Judge always a Judge.

takes a different view of the law, is in the right.<sup>1</sup> This would be a misfortune in any case, but it is much more of a misfortune when the Bench which pronounces the decisions is filled by men of inferior learning and acumen. However, the cases are generally ably argued by the Bar, so that the Judge has every chance of going right given him, and he has the great advantage of being able to refer to the decisions of the higher Federal Courts, whose appeal system makes their law better, and to our English Law Reports, whose moral authority is deservedly very high.<sup>2</sup> The uncertainty of the decisions, and the sort of general looseness which comes to prevail in procedure, have an unfavourable influence on men's interest in law as a science, and it opens a door to favouritism and corruption at which weak and unprincipled men are sure to enter in.

The weightiest question, and the one which has most interest for Englishmen who have heard so many vague and exaggerated statements respecting the failure of justice in American courts, remains to be mentioned. How far have the honour and purity of the Bench suffered? and if they have, is the evil due to defective political arrangements, or to causes more deeply seated? No graver question can be asked respecting any country than whether its Government discharges the chief function for which civil government exists—the protection of citizens against fraud and violence, the decision of their disputes upon fixed principles, the satisfaction of their wounded feelings of right, the substitution of legal redress for self-help and revenge. Since the time of the Hebrew prophets and Hesiod, the

unjust Judge has been the commonest object of popular hatred—the living embodiment of misgovernment and wrong, and that not without reason, for he is placed there to represent and defend right and justice; and if his light be darkness, how great is that darkness! To us Englishmen in particular, a society where the Bench is or believed to be corrupt seems an utter failure, rotten in its very foundations. Now, righteous as this horror may be in a moral point of view, and true as it may be politically, that judicial purity is as sure a test of good government as can be proposed, the experience of other countries and past times may convince us, that it would be an error to condemn every State which falls below the standard we have set up. Strange it may appear, yet true it is, that there are places where many public virtues and an efficient administration exist side by side with Courts whose integrity is more than doubtful.

To give a faithful picture of the condition of the United States in this matter is extremely hard. An American could not do it unless he had spent years in visiting and learning to know different parts of the country; much more then must a stranger feel diffident in stating such results as his comparatively hasty inquiries enable him to reach. But about two things there can, I venture to think, be no substantial doubt. One of these is that judicial corruption does exist, and exists in a gross and shocking form. The other is that it is extremely limited in area. Save in one or two States, and conspicuously in Massachusetts, whose Judges are not less upright, and many of them not less able than our own, the State Judges are usually weak men, inferior (with some brilliant exceptions) in learning, ability, and social standing to the leaders of the Bar, often careless of their dignity, and sometimes, though rarely, warped by party feelings. But they are almost always honest people, who feel the responsibilities of their office, and do their best to administer substantial justice between man and man. In one State only have they, or rather some among them, abandoned de-

<sup>1</sup> In Illinois and Wisconsin it is held not to be negligence in a passenger to put his arm out of the window of a railway carriage; while the Courts of New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, hold that it is. The *American Law Review* advises the prudent traveller, before he leans out of the car window, to ascertain through what jurisdiction he is moving.

<sup>2</sup> One does not realize the importance of the English Bench and Bar till one goes to the United States or some of our greater English colonies, and perceives that in this little island we are making law for half the civilized world.

cency as well as purity, sold justice and denied it in the face of day. But that State is unfortunately the wealthiest and the most populous, the State most visited by Europeans, the State whose commercial relations with England are closest, the State which foreigners are apt to regard as a type of the whole country, the "Empire State," as it proudly calls itself, the great State of New York. The phenomena which have made its bench what it is are so curious, that at the risk of some little digression an attempt must be made to sketch them.

There is a notable tendency in any principle or doctrine which has once acquired an ascendancy over men's minds, to go on working itself out in its applications, far beyond the limits within which it was first recognized as true, and within which an educated judgment would still confine it. Every serious thinker knows that in politics no principle, however generally sound, can be applied absolutely and universally; it must be kept subject to a variety of restrictions and qualifications suggested by the social and economical conditions of the community wherein or whereon it is to operate. But when a nation has come under the influence of abstract notions, the power of a principle, nakedly regarded, becomes very great, and men apply it crudely and out of season, not heeding or discerning those limitations and countervailing principles whose force is felt by the trained intelligence; or, in other words, they do not apprehend the principle in its reality and its application to the concrete, but a sort of outline or skeleton thereof, apart from the data which while they establish its truth serve also to determine its limits. Logic, or a kind of bastard consistency which calls itself logic, is very powerful in half-educated minds,<sup>1</sup> and makes them desire to bring everything into conformity with a rudely conceived ideal, even at the risk of overthrowing institutions substantially useful. There have been many examples

of this tendency in modern Europe, as well as in the ancient world, and one may trace its presence even in England, where, however, it has usually been met and overpowered by that opposite feeling of attachment to existing arrangements, which some of us call prejudice, others selfishness, and others reverence for the past.

In the United States the idea of democracy has obtained this sort of sway. The people, whose imagination is in some directions very susceptible, became intoxicated with the notion of freedom, and were ready to go great lengths in their pursuit of that rather bare and negative conception. The noble idea of the equality before God of all His rational creatures, from which the founders of the Republic started, was soon taken to involve not only the equality of all citizens before the law, but also the equality, so far as it could be attained, of their social position and their political rights. From this again the transition was easy to a belief in their equal capacity and worth, the notion expressed by the phrase that one man is as good as another, and a great deal better. A feeling similar to that which caused magistrates to be chosen by lot in Athens and some of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages, disposed the people to withdraw power from the Executive, and exercise it either directly by popular vote, or through the representative assemblies, and the tide of opinion set very strongly against anything which either politically or socially appeared to raise a man above his fellows. Thus it was that the nomination of Judges was taken from the Governor of the State and given to the people, and that the life-tenure of judicial office was done away with. The confusion of political with natural—i.e. intellectual and moral—equality, and the want of an appreciation of the worth of special training, produced the notion that any man was good enough for any office; hence the low salaries given to the Judges, and the carelessness with which they are chosen.

The crisis of the change, which advanced with varying rapidity in different States, is marked in New York by the year 1846,

<sup>1</sup> Minds, that is to say, which are really active and capable of appreciating ideas, but with little knowledge of the sciences that bear on politics.

when the Constitutional Convention, directing, among other things, that the judiciary should hold office for a limited term, and be chosen immediately by the voters in each locality, announced in their circular address that "the happiness of the people of this State will henceforth, under God, be in their own hands." It was a bold experiment, condemned when it was made by some of the wisest citizens, and among others by the illustrious Chancellor Kent. Still, if the people of the State had remained what they were in 1846, it might have led to no very bad results. But 1846 was the year of the Irish famine, and from that time till now a new influence has been at work. *Jampridem Syrus in Tiberim. defluxit Orontes*—the turbid stream of immigration has filled the city to overflowing, and brought dangers with it, which the framers of the amended constitution could not have foreseen. New York has certain political faults in common with other parts of the Union—the multiplicity of elections, for instance, which throws politics into the hands of a class, and the distribution of patronage on mere party grounds. Others, however, are peculiar and local. It is the only great city in America which is not American. Of the 1,400,000 inhabitants of New York City and Brooklyn, two-fifths at least are foreign by birth or immediate descent. The number of voters in the city proper was very recently given as 71,342 persons of foreign against 113,266 persons of native birth, a statement which does not fully represent the strength of the former, since many who rank as American born are for most practical purposes still foreigners. The foreign element consists mainly of Irish, recent immigrants, not naturally ill-disposed, but ignorant, poor, shiftless, tending to congregate in the dens of the city rather than scatter themselves, like the Germans, over the broad West, and thrown by their very virtues—their lively sympathies, their attachment to the teachers of religion, their Irish patriotism—into the hands of the priests and the political leaders with whom the priests are allied. All the Irish, as well

as many of the Germans, join the democratic party, influenced partly by the name, partly by hatred to the negroes, partly by an aversion to the more puritanical tendencies of the Republicans, among whom are to be found the enemies of beer saloons and Sunday amusements. Their vote is of paramount consequence to the Democrats, and the knot of unscrupulous leaders who command it were thus able to command the democratic party not merely in the city, but throughout the whole State. This was the easier, because the American part of the city population is extremely fluctuating, and passionately absorbed both in business and pleasure. Having thus come to control both the State legislature and the municipal government, these leaders used their power with an insolent recklessness unheard of elsewhere. Followed through thick and thin by their compact mass of Irish voters, they enriched themselves and their creatures out of the public revenue, filled every place with their dependants, and provided for their continuance in office by the use of what is humorously called the "breech-loading" ballot box, one which they half filled with voting tickets of their own colour before the opening of the polls. It was evidently necessary for these plunderers to have in the seat of justice accomplices who might check inquiry into their misdeeds. This the system of popular elections for very short terms enabled them to do; and men were accordingly placed on the Bench whom one might rather have expected to see in the dock—bar-room loafers, broken down Tombs<sup>1</sup> attorneys, needy adventurers whose want of character made them absolutely dependent on their patrons. Being elected for five years only, these fellows were obliged to purchase re-election by constant subservience to the party managers. They were not answerable to public opinion, for they were already excluded from decent society; impeachment had no terror for them, since the legislature at Albany, as

<sup>1</sup> The Tombs is the name of the city prison of New York, round which lawyers of the lowest class hover in the hope of picking up defences.

well as the whole executive machinery of the city, was in the hands of their masters. It would have been vain to expect such people, without fear of God or man before their eyes, to resist the temptations which wealthy men and powerful companies could offer. They knew why they were there, and acted accordingly.

The fall was sudden and terrible; but to what precise point of infamy these Judges descended it is impossible, among so many discordant stories and rumours, to determine. Satan, as an eminent lawyer observed, does not readily unveil the secrets of his invisible world. It is however beyond a doubt that some among them, whom everyone can name, have committed flagrant violations of law and justice; have made orders in defiance of the plainest rules of practice; issued in rum shops injunctions which they had not even read over; allowed a party to the cause to serve an injunction by telegraph; appointed notorious vagabonds receivers of valuable property;<sup>1</sup> turned over important cases to a friend of their own stamp, and given whatever decision he suggested. It is also certain that some of these magistrates are under the influence of particular members of the Bar, who can obtain from them whatever order or decree they choose to ask for. A leading lawyer and man of high character said to me, "When a client brings me a suit which is before — (naming a Judge), I feel myself bound to tell him that though I will take it if he pleases, he had much better give it to So-and-So (naming a lawyer), for we all know that he owns that Judge." A system of client robbery has sprung up by which each Judge enriches the knot of disreputable lawyers who surround him; he refers cases to them, grants them monstrous allowances in the name of costs, gives them receiverships with a large percentage, and so forth; they in turn either presently, as people suppose,

making it up to him, or undertaking to do the same for him when he shall have descended to the Bar and they climbed to the Bench. Nor is there any doubt that criminals who have any claim on their party often manage to elude punishment. The police, it is said, will not arrest such an offender if they can help it; the District Attorney (public prosecutor) will avoid prosecuting him; the court officials, if public opinion has forced the Attorney to act, will try to pack the jury; the Judge, if the jury seem honest, will sum up for an acquittal; and if in spite of police, Attorney, officials, and Judge, he is convicted and sentenced, he may still hope that the influence of his party will procure a pardon from the Governor of the State, or enable him in some other way to slip out of the grasp of justice. For Governor, Judge, Attorney, officials, and police are all of them party nominees; and if a man cannot count on being helped by his party at a pinch, who will be faithful to his party? Some of the stories one hears on this head are incredible, but where there is so much smoke there must be some fire.

Nevertheless, although these malpractices have gone far enough to create immense scandal, and divert a good deal of business from the courts to private arbitration, the damage to the regular course of civil justice has been much less than might have been expected. The guilty Judges are comparatively few: only three, so far as one can make out, are universally given up as reprobate; and there is no reason to think that even they would decide unjustly in an ordinary commercial suit between man and man, or would take a direct money bribe from one of the parties. The better opinion seems to be that it is only where the influence of a political party or a personal friend comes in that injustice may be expected, and the truth, I believe, was spoken by another Judge, an honest and worthy man, who, in talking of the most unblushing of these offenders, said, "Well, I don't much like —; he is certainly a bad fellow, with very little delicacy of mind. He'll give you an injunction

<sup>1</sup> "In the minds of certain New York Judges," says a well-known writer in the *American Law Review*, for January 1872, "the old-fashioned distinction between a receiver of property in a Court of Equity and a receiver of stolen goods at Common Law, may be said to have been lost."

without hearing what it's about. But I don't think he takes money down." In the instance which made most noise in Europe, that of the Erie Railroad suits, there is no ground to believe that any direct bribes were given. The gang of thieves who had gained the control of the line and were "watering" its stock, were leagued with the gang of thieves who ruled the city and nominated the Judges, the so-called Tammany Ring; and nobody doubts that the monstrous decisions in these suits, as well as the Erie Classification Act, passed by the State Legislature at Albany, were obtained by the influence of the Tammany leaders over their judicial minions. These considerations ought to make some difference to our minds, though I admit that the distinction between political and pecuniary corruption is not very great, and that where a few wicked men have gone first there is reason to fear that many weak men will follow after. It is however very important to remember that the scandals are confined to New York State, and the worst of them to New York City, and that they exist there because it is really a foreign city, to whose population and circumstances the democratic system which works so well in the rural districts and the smaller towns is quite unsuited. It may, moreover, be hoped that they are now, like a bad dream, past and gone. The Tammany Ring has been overthrown, the Tammany Judges are already threatened with impeachment, and the lately-kindled public indignation is sure to put honest men in their room.

In discussing American affairs one comes sooner or later to the inevitable application of the sermon, to the question what there is for England to learn from seeing the developments to which her institutions have been pushed in the new country. American lawyers insist that we ought to be warned by their example against sudden changes in procedure, alleging that the lax and uncertain character of their new practice in New York has done much to facilitate judicial wrongdoing. An Englishman is more struck by the lesson which the circumstances of the whole country teach

of the importance of sustaining the dignity of judicial office, and reserving to our own Superior Courts their primary jurisdiction in all cases where large interests are involved. It is from the twenty-seven or thirty Judges of these Courts that we take our conception of the judicial office; their dignity, their reputation for intelligence and purity, helps to support the virtue and position of their less exalted brethren throughout the country, who do not live in the blaze of publicity that surrounds Westminster Hall and Lincoln's Inn. The growth of local Courts, therefore, ought not to be suffered to throw into the background these superior Judges, nor destroy that influence on the country which the system of circuits, and the habit of bringing business from all parts of England to the High Court of Chancery, have so long given them. Suits, moreover, are of not unfrequent occurrence—any practitioner will remember some within the last two or three years—in which the decision of a local Court might not inspire the confidence we now feel in the perfect fairness and integrity of the Bench, and in which the possibility of an appeal might by no means remedy any mischief done.<sup>1</sup>

It is natural to ask, in conclusion, what is the probable future of the American judiciary? At this moment things are hopeful in New York, where improvement was most needed. The discovery of the long-suspected frauds perpetrated by the Tammany leaders, produced an explosion of wrath on the part of respectable citizens. The polls were crowded by men who had rarely before troubled themselves with politics. Many of their German adherents forsook the Democratic ranks, and the better class of native Democrats to a great extent did the same. The Irish vote

<sup>1</sup> An obvious example is furnished by suits seeking injunctions against railway and other companies, when the value of the shares may be seriously affected from day to day by the least action on the Judge's part. In Scotland some of the local Courts have a jurisdiction unlimited in amount, but no action can be taken on an interdict issued by such a Court if an appeal is made with due promptness to the Court of Session.

was still faithful, and was strong enough to return Mr. William M. Tweed, "the Boss," as senator, but the rest of the Ring either lost their places or resigned them. They are now scattered and powerless; Tweed himself, a man who in five years had made out of the city a fortune of several millions of dollars, has been arrested and held to bail. The offending Judges have begun to quake, and one of the most notorious, on the occasion of some application made before him in a suit against one of the Tammany robbers, delivered an edifying discourse against corruption, in which he deplored its existence, and intimated his resolution to root it out.<sup>1</sup> Probably these men will be driven off the Bench, and a healthier era begin. Even the substitution of a term of fourteen for one of eight years, made in 1870, by the last Constitutional Convention, is a change for the better; and so is the increase in judicial salaries. It must also be remembered that political scandals have not in America the significance they would have here. The politicians, and in a certain sense the democratic institutions of the country, do not fairly represent the nation, and their faults have not injured it in the way a European would conclude. A corrupt legislature, a corrupt judiciary, would in England or any continental country have a far more wide-reaching and dangerous meaning than in the United States; would imply a corruption in the people at large which most certainly does not exist beyond the Atlantic. It is perfectly true, though in asserting it one hardly expects to be believed, that the tone of the great mass of individual American citizens is infinitely higher than that of the class to which they entrust their public business. There is a heart-soundness about them, a kindliness of nature, a purity of life and simplicity of manners, which makes an impression upon the stranger he can never forget, an impression exactly the reverse of that which is got by reading the run of American newspapers and watch-

ing the intrigues of American parties. One cannot therefore but hope that when the majority of right-minded citizens have realized more fully the importance of putting only men of their own type into office, have thought a little more about politics, so as to free themselves from the dominion of mere names and phrases, have disciplined the recent immigrants and educated them to be fit for democratic institutions, things will take a new turn, and the public life of the nation will become more worthy of its private life. The evils complained of now are very much due to the good-nature and the sanguine temperament of the average American. Spite of his occasionally cynical humour, he takes too-favourable a view of human nature, is too tender to individual miscreants, was for a while so much amused at the impudence of the Tammany Ring and the Tammany Judges that he almost forgot to be angry. He is disposed to think that in such a country as his everything must come right and will come right. The advancing prosperity, the inexhaustible resources of his territory inspire him with a confidence in the future which the past course of human affairs hardly justifies; he forgets that the vices and passions of mankind are always substantially the same, and is less careful than he ought to be to stay the plague of corruption in its first beginnings. Yet it must be confessed that their own history gives the Americans strong grounds for this hopefulness. Anyone who knows how bad things were before the civil war, how demoralizing was the influence of slavery, how complete the control which the slaveholders seemed to have obtained over the government of the country, will not be surprised at the belief which so many of the best citizens express, that when another crisis comes, the same Puritan spirit, the same enthusiasm for the principles of right and the greatness of the nation which overwhelmed slavery, will burst forth again, and, like a careering prairie fire, sweep away in a moment the noxious weeds which have been suffered to cover the ground.

<sup>1</sup> "*Quis tulerit Graecos.*" In New York, people would only have smiled.

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1872.

CHRISTINA NORTH.

BY E. M. ARCHER.

## CHAPTER XV.

BERNARD OSWESTRY had left Overton restless and unhappy, and sore at heart. Christina had been his chief object ever since he could remember; all his hopes and projects had centred in her; and now it was not only that they were shattered, but they had been shattered by her in a way which had left him no one point upon which to seize for consolation. It was not only that she had been inconstant with no excuse; it was not, as he thought, that she cared for anyone else; but simply that for the sake of pleasing her relations and escaping from the difficulties of her position, she had been ready to break the promises upon which he had built so much. It was because of all this that he could not forgive her—not yet—not although he had seen her remorseful and unhappy, not although she had pleaded to him as she had never pleaded to him before. And yet he could not thrust her away altogether. It is not so easily that a true and tender heart can shut itself against the love in which it has trusted. And Bernard loved her still, not as he had loved her before, for sorrow and indignation had taken the place of hope and trust; but yet his love had not passed out of him—it was part of himself, and could not be got rid of.

He left Overton and threw himself  
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into his work with an energy that never flagged, and a patience that was never exhausted. It was a busy life that he led, and fortunately for him there was much of out-door occupation and physical exertion to counteract the effect of his late hours and incessant work.

The architect under whom he was engaged had his office in the midst of a large and thickly populated manufacturing town in the north of England. In the centre of squalor and misery he was raising a church, beautiful in its proportions and rich in its architectural adornments, to stand as a witness for Christianity in the midst of a heathen generation; and it was upon this that Bernard was chiefly engaged as a young man of promise, capable of superintending the more delicate parts, in which taste was as necessary as mechanical skill. But he had also expeditions to make into the country, long days to spend in hurrying from place to place through the fresh air, which gave him a relief both mental and physical, else the perpetual strain upon his nerves must have broken down even his naturally healthy organization. He was young and inexperienced, and it was thus that he strove to drive away thought.

Even old Mr. Withers, the head of the firm, who rarely condescended to give a thought to the well-being or characters of his clerks, noticed the

change in him ; for he had before been struck by his light-hearted zeal as much as by his aptitude for his business. Now he went so far as to remark on his pale and altered looks, and to inquire if he had anything on his mind,—had he been getting into money difficulties ? He did not like to see a young man who didn't care for reasonable relaxations, and came to office in the morning looking as if he had been up all night.

Bernard thanked him, but laughed at the idea that anything was wrong with him ; he would confide nothing ; and Mr. Withers, who had made an unusual exertion in broaching the subject, said no more, but was rather confirmed in his suspicions. He said he was sorry for it ; he feared young Oswestry was going to the bad : there was a hardness about him he did not like to see ; and he was positively alarmed when one day on going into the church he found Bernard walking unconcernedly about on some scaffolding at the top of the nave, where even old hands would have gone with precaution and some appliances for safety.

"What do you mean, sir ?" he asked angrily, when Bernard had leisurely descended into the body of the church. "It is not your business to be dancing the tight-rope here ! If you want to break your neck, I beg it may not happen in my church."

"There was no danger, sir. I had gone to examine the carving," Bernard answered quietly ; but Mr. Withers said to himself that he was not only hard but reckless.

Thus it was that he passed the fortnight of Christina's engagement to Mr. Warde, and then came the letter which told of what had taken place, and of how she was now Captain Cleasby's promised wife. He could not understand it for the moment. His mother's letter had come to him in the morning, but he had felt little interest in it, and a dislike to anything which would carry his thoughts back to Overton, and so he had thrust it into his pocket, and it was not until the dinner hour came round, and the workmen had dispersed, that he thought of reading it.

He had been round the corner of the street and got his glass of beer and bread and cheese for luncheon, and now he had nothing to do until two o'clock should strike ; so he went back into the empty church and took out his letter.

Few of the windows were as yet put in, and the wind blew chilly through the large empty church where the workmen's tools were lying about, and the blocks of unsculptured stone were the only landmarks in the open space. Bernard sat down upon one of them and read his letter through once very slowly. Then he turned back again to the beginning, and read some words over and over again until he began dimly to apprehend their meaning ; and when he did apprehend it, the course which things had taken and the motives which had been at work were fully revealed to him. Then it was not as he had imagined—Christina did indeed love some one else. For an instant a pang shot through him,—for an instant only, and then everything else gave way to a nobler, purer feeling of exultation. She had been wrong—cruelly wrong—as regarded his happiness, but she was not, as she had seemed, heartless, governed by prudential considerations. She had had a battle to fight, and she had been conquered ; she had allowed herself to be driven into tortuous paths, but at least she was not incapable of comprehending something higher than temporalities : at least he need not fear that her life would be narrowed so as to suit her creed, her aspirations lowered, and her future a blank.

Bernard stood up and pushed back his hair from his face, and though the tears were in his eyes, he smiled and said "Thank God," as he stood all alone, shut out from the world in the midst of the busy life in the streets around him. He was only two-and-twenty, and for him there was nothing left of the dream which had made life so beautiful. The spring of his years had passed with its promise and its freshness, but at least there was left to him the knowledge that he had not believed in a delusion ; he might still keep the faith which had so

nearly been taken from him ; and in this moment the church in which he stood was consecrated by a thanksgiving so unselfish, and a joy so unearthly, as to be near to that with which the angels of God rejoice.

That evening, sitting alone in his little lodging in one of the narrow streets of the town, he wrote to Christina. He was still sorrowful and hopeless so far as his own future was concerned ; but the bitterness had been taken from him, and he could write to her as he could not have written to her before.

"DEAR CHRISTINA,—I have heard, and at last I know—I understand. My life will not be an altogether sad one since you are happy. I thought I could not forgive you, but I forgive you now. Thank God, Christina, that it is not as I thought. Do not let the thought of me bring you nothing but reproach ; remember all the happiness you gave me ; remember that you have given me more than you can ever take away ;—and even in this world there are better things than happiness, and yet I am glad that it has fallen to your lot. God bless you now and always.

"BERNARD OSWESTRY."

In the meantime at Overton everything was prospering. Mr. North retained but little of his prejudice against the marriage ; Mrs. North did not openly express her dissatisfaction ; and, now that it was all arranged, Miss Cleasby had reconciled herself with a good grace to what could not be helped. She had desired to prevent it ; she was not now assured that it was for her brother's happiness or for Christina's, but she had warned him, and he would not be warned ; she had tried to guard Christina, and Christina would not be guarded ; and now she had made up her mind that destiny had settled it without any regard to her wishes, and she was anxious to be kind to the girl for Walter's sake, trusting the rest to time. He was pledged to her now, and she had no wish to make him depart from that pledge.

She called at the White House, but

Christina was out, and Mr. North less well, and his daughter-in-law with him ; so she did not see anyone, but only left a message, hoping that Miss North would come and see her some time ; and that same afternoon, Christina, coming in as it was growing dusk, found the message awaiting her, and said that she would go at once. There was still more than an hour before her grandfather's dinner hour, and she felt that she would like to get the meeting over ; not that she dreaded it, but she was curious and impatient to see Miss Cleasby again, now that their relative positions had undergone so strange and startling a change.

She went in for one moment just to give her grandfather the newspaper she had procured for him at the village post-office ; and then she went across the road, and in at the Park gates and up the hill towards the house.

She remembered how she had left it ; how she had said to herself that she would never enter those doors again : she remembered her first meeting with Miss Cleasby, and how full she had been of excitement and curiosity and uncertainty ; and now she threw back her head a little as she thought how changed it all was. She had not thought as yet of the Park as the home of which she would be mistress ; she was too imaginative to have as yet given much heed to the practical bearings of the position ; but she did think that all this was his, and he was hers.

She rang at the door and asked for Miss Cleasby, and was told that she was at home ; and she knew that the servant had glanced at her with polite interest as he threw open the drawing-room door and announced her to his mistress.

Miss Cleasby was in a low chair by the fire, for the weather was growing chilly, and both she and her brother had been accustomed to warm climates. She looked very comfortable, a novel in her hand, and a little table with a perfect little china tea-service close beside her ; and she did not get up when she saw it was only Christina,

but held out her hands, and drew her down to her and kissed her.

"I am so glad you have come," she said; "now we can have a little talk all to ourselves. I was so sorry you were out this afternoon. Walter told me all about it, my dear, and I wanted to see you. I don't want us to be strangers to each other long."

Christina had sat down by her, and she was leaning lazily back as usual; but she was looking at Christina all the time, rather as if she were a new and interesting study.

"I was not quite pleased, just at first," Miss Cleasby went on with gentle candour. "But I suppose that wouldn't have mattered much to you."

"Not comparatively much," said Christina, smiling—thinking at that moment that nothing could have mattered except the one thing.

"No, I suppose not," said Augusta. "Well, it's the old story; so old that I don't see why one should be surprised. You know, Walter and I have been everything to each other, but it wasn't a very bright look-out for him, and of course I expected he would marry some time or other, and I feel nearly sure that he could not have done better than he has," Miss Cleasby concluded; and then she took another long considering look at Christina.

There was something about her composed and kindly manner which would have prevented anyone from taking offence. Christina was proud, but her pride did not show itself in over-sensitiveness. She sat there tranquil and happy, with her brilliant eyes gazing far beyond external things into the bright future which was unfolding itself before her.

"And how will you like to make your home at Overton? Are you glad that Walter is settled here,—or would you have liked to go out and see the world?"

"It is a new world to me," said Christina, simply.

"Well, I suppose so," said Augusta. "Poor child, you must have had a dreary

existence: after all, I don't know that new places and external changes have much to do with constituting a really eventful life. We might see more, if we were to travel about in our own minds and a few other people's and study their intricate windings; and we should get into queer places too, I fancy, sometimes; but people think much more of getting over so many square miles, or of reading so many books, than of searching out a few fellow-creatures."

"I should hate to feel I was being studied just for some one's amusement," said Christina.

"Why should you? you can do the same by them,—it is a mutual advantage."

"I don't think so. I don't care to know about people at all, unless I like them."

"Ah, that is a very youthful creed," said Miss Cleasby. "You have yet to learn how dependent we are upon each other. You think that you could have done very well without me; but all the same it is better that we should be friends: and I am glad that you are so pretty!"

Christina was sitting still in her hat and feather, with her cloak a little thrown back, and her delicately made hands clasped together in her lap; and she was looking her prettiest, with the light in her eyes and her masses of brown hair hanging rather loosely about the lovely contour of her face. She was not the least embarrassed by Augusta's remark, for of course she knew quite well that she was beautiful; and it was only Captain Cleasby's acknowledgment of the fact which concerned her very much.

"I am glad too," she said, and laughed.

And after that, they drew together, as girls do draw together, and grew intimate, and talked happily for a little longer; and then Christina remembered her grandfather's dinner, and went away with a sense that something had been added to her life: she had known so few girls, and though Miss Cleasby was a good deal older than she was, they had

met, as it were, upon equal ground, and there was no reason why they should not be friends.

Captain Cleasby came in half an hour afterwards, and was more vexed than his sister thought natural at finding that he had missed Christina's visit. He only brightened into pleased interest when she spoke warmly in her praise and admired her beauty.

"I am so glad you have taken to her," he said; "I thought you could not help it. Did you ever see anything more perfect than her smile—it lights up her whole face: the suddenness of it is so peculiar, it comes with such a flash, and then fades away quite slowly. I knew if you had any prejudices left they must vanish when you saw more of her."

"The prejudices were not personal to her, Walter: and don't suppose that I have contrived to find out all about her already. I acknowledge her charm, of course, but I don't know any more than you do about her other qualities. Has she any education, or accomplishments, or money, or connection? I don't want to be discouraging; only I was wondering if you had thought any of these things worthy of your consideration."

"Certainly not," answered Captain Cleasby, quietly; "these things, my dear Augusta, are all very well in their way, but they are not what I require in my wife. Defend me from your scientific educational women, who are for ever forcing information down your throat, and think the arts of dress and conversation are quite beneath their notice. Christina understands what you mean before you have spoken; she throws a fresh light upon everything she looks at; she is not the least afraid of being ignorant, and doesn't know what moral cowardice is. I don't know what more you can want. As to accomplishments, of course she has never been in the way of them. The money would have been welcome enough if she had had it—it looks uncommonly like my being done out of my patrimony by these plausible gentlemen in London, who are for ever writing to me,

in that mystic tone peculiar to the profession of the law, about things I don't understand; and I have no particular fancy for love in a cottage—but she hasn't got it, so there is an end of the matter. I don't think even you would have supposed me qualified for an heiress-hunt. To begin with, I should never have had the energy."

"Nor the enthusiasm about your object. It has been your way to wait under the trees for the fruit to fall. If I am inclined to be sorry about it, it is not because of any mercenary designs that I have formed. As it is done, you know, I mean to like it; but still, I can't help thinking, why did you do it? what was it for? She was going to be married so comfortably to the Curate."

"For whom she didn't care a straw," interrupted her brother.

"I really don't see that that was our affair," said Augusta, disconsolately; "and now you have taken all the responsibility upon your shoulders,—you who know nothing really of what you are undertaking! You have known her four or five months; you have found out that she has a lovely smile and splendid eyes, and holds her head like seven duchesses—and so you make her throw over that nice, sensible curate for you!"

"Let that nice, sensible curate alone, my dear Augusta; he has fortitude enough for anything,—your mind runs too much upon him, and just now I want you to devote your whole attention to the hero and heroine of this little drama—that is to say, to me and Christina. For whose sake is it that you deplore our engagement, hers or mine?"

"It is just this, Walter," said Miss Cleasby, sitting upright with her hands clasped round her knees, and looking into the fire: "it is just this—that it is an unequal bargain. She was going to marry Mr. Warde, and she had a fair chance of happiness. I don't suppose they either of them cared much, but people marry on that sort of foundation every day, and mutual respect grows, and they shake down into each other's

ways, and no harm comes of it. That would have been all fair enough, and each side would have known what to expect. But see how different it is now. She loves you, poor child, and thinks you all that is heroic; and you have winning ways, Walter—"She stopped a moment, and looked at him as he stood before her leaning one arm upon the marble chimney-piece, with the glowing firelight full on his graceful figure and fair, distinguished face; and then she went on: "You have been making love to her, and she believes in it; but a delusion cannot last for ever, and when she finds out that she has made a mistake, how will it be? You cannot, do what you will, make the awakening other than bitter. She is in love with you, poor child, and I don't say it has been altogether your fault—I suppose there is sometimes a fatality about things; but how will it be when she finds you have married her out of pity, when all the time she was thinking that you loved her?"

Captain Cleasby was very cool and self-possessed, but he had still the sort of sensitiveness which made him colour at his sister's words. She was surprised as she noticed the sudden flush which rose to his face; and then he came and knelt down by her, and put his arms round her as he had been used to do in his caressing boyish days. His face was close to hers now, and he was looking full at her with his candid grey eyes.

"You think badly of me still, Gusty," he said almost coaxingly.

"Not badly, Walter, only I wish that you loved her."

"Upon my soul I do."

There was a silence: his words had carried conviction with them. They were earnest and even impassioned in their brevity. His sister did not speak in answer, but she took his face between her hands and kissed him.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THAT same evening, after dinner, in spite of his sister's remonstrances, Captain Cleasby walked down the hill to the White House in the pouring rain. It

was blowing hard, and he was never very strong, or proof against a wetting, and she did all she could to keep him at home; but he laughed at her fears, said he must inquire after Mr. North, and would not be deterred.

He was putting on his coat in the hall, and humming "*Vedrai carino*" softly to himself, when the evening letters were brought in, but he only glanced at the business-like looking covers, and put his head in again at the drawing-room door to say—

"My dear Augusta, would it amuse you to open my letters and answer them for me? I don't want you to be dull, but I am afraid I shall not be back for an hour and more."

Then he tramped across the hall, and out into the driving storm, wondering a little at himself. He was naturally indolent and disinclined to exert himself either for his own advantage or for other people's: he was considerate and unwilling to give pain; his manners were gentle and courteous, and his affection for his sister deep and sincere. In general he was too indifferent as regarded other people to be either exacting or sensitive; his personal interests were not many; but, on the other hand, his toleration was almost universal. Hitherto there had been nothing for which he would willingly have made a great sacrifice; and now he was surprised at himself as he became conscious that a change had passed over him. Christina had awakened a new feeling within him: he had told his sister, and truly, that he loved her.

And it was new to him to feel that there was something of real consequence to him. It was not that he had hitherto been absorbed in his own ambition or gratification, for he was neither selfish nor ambitious; it was simply that nothing had appeared of much importance to him hitherto, and now life wore a new aspect: the view was widening; it was the same world upon which he looked, but it seemed larger, for he saw it with different eyes. As he had said to Christina, it was a new heaven and earth to him.

There was a light burning in Mr. North's study, and he thought that Christina would have heard his knock and would have come out to the door; but the house seemed very still, and it was Janet who came to let him in.

There was no welcome in Janet's face; but she asked him to walk into the parlour, and she would tell Miss North.

"Is she with her grandfather?" he asked; "perhaps I ought not to disturb her."

"No, she isn't with Mr. North," Janet answered rather crossly. Bernard had been her favourite, and she had guessed more than anyone else of what his hopes had been; and now she could not be gracious to his rival: and then she added, not without a certain grim satisfaction in dealing what she conceived would be a blow to his pride, that Miss Christina had been doing up some arrowroot for her grandfather's supper, and she had stopped by the kitchen fire to warm herself a bit.

"Oh! in the kitchen, is she?" said Walter: and then he laid his hand upon the handle of the door, and had shut it behind him, leaving the discomfited Janet in the passage outside, before she had time to make any remonstrance. She did not dare to follow, but went away grumbling into the back regions.

Christina was sitting on a low stool by the fire, with her head resting upon her hands. There were traces of tears upon her face, and her eyes looked sad and troubled. So absorbed was she in her own thoughts, that Captain Cleasby had come in and had stood for a moment looking at her before she was aware of his presence, and even when she saw him she did not seem for an instant to realize it. She gave him no greeting, but sat there, still looking at him half vacantly and half bewildered. It was the first time that Walter had not found everything give way to him; it was the first time that she had not brightened and flushed at his approach; and it gave him a slight unreasonable shock to find that she was capable of being so occupied, by something of which he knew nothing, as not to know that

he was in the room. Yet it was but an instant; the look of comprehension returned, and she started up with the exclamation, "Walter, is it you? I did not expect—I did not know you for the minute; I was thinking of something else."

"So I perceived," said Captain Cleasby; "and I walked in just at the right moment to call back your thoughts into their proper channel. Where have they been wandering?"

He spoke lightly, but, looking at her steadily as he spoke, he saw that again her eyes had filled with tears, and his tone changed in a moment.

"What is it, dearest?" he said fondly, kneeling down by her. "You know you have no secrets from me. What has been troubling you?"

"The ghosts of my faults, I think," she said. "Oh, Walter," she went on hurriedly, "I ought to have told you before. I thought of it, and then I seemed too happy to do anything which might break the charm. But I must say it now; no,"—as he would have spoken,—"I want to say it now—don't interrupt me—don't speak before you know." And then she stood up and drew herself away from him. "Before Mr. Warde spoke to me, before you came to Overton, I was engaged to be married to my cousin, Bernard Oswestry." She paused a moment; then, as he made no answer, she went on: "No one knew of it but ourselves; we did not expect to be able to marry for a long time, and grandpapa would not have liked it. It was not Bernard's fault that it was kept a secret—nothing has been his fault; it was all mine. I was very cruel to him. When I found I could not marry him, I could not write or do anything to make it better—and he heard it through his mother."

She had spoken distinctly, but rapidly and low; and now she paused to take breath, feeling as if she had made the revelation and taken the fatal step, and had nothing to do but to await the consequences. She had not known how much it would cost her. She had so

long accustomed herself to look upon her engagement to Bernard and her conduct towards him as something exclusively their own, that in the first bewilderment of her happiness, she had thought of him with a compassionate regret and deep self-reproach, without considering whether Captain Cleasby had not a right to be told of what had been between them, and without taking into account the effect that the knowledge might have upon him. Now for the first time she had felt herself moved to confession from the very consciousness of the fear which was strengthening itself each moment as to the issues of her confession.

That fear grew stronger as she waited for his answer;—it was pressing upon her heart and stifling more words. Could she a second time ask him for forgiveness? Could he be expected to forgive? Yet her attitude was not that of a suppliant. She stood erect; she did not look at him, but her eyes were not cast down. If he wished for freedom, he should be free. She would do nothing to make him think that she could not live without him—that she was trembling as she waited for his words.

“And when did this little episode take place?” he said coldly, breaking the silence.

“We were engaged a year ago,”—and she, too, spoke calmly.

“And when did you discover your inability to fulfil your engagement?”

She might have said that it was when she first knew him, when she first could no longer hope to give Bernard that for which he had waited, when she made up her mind that she could not go to him with a lie upon her lips. But something held her back, and she could not speak of this.

“We parted at the time I became engaged to Mr. Warde. I was at that time engaged to Bernard.”

“You engaged yourself to Warde at the same time that you were promised to your cousin!” he said, roused to severity. “You did not even break with him first! and when you had been

bound to him for a year! I do not wish to ask what, perhaps, I have no right to know, what concerns him only, but how am I to understand you? I had thought, Christina, that you could not deceive; and now your past is so full of complications that I cannot comprehend it. I cannot reconcile you to your past.”

Christina sat down wearily, but she made no answer. She could not frame excuses, nor put together extenuating circumstances.

“I could understand your engagement to Warde,” he went on: “your grandfather wished it; you liked and respected him; there was nothing to draw you back, there was no call to deceive, there was everything to make you think it a duty to accept him; and when I had spoken, you could no longer hold to that, and everything altered by no fault of your own. But then, how am I to understand your breaking with your cousin? Had you no heart to see what you were doing? Why should you have deliberately wrecked the poor boy’s happiness?”

Her whole being, mental and physical, was strained to the effort to abstain from tears. She would not move him by any cry or sign of weakness; she would not, if she could help it, even plead in her own defence. As of old, her pride and independence kept her silent.

“Have I been hard?” he said. “If I have, remember why, Christina. Remember it is because to me it is everything to know that I have not trusted you in vain. I do not want to be hard to you, but I must know; you must tell me that I may trust you, and then I will ask you no more about the past. Put your hands in mine, Christina, and say, ‘Walter, I am true’—then I ask no more.”

“I am, I am,—I meant to be,” she said through her tears which could no longer be repressed.

“Then why did you get into these entanglements?” he said, more softly, keeping the hands which she had held out to him still clasped in his. “Or

am I to keep my promise and ask no more?"

"You may ask," she said; "it is only of me that you can hear any harm. Bernard was everything that was most generous and straightforward. He had wished it—he had thought of it for a long time; and at first he could not—but now he has forgiven me."

"Christina," he said, earnestly, "what I want to know is this—Did you love either of these men?"

"No, I never did—never. I thought I cared for Bernard; I did care for him, and I thought I could be happy with him—but never in that way. He was always good to me,—but no, I never did."

"Then why did you promise to marry him? and why did you break that promise?"

"I did not know when I promised; and then, when I found I could not care for him in the way he wished, I could not tell him, and I could not keep my promise."

"And so you accepted Warde as a pretext and a way out of the difficulty," said Walter, slowly, as if a light had dawned upon him. "My poor child, you have gone through a great deal for me."

"I could not help it," she said, softly. "I mean I could not have helped the pain to myself; but I could have helped doing wrong. I could have kept from hurting others—and I did not do it. I am sorry," she said, "I am sorry; but I think I shall be forgiven now Bernard has forgiven me. They had just brought me his letter before you came;" and she held it out to him.

"No, Christina," he said, putting it gently aside; "no—that was written only for you; it lies between you and him. I understand it all now, and we need not think any more of the past. But you will allow, my dear Christina," he added, with the rapid transition from earnestness to levity, which was one of his characteristics, "you will allow that the second revelation might naturally have a rather startling effect until one

had got at the key to it. I am not afraid, for I know I have you safe; but shall you be sorry to say good-bye to your girlhood, with its freedom and its excitements?"

She shook her head and smiled. Half an hour after he lingered with her by the broad kitchen hearth, whilst the candles burnt lower in the sockets, and the fire flamed and crackled, and the light was reflected in the shining pots upon the shelves, and the shadows changed their places on the wall; and outside, the wind swept round the corners of the house, and rushed rustling through the creepers. Then the clock struck nine, and he knew that he must go, for it was time for Christina to read to her grandfather.

"Oh, Walter, how stormy it is!" she said; but yet she came to let him out herself.

"No, no," he said, putting her back; "the rain and wind will rush in the moment the door is opened. And one word more, Christina: remember I have nothing to forgive; all that is over. We shall each have something to forgive, perhaps, before long—and then who knows but my shortcomings may outweigh yours. Good-night, my queen. Are you afraid for the future?"

"No!" she said; "no!" and felt, for some reason, as if she were making a promise that, come what might, she would not shrink: but yet what cause had she for fear? It was only that we cannot build except upon what is, and upon what has been,—what is to come must ever be mysterious and uncertain.

He opened the door, and the blast, laden with heavy drops of rain, rushed through the narrow passage: yet she did not shut the door, but stood looking out into the darkness until his footsteps died away.

Miss Cleasby was at her writing-table when he re-entered his drawing-room, with some papers laid out before her, and she did not at once turn to him, nor show any solicitude at his having got wet.

"Well, Gusty," he said, throwing himself carelessly into an arm-chair,

"you seem still in the toils of composition. Were the letters very interesting?"

"They were more than interesting," said Augusta, turning round. "Walter, what have you been thinking of all this time? Here is Mr. Waltham writing to you about some interest that has to be paid at once. What does it all mean? What is the difficulty of your coming into your property? He writes as if there were all sorts of difficulties rising up. What can be the reason that you, as papa's heir and his only son, should not inherit his property without all these law difficulties? I know there were debts, but I thought that would make no difference."

"So old Waltham has been writing again, has he?" said Captain Cleasby; "I had no idea I was so soon to be honoured by another communication, or you may be very sure, my dear Augusta, that I would not have troubled you with it. Here—give me the letters, and don't worry yourself about it. I suppose you knew there were debts, and now they have to be paid off, that's all,—and I shan't be quite so rich a man as I might have been."

"Well, I suppose you know about as much about it as I do—that is to say, next to nothing. I do wish, Walter, you would write to Uncle Robert, or consult some one. Here, you see, Mr. Waltham is going out of town for some weeks, so I suppose it is not much use going to him."

"No, thank goodness!" said Walter, glancing at the letter; "now I shall have a little peace and quiet. At least three weeks before I need think of London, or lawyers, or settlements!"

Thus it was that he put the matter aside, and, though his sister continued anxious, she knew that it was of no use to press him further. And in the sunshiny, peaceful time which followed, she, too, almost forgot that there were any clouds upon the horizon.

Christina North had known happiness before. In the midst of her dreary girlhood there had been days and weeks in which she could forget her cares and

troubles in the natural and spontaneous happiness of youth, in a passing enthusiasm, or in glimpses of something higher and more lasting; but *this* happiness she had never known. The quiet September sunshine seemed to have found its way into her heart. She was softened and repentant, but having made free confession, memory could no longer weigh her down by the burthen of an unforgiven past; she could never undo what she had done; she could never restore what she had taken away; but remorse had given way to penitence, and the oppressiveness and the dread had left her.

The delay in the settlement of Captain Cleasby's affairs would involve the postponement of their marriage, but at this time they neither of them remembered to regret it. In the freshness of each succeeding dawn; in the awakening to recollections of the past day as bright as the thoughts of the day to come; in the morning spent at the Park, sometimes on the lawn, sometimes in the library over the books; in the afternoons when they loitered in the lanes, or Captain Cleasby and his sister sketched whilst Christina looked on; in the soft hour of autumn twilight, and the long evenings which Walter would spend in Mr. North's study, devoting himself to amuse and interest the old man,—in all this, what room was there for regret?

There was nothing to disturb the peace, or throw a shadow over the happiness of the time. Walter was gentle and devoted, and Christina trusted him entirely. She was neither cultivated nor accomplished, but her quickness in apprehending what was put before her, and in grasping new ideas, charmed and interested him. His education, although desultory, had not been narrow, and his mind, though somewhat indolent, was of a speculative and intellectual type; in his sister he had been accustomed to find a congenial intellectual companion and an equal antagonist; so that it had not been without reason that she had feared that in marrying a girl incapable of appreciating his tastes

or entering into his interests, he might have found much to miss and to desire. But with Christina she now saw that this would never be the case. She was ignorant, of course, but then she was not in the least ashamed of her ignorance, and she was quite ready to form her own opinions and to maintain them; and her readiness and freshness were such as to surprise and interest anyone. Indeed, the flaw in the connection between her and Walter had always been that he looked upon her as an interesting study and as a charming picture, rather than as one whose dependence on him involved grave responsibilities, and upon whose human and immortal nature his influence for good and evil, for sorrow or happiness, was seriously powerful. He liked to use his power, he liked to bring out new expressions, and to watch her varied moods; he liked to put new things before her, and to watch her as fresh lights burst upon her, and unaccustomed subjects were brought to view; but as yet he was apt to regard her as a plaything (precious beyond all else), living and moving, and responsive to his touch, but still a plaything, and, as such, to be loved and cared for.

It was the one thing which his sister would have liked to alter; and it did not affect Christina, for she was unconscious of it. She could have held back nothing: she had given herself; her contentment was perfect, and her confidence complete. She believed what he had told her, and was neither unsatisfied nor exacting.

So those weeks were free from all misunderstandings or quarrels, and as uneventful as happiness could make them.

People were sorry for Mr. Warde; and at first there was much surprise expressed when Captain Cleasby's engagement to Christina became known; but after a time it began to be said that certainly it was for the best. She was evidently unsuited for a clergyman's wife; and, after all, Captain Cleasby's age was more suitable to hers. She ought to have known her own mind sooner, but

then she was young, and, no doubt, had been pressed into accepting Mr. Warde; or at any rate it seemed that she really cared for this young man, as she had held to him against her grandfather, who, as everyone knew, was such a fierce old man, that most people were quite afraid of him.

Good-natured people, who tried to make the best of things, talked in this way when the matter was discussed; and others, who were more disposed to be hard upon Christina, made up their minds that it would be for their interest to continue upon good terms with the Cleasbys, since their house would be a pleasant one, and their dinner-parties an enlivenment to the neighbourhood. They said also that Christina could not have been so very much in fault, or Mr. Warde would not have still continued to be a constant visitor at the White House.

## CHAPTER XVII.

It was quite true that, as the neighbours remarked, Mr. Warde continued to keep up a constant and friendly intercourse with the Norths. Indeed, just at this time, when Mr. North was still so far from well, his visits to the White House were even more frequent than usual. He did not seek Christina, but they met occasionally, as was natural, and his manner was always the same kindly and even affectionate one, and so entirely free from any resentment or embarrassment, that she could almost forget, while in his presence, that their present friendly relations had ever undergone a change. She was grateful to him, and she felt that he had had cause for resentment; but she could not help thinking that he had by this time found out that their engagement had been a mistake on his side as well as upon hers, and she would not join in her mother's compassionate laments over him.

"No, he was very much to be pitied," she said; "but that was when he was engaged to me. I know it was very kind of him, and he had a right to be very angry; but at the same time there is no

reason to pity him, because he is free. We should never have been happy."

Her mother did not agree with her; and, strange as it may seem, though she did not share her father-in-law's violent prejudices, she was almost as averse to Christina's engagement as he was himself. She could not disabuse herself of the idea that it could not and would not prosper. Captain Cleasby might mean well, but who could tell what might not happen to make him change his mind? It had been so sudden, and she could not trust him as she trusted Mr. Warde. She valued riches, and position, and the good things of the world; she would have rejoiced that Christina should have had them in moderation; but the idea of her becoming the mistress of the Park was to her mother's mind so unnatural as to seem almost impossible. She had understood Mr. Warde, but she could not understand Captain Cleasby; thus it was that Mrs. North refused to be satisfied. Christina had thrown away what she considered her best chance of happiness, and she would not be persuaded that it would not have been for his good also; and as to his being relieved at her playing him false, how could she know anything about it? A man could not grow pale and thin, and bemoan himself like a girl!

"Nor can he come and say, 'You disappointed me at the time, but after all I believe I do much better without you,'" Christina had answered, rather impatiently: and then she went away and the conversation was broken off; but Mrs. North remained unconvinced.

As has been said, Overton generally had reconciled itself to Christina's inconstancy, and the Rector's looks and manners were just what they always had been, and were not at all such as to excite compassion. He was very busy, and he went about his work among his parishioners in his energetic cheerful way, setting his mind to solve their practical difficulties and supply their physical wants, as if he had no cares or regrets of his own to claim precedence. He was glad to be of any use or comfort to his old friend Mr. North; and he

would not shrink from going to the Park when the occasion offered.

Owing to General Cleasby's long absence, there were many improvements in the parish still required, to which he, as the Squire, ought, as Mr. Warde conceived, to have attended long ago. The church was badly lighted; the schools needed enlargement; cottages were falling into ruin; subscriptions were needed. Captain Cleasby, too careless to be illiberal, had hitherto responded to the various calls upon him, and now there were several points upon which Mr. Warde desired to ask his advice and his help. He was too simple and straightforward, he had the interests of his flock too much at heart, to be deterred by any false shame or personal resentment. Captain Cleasby had gained what he had lost: in one sense he had been vanquished; but he felt that it was no dishonour to him to be vanquished; and as to Captain Cleasby, he did not attract him, certainly, but yet he wished that Christina might be happy with him.

Captain Cleasby on his part had no cause for resentment. There had always been to his mind something a little ludicrous about his engagement to Christina: it had disturbed him at the time; it had exercised a strong influence upon his conduct; but when once his fears were relieved, he was disposed to look upon it with some amusement, as a preposterous and impossible scheme which could never have been accomplished.

He smiled when he was told Mr. Warde had called to see him, and went into the drawing-room somewhat interested to see how he would bear himself.

He liked him, and he was disposed to be friendly; but hitherto there had been on his part a slight sense of superiority over the unpolished country clergyman: it vanished as he remarked the dignified simplicity of his manner, and noticed how naturally and easily he responded to his cordial greeting.

They talked for some time of different things,—of the poor, of education, of the country and the neighbours; and

then Mr. Warde brought out his plans and estimates, and made his request for a subscription.

"I am especially anxious about the lighting of the church," he said. "If we could have an evening service, I feel sure we could command a good congregation. They like the lights and the warmth, and the mothers can come after the children are gone to bed; many people would attend whom we cannot get to come in the mornings or afternoons."

"But from what motives? I know nothing about these things, but it would not have occurred to me that gas-lights and stoves were fitted to create devotion."

"They are aids," said Mr. Warde seriously. "There are not many people, I fancy, whose motives are altogether unmixed——" He broke off suddenly as Miss Cleasby came in. She had been out riding, and she came in in her hat, with a whip in her hand, and closely followed by her black retriever.

It was the first time that she had chanced to meet Mr. Warde since her brother's engagement, and her usually pale complexion was heightened as she shook hands with him. She was too self-possessed, however, to betray in any other way the touch of shyness she felt under what she conceived must be to him embarrassing circumstances.

"I hope I'm not interrupting anything," she said; "you both of you look most decidedly parochial, sitting among blue business papers. I hope Walter is more civil to you than he is to me, Mr. Warde; he always tramples upon me if I venture to ask questions which have any practical bearing."

"Theory is a much prettier thing than practice," said Walter, lazily.

"But a theory is only tested by its result," said the clergyman; "it seems to me it loses its interest if it cannot be made to act."

"Of course it does," said Augusta; "and Walter will not understand that my interest in things is beginning to awaken. I think I have philanthropic tendencies, only they are undeveloped,

and I am beginning to comprehend the duties which belong to the Squire's sister. I gave an old man a flannel waistcoat yesterday, and to-day three old men came and asked for three more."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Warde hastily; "I am afraid your kindness may be imposed upon."

"Oh no!" said Augusta, composedly; "they were most deserving cases, and so grateful; but, unfortunately, dear Don, who did not of course know what deserving old men they were, and who, like his mistress, has a rooted dislike to poverty, nearly murdered one of them as he was going away."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Warde, a little taken aback by her manner; "do you mean the man was seriously hurt?"

"He was; but he recovered when I gave him half-a-crown and begged his pardon. Really, if people are respectable, they should not go about looking like vagrants. Don is the most intelligent dog I know, but even he was taken in by the man's appearance."

"An appearance probably none the less ragged for the prospect of the flannel waistcoat before him," said Mr. Warde drily; "but, Miss Cleasby, if you are really anxious to do something for the people, you may be of the greatest service. There are so many parts of the work which can be better done by a lady than by a man, and we have so little assistance of the kind:" and for the first time he hesitated, remembering how recently he had hoped to have Christina's help.

"I shall be very happy," began Augusta; and then she caught her brother's eye and could not help laughing. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Warde," she said, "but my brother, I see, thinks it absurd for me to make promises. You see, we have never been brought up to this sort of thing. If the people want to be fed and clothed, I can understand it—and if you will send them up here for soup and blankets, I shall be very glad—but when it comes to talking to them, it is beyond me. I was very much edified by those pious old men this morning, and then

you come and throw suspicion upon their veracity, and seem to think that Don's well-meant interference was not uncalled for. Then, if *I* am to do the talking, instead of listening humbly to what they tell me, it is still more perplexing—you might as well set me to talk to Hottentots in their own language!"

"*That* declaration has at any rate the merit of sincerity," said Captain Cleasby.

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mr. Warde. "It seems to me that whatever raises a barrier between classes is both sad and culpable. How can you expect the poor to respect your wishes and your interest when you look upon them as another order of beings?"

"I never thought about them," said Augusta, as if excusing herself; "I don't look upon them as anything at all."

"That is your mistake," he said; but though he was very much in earnest, his gravity relaxed a little.

"Yes, you say it is our mistake," said Captain Cleasby; "but can you tell us why and how it should be otherwise? We do not need to be told that to you your duties are full of interest; but can you say what constitutes the bond of union? You baptize their children, you marry and bury them, but what is there beyond?" It was not so much the desire to be instructed which made him ask the question—he could himself have answered it in a dozen different ways—but he wanted to hear what the man would say for himself: his sphere had been narrow enough, and he had no great opinion of his abilities; but he was so different from the people with whom he was accustomed to exchange ideas, that he was curious to hear what he would say.

"They are my flock," said Mr. Warde; "they are human beings with immortal souls."

"You are better than we are," said Augusta, softly.

And though Mr. Warde's manner of speech sounded rather strange to them both, there was something that impressed

them in the ardent truthfulness of his answer. Soon after Walter was called away, but Mr. Warde sat a little longer with his sister.

"Perhaps I may reform in time," she said, as he took leave, "and come and hear your little boys their multiplication tables, when I have learnt them myself; but I feel rather discouraged by your condemnation of my first little effort in the path of active benevolence: I thought at least my poor flannel waistcoats could do no harm, and I was so glad to find they were so pleased with them—and now it seems they are nothing but a temptation."

"The intention at least was praiseworthy," said Mr. Warde, as he opened the door.

"He talks to me as if I were a little girl making a blot on my first copy!" said Augusta to herself. She was amused, but yet she liked him; it was curious, but it was impressive, to see a man who had so little of the hero or of the conventional saint about him, yet whose whole course of life was one of self-denying effort for the good of his fellow-creatures. She felt that all his energies were directed into that channel, and that they had not been without fruit even in the sentiments of respect that they had awakened in her own mind. "It does one good to look up to something worth looking up to," she said to herself; and she was pleased to find that she was capable of appreciating such worth with so little of sentiment or external charm attached to it.

At this time she had bestowed little attention upon the consideration of her own future. Walter had asked her to make her home with them, but she would not. She declared that they would be better without her, and she would not consent to be in their way. No; she had several long-postponed visits to pay, and then she would look about for some little cottage where she could settle near them. She liked to have a home of her own, and she would have ample means to enable her to live comfortably, and to receive her guests, and she would not, after all, be at home

for much of the year. She had so many friends who wanted her to come to them,—but she would not be dependent on anyone. So she said, and her brother at last agreed with her. Of course she could not be to Christina what she was to him, and those complicated family arrangements he allowed were often mistakes. So it was settled; indeed, if she had been at all inclined to be jealous, she might already have become so. Christina was naturally his first thought. The long mornings he had been used to spend with his sister were devoted to her; the discussion of present affairs and future plans was often cut short; and although he was kind and gentle as ever, of course she felt the difference. But by no word or look would she show that she felt it: she rejoiced in their happiness, and would not do anything to mar it; she even made friendly advances to Mr. North. Unknown to him, everything that could possibly tempt his failing appetite was sent to him from the Park. She told Christina she had fallen in love with her Aunt Margaret, only she wished that handsome son of hers would come home; and, finally, she gave a large dinner-party, a thing which she particularly detested, in order to introduce Christina to the neighbourhood, and show how cordially she accepted her as a sister-in-law. Mrs. North sent her with Mrs. Oswestry, making the excuse that she could not leave her father-in-law for so long a time. In fact, poor woman, she dreaded making her appearance among them all after so many years of seclusion; and her dresses were old-fashioned and shabby. But Christina never thought of these things; her mother said she believed, if she was asked to meet the Queen, she would not be afraid of doing anything wrong, or of not saying the right things; and as for her dress at this dinner at the Park, she merely remarked that Walter liked her crimson ribbons, and seemed to think the matter ended there, though even Miss Cleasby had taken the trouble

to wonder if she had any evening dress. However, Mrs. North's fears and laments reaching Mrs. Oswestry's ears, were soon after silenced by the arrival of a white silk dress of her own, worn once during her six months of married life, and then laid aside for ever.

Mrs. North exclaimed at its beauty, and set to work to adapt it with almost cheerful alacrity. She would dress Christina with her own hands when the evening came; and as she looked at her daughter standing before her with the robes of shining silk falling around her graceful figure, and the crimson knots of ribbon in her waves of brown hair, and the smile of happy anticipation upon her parted lips, it seemed as if for the first time she was able to take a mother's pride in her beauty.

"It might have been different, Christina," she said; "you are only going to what should have been your home, but it does not matter as much now; and whoever they may have there, there will be no one to compare with you to-night."

"Why, mother, it is nothing but my fine clothes," said Christina, laughing a little as she kissed her.

Then she went in to her grandfather, and he too looked at her with pleasure and pride.

"Good-night, grandpapa," she said; "you will miss your reading to-night, but you won't mind, will you? because I shall be able to tell you all about everything to-morrow."

"I don't know about hearing about everything, as you call it," said Mr. North. "I'm not too fond of hearing of all the silliness that goes on in the world; but I suppose you like it, and so I'm pleased that you should go and see what it's like for yourself. Dust and ashes look very pretty at a distance sometimes, I know."

"Yes, grandpapa," said Christina, standing at the door just before she turned to go; "yes, but it's too soon to talk of dust and ashes. Even you will let me have a little pleasure first, won't you, grandpapa?"

## THE USE AND ABUSE OF HOSPITALS.

BY W. FAIRLIE CLARKE, M.A., M.B.

THE abuse of Hospitals is a subject which has attracted much attention of late, and it may not be uninteresting to our readers if we consider wherein this abuse consists, and what remedies can be proposed for it. Those who are conversant with the management of hospitals and dispensaries, know that it has frequently been urged that their bounty is bestowed upon unsuitable recipients. It is said that some persons apply to our medical charities who are in a position to pay an ordinary practitioner; and it is stated also, that many more avail themselves of the liberality of those institutions than can properly be called the "really indigent," or the "necessitous poor."

That these assertions are founded on fact there can, I think, be no doubt. The experience of every hospital surgeon and physician will bear me out in saying, that among the patients there are a few who are altogether above the level of charity, and a large number who could well provide attendance for themselves, if there were among us a wide-spread and well-regulated system of medical relief upon the principle of mutual assurance.

The abuse of hospitals consists, then, in this, that whereas they have been founded by the liberality of our forefathers, or are supported by the voluntary contributions of the present generation, for the relief of those sick persons who are unable to obtain medical attendance in the ordinary way, they are to a large extent frequented by those who could well afford to pay something for themselves. Thus the public alms are diverted from the really needy, and bestowed upon those for whom they were never intended; while the recipients obtain, as a matter of charity, that

which they ought to secure for themselves on a recognized principle of business.

These abuses are almost confined to the out-door department. The in-door department is, I believe, a very pure as well as a very valuable form of charity, and one which is liable to very little abuse. I should wish it, therefore, to be clearly understood, that in what follows I am speaking only of out-patients.

If, then, the out-door departments of our hospitals and dispensaries are liable to considerable abuse, and if by the introduction of a better system this abuse could be remedied, it certainly behoves us to give earnest heed to the question; for the evil of which we complain has now reached a degree which is very serious and menacing. Few persons perhaps are aware of the enormous number of individuals who make no provision whatever against a time of sickness, but who turn at once to the hospital or dispensary for the relief of every ailment, however slight or trivial.

In order to form an estimate of this number, I have gone carefully through the returns given in the "Medical Directory," and where I was unable to obtain the information which I sought in this manner, I put myself in communication with the secretaries of the hospitals themselves. Thus it will be seen that my statistics were derived from the most reliable sources. Here let me say, once for all, that the figures which I shall lay before the reader represent individuals, and not visits or attendances. As far as possible I have endeavoured to avoid fallacies, and to present a fair estimate of the number of persons in the metropolis who annually obtain gratuitous medicine and advice from the medical charities.

I find then, that in 1870 the out-patients treated at sixteen general hospitals were 637,716; at thirty-three free dispensaries, 413,672; and at forty-two special hospitals and dispensaries, 261,529; making a total of 1,312,917. This is exclusive of thirteen hospitals and dispensaries—some of them considerable institutions—which give no return, and of course it is exclusive also of those who are assisted by the medical service of the Poor Law.

Before I mentioned these figures I said that I had tried, as far as possible, to avoid fallacies. But it may be said, and said truly, that there are some sources of error which it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to eliminate. For example, it may be urged that some of these figures represent persons who have come up from the country; others, persons who have been entered two or three times during the year for different illnesses; while others, again, may have been attending more than one hospital. To allow for these cases, let us say that the total of out-patients in 1870 in the metropolis was one million. But, in case it should be objected that this deduction of 312,000 is not enough, we can well afford to go a step further; because, if it be admitted, for the sake of argument, that the total should be placed as low as 820,000, it would still form about a quarter of the population of London, which was ascertained by the Census of 1871 to be 3,251,804, *i.e.* it would show that one person in four is receiving medical relief as a matter of charity.

Now, it is difficult to think that our social state is so bad, that our national trade and industry are at so low an ebb, that one-fourth of the population of our great capital belongs to that class for whose relief the hospitals and dispensaries are carried on.

To some of my readers these figures may seem almost incredible. I may, therefore, in confirmation of them, refer to a paper which was read before the Statistical Society by Dr. Guy, in December 1855. Though our conclusions are in perfect harmony, they were drawn

upon a different principle and from independent investigations. Anyone who is interested in the subject will find in Dr. Guy's paper many details most carefully worked out. I can only give here a single extract, which shows that sixteen years ago the writer considered the state of things to be most unsatisfactory, and assuredly it has not improved since that date. After proving that at the particular hospital which forms the basis of his calculation, a third of the whole population of two adjoining parishes applies for medical relief every year, he goes on to say:—

“It must be self-evident, in the first place, that the great bulk of the applicants cannot be poor persons in the proper acceptation of that term. It is quite out of the question that in the heart of the metropolis of a wealthy nation making provision by a system of Poor Laws for the destitute portion of its population, one-third or two-fifths of the inhabitants of one parish should be found in such a state of want as to be proper objects of gratuitous aid in sickness. Some considerable class of persons, other than the poor and destitute, must apply to these charities in very large numbers; and that class can be no other than the class of working men. How is this large attendance to be accounted for on any other supposition than that the whole body of working men, their wives and families, or at least a very considerable proportion of them, frequent our hospitals and dispensaries, even when not driven to do so by want of employment or previous exhaustion of their resources. The men who are out of work, with their wives and children, could not possibly supply so large a number of patients.”<sup>1</sup>

But this is not all: not only have the numbers attending the out-patient departments reached this enormous figure, but the rate at which the increase has proceeded is very serious. This will be evident to the reader when I put before him the following facts:—I applied to most of the hospitals (with the exception

<sup>1</sup> Journal of the Statistical Society, vol. xix. p. 23 (1856).

of the Lunatic Asylums and Lying-in Institutions) which were in operation before 1830, in order to find out the numbers of their out-patients in that year. I addressed myself to the following Hospitals:—St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, Guy's, the London, the Middlesex, St. George's, the Westminster, the Moorfields' Ophthalmic, and the Royal Hospital, City Road, for Diseases of the Chest, as well as to my own hospital of Charing Cross. From all I received courteous replies, but Guy's and the Middlesex were unable to give reliable information. At the eight others the total of out-patients in 1830 was 46,435; in 1869 it had risen to 277,891. During these thirty-nine years the population of the metropolis had a little more than doubled, while the attendance at these hospitals had multiplied more than five-fold. And it must be borne in mind, that during this period many fresh hospitals had been founded.

But it will make the rate of increase still more apparent if I add, that at the same eight hospitals there were, in 1870, 43,368 more out-patients than in 1869. I have confined myself to the above-named hospitals, simply because they were the only institutions of the kind which were in operation in 1830. But if I had been minded to select examples in which the increase from 1869 to 1870 had been the greatest, I might have made my figures still more striking. As six of these hospitals are general and two special, I think they may fairly be taken as a specimen of the whole.

From what has been said the reader will have obtained some idea of the vast number of individuals who annually flock to our hospitals, and of the rate at which this number is advancing. Indeed, this rate of increase so far outstrips the proportion which it ought to bear to the increase of population, that one cannot help fearing that the lower middle-class is losing its independence and self-respect, and becoming gradually pauperized. Is it well that such a state of things should continue? Are we acting wisely in encouraging those to resort

to hospitals in ever-increasing numbers who are quite above the level of the struggling poor? Can it have any other than a demoralizing effect to accustom the well-to-do artisan to lean upon others, and to make the great mass of the industrious poor "objects of charity?"

But it may be asked, how are we to discriminate between those who are and those who are not fit applicants? How are we to reject the one without bearing hardly upon the other? And where are those persons to obtain medical assistance, who, though they might be very willing to pay something for medicine and attendance, and who even feel a reluctance in seeking charity, are yet unable to afford the lowest scale of fees charged by general practitioners?

These questions, I admit, are difficult. Probably no system of inquiry would suffice to classify the applicants with entire accuracy. Doubtful cases might very properly be referred for investigation to some such agency as the Charity Organization Society; and if this were done in a few instances, it would have a deterrent effect upon many. But with regard to the remainder, which includes many who would gladly pay something for themselves, and who use the hospital for lack of any system of medical relief which is within their means, I would meet the evil by setting up the counter-good. I would endeavour to discourage dependence by giving facilities for being self-reliant.

This can only be done by a large extension of the provident principle—the principle which underlies both Benefit Clubs and Provident Dispensaries, and which consists in making provision for a time of distress by small but continuous payments. The most widely spread and best known of these means of self-help for the working man are the Benefit Clubs. I suppose there is scarcely a town or village of any importance in which there is not such a club; and it may be asked, why do not these suffice to meet the requirements of the case? To this I reply that, for the most part, they receive only *men*. Very few indeed make any provision for women and

children, and yet it is these who most frequently require medical assistance. Again, there are some trades, which are injurious to health or dangerous to life, which are altogether excluded. And again, many clubs, at least in the metropolis, have no medical man attached to them, but send their members to the nearest hospital or dispensary. This I know to be the case even with clubs which have a large accumulated capital. Thus they become direct agents of pauperism, instead of being means of independence.

It seems evident, then, that the Benefit Club, as at present constituted, is quite inadequate to supply the link that is wanting between the general practitioner and the hospital. It remains for us to consider the Provident Dispensary; and here, I believe, we shall find the agency best suited to the requirements of the day.

Most of my readers are probably familiar with the idea of a provident dispensary. It is an institution which receives all comers—men, women, young persons, and children alike—who, by small but regular payments, secure for themselves medical attendance and medicine when they are ill. It is, in fact, a kind of mutual assurance against sickness, conducted in part on a commercial footing, but at present needing to be supplemented by the donations of the charitable. Such institutions as these were originated about forty years ago, and they have been tried in various parts of the country as well as in the metropolis. They have attained their greatest success in the manufacturing districts, but in country towns and rural villages they appear to have supplied an acknowledged want. Let me give a few examples to show how readily the class for whom they are intended—and it is strictly limited—is to avail itself of them. Derby has a population of 61,300, and it has two provident dispensaries, which together include 6,000 members. Here, then, one in ten finds the provident dispensary suited to his or her necessities. Coventry has a population of 41,300; its provident dispensary numbers 5,000 members, that is to say

about one in eight of the inhabitants. Northampton has a population of 50,700. The enrolled members of its provident dispensary are 6,000, or again about one in eight. Leamington has a population of 22,700. The members of its provident dispensary are 3,585, or about one in seven.

We see then that in these towns, where provident dispensaries are within reach of the working classes, from one-tenth to one-seventh of the population avail themselves of them. And the reports of these institutions prove that they are yearly becoming more and more popular amongst those for whom they are designed.

Now let us turn to London, and see what is the state of things here.

As we have said, provident dispensaries are not unknown in the metropolis. At the present time there are about a dozen in operation; but they have not succeeded so well as their promoters could have wished. How are we to account for this comparative failure? I do not think we have far to seek for its cause. They have been placed in such undue competition with the hundred and one medical charities, that they have in truth never had a fair trial. When there were free hospitals on every side eager to receive him, it was scarcely in human nature that the artisan should volunteer to pay for what he could easily obtain for nothing. The total number of members enrolled in provident dispensaries in London is only about 25,000, whereas if they bore the same proportion to the population as we have seen they do in Northampton and Coventry, there would be more than 400,000. In Derby, a manufacturing town, there are two provident dispensaries for a population of 61,300; in Leamington, a watering-place and country town, there is one for 22,700; from which we gather that they can flourish when in the proportion of one to about 25,000 inhabitants. If London were to be equally well supplied, there should be 120 instead of only the eleven or twelve which at present exist.

I do not know how these figures may

strike the reader, but to me it seems quite refreshing to find, in these days of multitudinous charities, that there is good reason to suppose that those who have hitherto sought gratuitous advice would willingly pay something for medical attendance, and that thus such institutions as the free dispensaries, which have hitherto been purely eleemosynary, might be made almost, if not quite, self-supporting, and that without detriment to the really poor, who would still find ample opportunities of relief in the out-patient departments of hospitals.

I have now explained what I believe to be *one* remedy for the abuse of hospitals. I have mentioned the good which I would set up in order to overcome the evil. From what has been said, it is evident that if the artisan or the needlewoman in London wishes to be self-reliant, and to provide, when they are well, for good medical attendance in time of sickness, it is not easy for them to do so. In a population of three millions and a quarter, what are eleven or twelve provident dispensaries? They must be multiplied tenfold before they can be brought within the reach, or even the knowledge, of many who would welcome their assistance. We are glad, therefore, to hear that the committees of several of the free dispensaries are turning their attention to the provident system, and that one or two have already determined to adopt it.

But, it may be asked, why should there be any charitable element in these provident dispensaries? Can they not be made entirely self-supporting? In time we may confidently expect that such will be the case; but at present there are two reasons which make it impossible. First, no statistics of health are in existence upon which an actuary could base the calculations necessary for a complete system of mutual assurance against sickness. And, secondly, work-people must become much more habituated to provident dispensaries than they now are, before they will enroll themselves in sufficient numbers to make mutual assurance possible on anything like the present terms.

From what has been said of the numbers who have enrolled themselves where provident dispensaries are in active operation, it seems clear that they meet the wants of the well-to-do poor. Some, however, may be disposed to inquire whether they are equally acceptable to the medical profession. My answer is, that they are advocated by the entire medical press, which reflects the general opinion of the profession; and that those medical men who are the most intimately acquainted with their working, are among their warmest supporters. Indeed, they seem to offer a means of carrying on practice among the humbler ranks of society, which has several advantages. It induces the poor to apply for advice at the first onset of disease, and it relieves the medical man from the painful consciousness, which he now so often feels, that his patients are incurring a debt which may be a millstone round their necks for years to come. In fact, on many accounts, the system is remarkably well suited to the higher social status and advanced scientific education of the medical profession at the present day.

It may be asked, would not an injury be done to the medical schools if the number of patients attending the hospitals were curtailed? Is not a large supply of cases necessary in order to afford a constant succession of such as are available for clinical teaching? This is, no doubt, a very important question, so far as it relates to the eleven hospitals to which schools are attached. But it has little or no bearing upon the great majority of medical charities which take no part in the training of students. So far as the schools are concerned, I reply that it is admitted on all hands that the out-patient waiting-rooms are overcrowded with trivial cases. Under a better system we might hope that many of these would be attended at the provident dispensaries. Thus the out-patient physicians and surgeons would have more leisure to devote to their pupils, and a diminution of numbers would rather tend to increase the efficiency of the schools. At the same

time, the necessitous poor themselves—the proper clients, as I maintain, of the out-patient departments—would be the gainers; for in the present throng of applicants there is reason to fear that it is impossible for all to obtain the attention which their cases deserve. I may further explain that it has been proposed that provident dispensaries should be affiliated to the general and special hospitals of the neighbourhood. In this way a patient would receive at the provident dispensary attendance in all ordinary sickness, against which he might fairly be expected to provide; while in case of serious accident or dangerous illness, he might be admitted to the hospital, not so much as a matter of charity, as on an organized system, and as one of the collateral advantages which he had secured for himself by his provident payments. In this way, the highest medical and surgical skill would be brought to bear upon the poor in the time of their real necessity, while the medical schools would be supplied with a continuous series of important cases.

Before leaving this subject, I may mention that it has been suggested that the Poor Law dispensaries should in a similar manner be affiliated to the hospitals. Thus these noble institutions—the reserves of medical skill and science, the ultimate court of appeal in all difficult cases occurring among the humbler ranks of society—would be even more open to the poor than they now are, though on a somewhat different footing. The well-to-do poor would be admitted to them, without their experiencing any degradation, by virtue of their membership in provident dispensaries; the necessitous poor, as a matter of charity; while those who had come within the sphere of the Poor Law would be transferred to them whenever it was deemed necessary by the medical officer.

If the provident dispensaries, besides being affiliated to hospitals, were connected with one another, and if those in the metropolis were similarly connected with those in the provinces, they would become a still greater boon to the working classes. When the

demand for labour or family claims called the working man or the factory girl to a distant part of the country, they would at once find themselves members of an institution similar to that to which they had previously belonged. Both commercially and socially this would be a great advantage; for at present, under the club-system, it frequently happens that a workman is unwilling to leave a particular neighbourhood for fear of losing the benefits to which he is entitled; or if he does migrate, being far from the head-quarters of his club, he is tempted to apply to medical charities *in formâ pauperis*.

Among the other advantages which the dispensary system carries along with it is, that it undertakes, when necessary, to visit the sick poor at their own homes. This must frequently be a source of great comfort, and at the same time it is likely to have a beneficial effect upon the general health of the community, by calling the attention of a competent person to defective sanitary arrangements in the homes of the lower orders.

Thus have I endeavoured to lay before my readers one means of lessening the acknowledged evils attendant on the present method of out-patient relief. I am far from saying that it is the only step which ought to be taken. Indeed, I believe that changes in the administration of the medical charities themselves, as well as in the Poor Law service, are equally needed. But if the provident system had a full and fair trial, I am persuaded that we should hear much less about the abuse of hospitals.

Some persons advocate another plan for preventing the demoralizing tendency of the present system of indiscriminate relief. They propose that each patient should be charged a small sum for the medicine they receive; while others again recommend the admission of a somewhat higher class by the purchase of tickets. It is quite true that the advice thus obtained, not being entirely gratuitous, does not tend directly to pauperize the lower middle

class. But I hold strongly the opinion that it is the glory of our hospitals to be purely charitable institutions, taking nothing from those whom they relieve, and in no degree entering into competition with the remunerative practice of medical men. If patients can afford to pay anything, such payment ought to be made to a medical man through a sick club or provident dispensary. For all those who cannot afford even the sixpence or eightpence a month, which is all that the provident dispensary demands, I should wish the doors of the hospitals to stand wide open. I well know that there must always be many, even among the industrious poor, who have a hard struggle to provide for each day's necessities, and to whom it is an utter impossibility to save even a few pence,—many who are expected by their employers to “keep up appearances,” such as clerks, shopwomen, &c. Many a skilled artisan with a large family, or with aged parents dependent upon him, must often have the utmost difficulty to make both ends meet. Many a seamstress in weak health may be unable to earn a full day's wages. To these and such as these the charitable aid of the hospitals is most properly extended; and it is such deserving cases as these that the public, in giving their money, desire to assist. But there are others who are called “poor” (whom we have distinguished as the well-to-do poor), who are in regular work and earning high wages, who have no extraordinary claims upon them, and whom it is unwise and unjust to treat as objects of charity: unwise, because it leads to habits of extravagance instead of providence; and unjust, because it diverts the stream of charity from its proper course. The greatest kindness we can confer upon this class is to “help them to help themselves,” and this may be done most effectually by promoting the establishment of provident dispensaries, and contributing to a fund which might serve to defray some of the necessary expenses.

Let no one suppose from anything I have said that I wish to put a bridle

upon charity. Far from it. I know too well that charity—like mercy—carries with it a double blessing, that it blesses him that gives and him that takes. But there may be a misplaced charity, and such it is when it is administered to those who need it not. What I desire is, not to induce people to withdraw their support from the hospitals, which, in their proper sphere, are an invaluable boon to the poor, but to point out the evils of indiscriminate almsgiving in the matter of medical relief, and to indicate another channel through which the bounty of the benevolent might flow with advantage.

The figures that I have adduced are sufficient to show that the question we have been considering affects a very large section of the community—so large a section that the subject becomes one of national importance. It is no mere “doctors' question;” it is no mere question for philanthropists; it is one which is not unworthy of the attention of statesmen. It has its roots far down in the honesty and independence of our working classes; and the way in which the question is now met cannot fail to have an important bearing upon their character and an influence upon our social and political condition for years to come. For if gifts and doles are distributed with too lavish a hand, among unsuitable recipients, they do more harm than good: they only tend to increase the number of the idle, the vagrant and the discontented—the number of those who are always looking for advantage from some other quarter than their own honest exertions—the number of those who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by disturbing the existing order of society: whereas, on the other hand, a wise and discriminating charity binds together the rich and the poor in the bonds of mutual respect and consideration; and at the same time, every man, woman, and young person, who has for a few years subscribed to a provident society, be it of what kind it may, has, so far forth, a stake in the country, a direct interest in promoting peaceful industry, and in upholding and consolidating our existing institutions.

A BENGALI HISTORICAL NOVEL.<sup>1</sup>

BY PROFESSOR COWELL.

INDIA is the native land of fiction. Half the popular stories of mediæval Europe can be traced to ancient Sanskrit sources, whence they filtered by a hundred hidden channels into the popular literature of the West. But with us these ancient stories have been eclipsed by our modern works of genius, or, if they ever and anon reappear, they have been so transmuted by modern ideas, that the old substance can hardly be recognized under its present forms; but in India the case has been far different. The old legends have there retained their hold on the popular imagination, and every new effort of fiction to win a sympathetic audience must reproduce the old favourites. Every story must begin with its childless king, who at last, by some vow, obtains a peerless son; every princess must choose her husband from some concourse of suitors at a *swayamvara*; and every tale must be full of the magic metamorphoses which so naturally arise from the universal belief in transmigration. It is only within a very few years that Hindu authors, especially in Bengal, have begun to look beyond this limited range of subjects, and to exchange the mythic region of fable and romance for the deeper interest of actual life and history. Some years ago, a Bengali poet produced some popular poems, which treated of stirring incidents from the romantic history of the Rajputs; and similarly we have now before us an historical prose romance, by a Bengali author, which, rejecting all the mythological times, has fixed its scene in the days of the great Emperor Akbar, and, without a single marvel of magic or

metempsychosis, seeks its sole interest in human passion and life's daily struggles with adverse circumstances. The book has already reached its fourth edition, and we may therefore fairly consider it as the successful inaugurator of a new kind of literature in Bengal.

There is also another interest in the book, as being a visible result of our English system of education in India. Cynical critics have long complained that our Calcutta system of education only produced clever automatons,—“books in *chuddlars*” used to be the favourite phrase,—who reproduced in the examinations a great amount of ill-digested information, but were utterly unable to originate an idea of their own. The present work, as well as several others, may well refute these assertions. Its author was one of the first two Bachelors of Arts produced by the Calcutta University. He was educated at the Presidency College, and took his degree in 1858. He has since written several novels in Bengali; but the one which we have taken as our subject is the most successful with his countrymen; and we think it is well worthy some notice in England, as the first attempt to transplant into India our own historical novel.

Its subject is thoroughly characteristic. We can trace occasionally the marks of Western influence,—its author has evidently read Cooper and Scott; but he is no mere copyist; the scenery and the persons are Indian, and hence, no doubt, the popularity which his books have attained. He has naturally placed the epoch of his story in the times of Akbar, for no ruler of India has ever left so deep a mark on the Hindu mind. The present writer well remembers the bells of his native town ringing to cele-

<sup>1</sup> “Durgésanandini; or, The Fortress-chief-tain's Daughter.” By Bankim Chandra Chattaji. Calcutta, 1871.

brate the Queen's accession in 1837, and he was astonished as a child to hear an illiterate countryman express a hope that the new Queen might be as good as "Queen Bess;" the speaker knew nothing of the glories of her reign, but the name had come down to him as a treasured symbol from his fathers. It is just the same with Akbar Sháh in India: most of those who utter the name may know nothing of the details of his history, but the name itself lingers on every mouth,

"Like a ring of bells whose sound the wind still alters."

Akbar was the only Moghul ruler who conceived the broad idea of universal religious toleration, and desired to unite Hindus and Mohammedans into one great community. The attitude of the Rajput kings during his reign is the strongest proof of the success of his policy. He gradually converted them from his bitterest enemies to his firmest friends, and Rajputs were found among the bravest leaders of his armies and the most successful administrators of his civil government. The most famous of these Rajput chiefs was Mán Singh, the Rajah of Jeipur. His sister was married to the Emperor's eldest son, who afterwards succeeded to the throne as the Sultán Jehángir; and we find him employed during nearly all the great wars of Akbar's reign. His name is especially associated with the conquest of the Patháns or Afgháns, who had long held Bengal and Orissa; and it is this episode which furnishes the groundwork of our Hindu novel.

The Patháns had held Bengal for more than two centuries, but the gradual consolidation of the Moghul Empire under Akbar had begun to narrow their power. Dáúd, their leader, had in vain endeavoured to withstand the gradual advance of the imperial forces; after several battles he fell at Rajmahal in 1576, and Bengal and Behar were annexed to the Empire of Delhi. But the southern province of Orissa was still held, and the Patháns kept up from thence a desultory warfare, which was aided by the

frequent revolts of Akbar's own officers in the conquered districts, who had seized on the fiefs of the Pathán nobles and tried to hold their prey against the demands of the court. At last, Rajah Mán Singh was summoned from his government of Cabul, and sent to Bengal to settle the province.<sup>1</sup> He arrived in the year 1588, and our story opens with his encampment at Jahánábád, a village some fifty miles north-west of the old swamp where now stands Calcutta, the city of palaces. The Patháns, under their leader, Katlú Khán, had made an invasion from Orissa, and had seized Midnapur, the well-known town on the road from Calcutta to Cuttack. Mán Singh had despatched his son, Jagat Singh, to reconnoitre the enemy's position, and the story begins with the young hero's return.

The first chapter opens with Jagat Singh riding alone in a waste tract of country between Jahánábád and Bishnupur, where he has hurried on in advance of his little party. A sudden storm, as evening approaches, drives him to seek shelter in a deserted temple of Siva. After some delay at the entrance, he at length forces his way within, and finds that a young lady and her attendant Bimalá have previously taken shelter there. The storm has surprised them as they were travelling home in their palankins; their bearers have fled to the neighbouring village, and they are left alone in the temple. The Rajput soon sets them at their ease by his gallant bearing, the storm ceases, and the fair strangers depart as their truant bearers return; but Jagat Singh obtains a promise from Bimalá that she will meet him that day fortnight at the same hour and place, when she is to tell him the name of her companion.

The young lady is Tilottamá, the only daughter of a Hindu chief, Bí-

<sup>1</sup> Our author says, with pardonable pride, "The Emperor's Viceroy, Ázim Khán, and after him Sháh Báiz Khán, in vain tried to recover the province. At length a Hindu warrior was sent to accomplish what baffled every effort."

rendra Singh, who holds the neighbouring castle of Gar Mándáran. She was his daughter by a former wife, and he had since married Bimalá, who was the daughter of a Brahman named Abhirám Swámí; but on his discovering that her mother was of the lowest or Súdra caste, he had only consented to keep her in his house on condition that she was to attend his young child as a servant, and never breathe a word as to the real nature of their connection. Bimalá accepts her fate with silent resignation, and finds her comfort in the care of Tilottamá, who grows up with the fondest affection for her nurse, though she never for a moment suspects that she is her stepmother.

The fortnight passes, but not wholly without incidents. Katlí Khán summons Birendra Singh to join his standard against the Moghul invaders, and the chieftain is sorely tempted to comply with the demand, as he has a private quarrel with Mán Singh; but he is persuaded by his councillor, Abhirám Swámí, to smother his resentment, and join the imperial forces. The Brahman is an astrologer, and he warns him that the stars foretell an approaching misfortune from the Moghuls to his daughter, and he advises him to lose no time in taking their side.

Tilottamá is no uneducated maiden, like the generality of Hindu women. Perhaps the author has somewhat drawn his picture from imagination, or rather from the earlier state of his countrywomen before the Mohammedan conquest taught the Hindus to adopt the seclusion of the harem from their conquerors. In the mediæval stories of India, before the Mohammedan invasion, women of rank appear in public, and in their own habitations they are not subject to any of those restraints which are so universal in modern times; and they are represented as fitted by education to be the companions and not merely the playthings of their husbands. And even among the Mohammedans, female accomplishments were not wholly unknown. Núr Jehán, the famous queen of Sultán Jehángír, is said to

have won her husband's heart by her facility in composing extempore poetry as much as by her beauty;<sup>1</sup> and Zib-ul-Nisá, the daughter of the Emperor Aurangzib, is one of India's well-known poets, and her odes under the assumed name of Makhfi, or "the concealed one," were lithographed only a few years ago at Lucknow. In the same way Tilottamá had been taught by the Brahman Abhirám to read Sanskrit, and we find her in her boudoir busy over the famous romance of Kádambarí, which, in its Bengali translation, is even now one of the most favourite books in Bengal.

At the end of the fortnight Bimalá determines to fulfil her promise of meeting the Rajput prince once more in the temple of Siva. She has seen that her step-child's heart has been touched, and she resolves to do all she can to aid her in her love. In her perplexity she consults her father, Abhirám Swámí, as to her wisest course, but he opposes her with all a Brahman's vehemence; Mán Singh's family is, in his eyes, irrevocably disgraced by the marriage of one of its princesses into the reigning house of Delhi, and he sternly protests against any attempt to bring about an alliance between Tilottamá and one of the degraded race. "Shall Jagat Singh," he said, "marry a daughter of Birendra Singh?" "Why not?" answered Bimalá, mistaking his meaning, and supposing that he thought that she was too inferior to the great Rajput family to aspire to an alliance with it: "why not? what fault is there in her family? Her ancestors also belong to the great race of Yadu!" "Her ancestors!" exclaimed the Brahman; "shall a daughter of the race of Yadu become the daughter-in-law of a Musalmán's brother-in-law?"<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> She is said one day to have appeased the Sultan's anger by the following extempore distich:

"If your imperial pleasure be to slay so mean a victim, I  
With my whole heart say 'smite,'—but stay,  
Will not your sword be stained thereby?"

<sup>2</sup> It is well known that the Moghul Emperors married several Rajput princesses, but our historians have been too ready to assume

Bimalá takes with her as her guard in her solitary walk to the temple a half-crazy pupil of the Brahman's, who acts as the fool of the novel. Bengalis have a great deal of humour, and this concealed pedant's extravagances afford no little amusement to Hindu readers, but such scenes seldom bear transplanting into another language. She sends her servant to fetch him, who finds him eating his meal of boiled rice, and slyly makes him break the rule of silence which a Brahman should observe in eating his food. At length, however, he is persuaded to accompany her mistress, and the two set out on their lonely journey by moonlight. As they approach the rendezvous Bimalá determines to get rid of her companion, as his presence would be inconvenient at

that the Rajput family pride was wholly satisfied with the alliance. Thus Elphinstone says that "the connection was on a footing of so much equality that, from being looked on with repugnance as a loss of caste, it soon came to be counted as an honourable alliance with the family of the sovereign." But in Kaye's "Life of Lord Metcalfe," vol. i. p. 416, we have an interesting letter written by Metcalfe from Delhi, in reply to an inquiry from England, in reference to these matrimonial connections between the Moghul princes and the daughters of the Rajput Rajahs. "I received your letter," he writes, "a few minutes before a visit from the Jodpur wakil, a most respectable and well-informed old man; and I availed myself of the opportunity to apply to him for a solution of the question. He says that it was first proposed to the Rajput Rajahs to form a connection with the imperial family by taking in marriage imperial princesses, but that this proposal was rejected, as such a communication would have polluted the blood of the Rajahs' families, and would have been utter abomination for ever; that they were glad to effect their escape from so alarming a danger by sacrificing their own daughters, who were considered as dead from the time of their connection with the Emperors; that after ice had been once broken by the formation of a connection of this kind, it came to be considered a custom, and ceased to be objectionable; that a connection with the Emperors was thought to be desirable for political purposes, and that the rivalry of the Rajahs of Jeipur and Jodpur made both occasionally press forward with their daughters, each being jealous when such a connection was formed by the other; nevertheless, that the daughters were considered as dead and gone, though their posthumous influence was an object of desire to their fathers."

the meeting; she easily frightens him by a ghost story, and he hurries off without even a word of farewell. She then enters the temple, and finds the Rajput already there. He is very anxious to learn the name of her young companion, but when he hears that she is the daughter of his father's enemy, he begins to despair. He prays, however, for one more interview, and accordingly he and Bimalá return together to the castle. As they return, Bimalá is confirmed in a suspicion which had crossed her in her previous walk, that they were watched; she fancies she hears sounds of footsteps under the trees, and catches glimpses of moving figures between the boughs in the moonlight. At length they reach the castle; and, contrary to her expectations, she contrives a meeting between the lovers. Unfortunately she leaves the postern door open, and the party are suddenly surprised by a band of Katlú Khán's soldiers, who force their way into the fort and overpower the defenders. The attack is described with considerable spirit. The assailing party is commanded by Osmán Khán, a Pathán officer who had been sent to punish the chieftain of the fort for refusing his alliance against Mán Singh.

Katlú Khán himself soon arrives, and takes charge of the prisoners. Birendra, Tilottamá's father, is put to death; but the Khán has the wounded Rajput prince carefully tended in his own house, as he hopes by his mediation to secure advantageous terms of peace with Mán Singh; when, however, he finds these hopes of his disappointed, he has him transferred to a dungeon and treated as a common prisoner. Tilottamá is placed in the Nawáb's zenána, but Bimalá has a parting interview with her husband before his death, when a final reconciliation takes place, and she vows to avenge him.

There is a very amusing scene when Jagat Singh, just before his removal to his cell, has an interview with Abhirám Swámí's crazy pupil. Bidyá-diggaj, "the world-supporting elephant of knowledge," is his upádhi or honorary title;

but the poor fellow has been frightened into embracing Mohammedanism, and he now swears by the Kurán instead of the Shasters, and wishes to be considered a "Mochhalmán" and to be called Shekh! Through him he hears of Tilottamá's threatened fate, as if it were already accomplished and she had voluntarily welcomed her disgrace.

Bimalá in the meantime finds a friend in Osmán. She had saved his life when a child, and he now promises to save her; and he accordingly gives her a ring to secure her a free passage through the guards round the palace. She is to use it on the night of the tyrant's birthday, which he is to celebrate by a wild revel. The ring will only pass one through the guards, and Bimalá resolves to save her step-child. She herself remains behind to accomplish her own purpose of revenge, and Tilottamá is to personate her and so regain her liberty.

Tilottamá obeys her stepmother's instructions, and assumes her disguise; and as all the guards are engaged in revelry, she has no difficulty in threading her way through the various apartments of the palace, until she reaches the appointed door. There she finds a soldier waiting for her by Osmán's orders, who, on her showing him the ring, offers to conduct her where she pleases. In her agitation and utter uncertainty as to her lover's fate, she asks to be conducted to his cell. The soldier of course at first hesitates, and the prisoner's guards, when he explains her wish to them, are still more reluctant; but Osmán's ring at last overcomes every obstacle, and the door is thrown open, and Tilottamá finds herself in his presence. He was lying dressed on a common prisoner's bed, when he was suddenly aroused by the opening of the door.

"At first when he saw her he did not recognize her. He was only astonished to see a woman enter his cell. He was still more astonished to see the stranger approach no nearer, but remain with her face bent down, leaning against the wall. He sprang from his bed, advanced to-

wards the door, and looked,—it was Tilottamá! For a moment their eyes met; but at that very instant her glance dropped to the ground, and her limbs slightly moved as if she were about to fall at his feet. The Rajput a little drew back, and in an instant her limbs became rigid as by a spell. The blossom of her heart which had opened for a moment began at once to dry up and contract. He coldly exclaimed, 'How! Birendra Singh's daughter?' The words pierced her like an arrow—what meant this address? Had he forgotten her very name? Both remained silent for a while, until he again asked, 'For what purpose have you come here?' What a question! her head became giddy; the room, the bed, the lamp, the wall, all began to swim before her; she seized hold of the wall to support herself. The Rajput waited for an answer, but what answer could she give? At last he said, 'You are distressed,—go back whence you came, and forget all the past.'

"Tilottamá no longer felt giddy. Like a creeper fallen from the tree, she dropped senseless on the floor."

Jagat Singh had heard that she had been taken into the zenána, and all his Rajput pride had been roused; hence he had vowed to tear her image and memory from his mind. He now consults with the soldier who had brought her, as to what had best be done; and they finally agree to send a message to 'Ayeshá, the daughter of the Nawáb Katlú Khán. Her character is the best drawn in the book. She had nursed Jagat Singh while he lay dangerously wounded in her father's house, and her heart had been insensibly interested in the young Rajput hero. She comes when summoned, and makes her appearance in the cell with her attendant, and soon restores Tilottamá to consciousness. But all hope or power of escape is over for the present, and she is sent back to 'Ayeshá's room, who, however, promises to protect her and to seize the first opportunity of sending her away.

"The female attendant left the room with her. Jagat Singh thought to him-

self, 'Is it thus that we have met again?' and he heaved a deep sigh and remained silent. As long as Tilottamā could be seen through the doorway, he kept his eyes fixed in that direction.

"Tilottamā also thought, 'Is it thus that we have met?' but as long as she was in sight she did not look back. When she turned and looked, he was no more to be seen."

'Ayeshā remains behind for a few minutes to offer the Rajput his liberty. She urges him to escape while there is time, as she fears for his life from her father's anger. But he refuses to risk her safety; he feels that he already owes his life to her care, and he peremptorily rejects every plan of escape which would involve her honour or life. Our readers will see that some of the traits of 'Ayeshā are drawn from Scott's Rebecca, but it is far from being a mere servile copy.

Bimalā in the meantime assassinates the tyrant in the midst of his drunken revel; and of course this entirely changes the aspect of things. 'Ayeshā sends off Tilottamā to the appointed spot where the Brahman Abhirām was waiting for her. Jagat Singh is released from prison, and soon proceeds to his father's camp to effect a peace between the two armies.<sup>1</sup>

For some time his Rajput pride repels the thought of Tilottamā, but eventually it gradually yields to the softening influence of her memory; and the story ends happily, as indeed, by a rule

of Hindu rhetoric, all romances ought to do.

We have not said much of 'Ayeshā, though, like Rebecca, she naturally interests the reader most. Her figure is the last seen in the book, and we extract the striking scene with which the story closes.

She gives to Tilottamā at her marriage a casket of jewels, just as Rebecca did to Rowena, and she then returns home.

"It was night when 'Ayeshā returned to her house. She stood at her chamber window in the cool evening breeze. Countless stars were shining in the dark sky, and the leaves of the trees were heard rustling in the darkness as the wind stirred them. The owl uttered his cry from the top of the tower, and beneath where she stood the moat reflected the image of the sky. She thought for some time, and at last drew off a ring from her hand. In that ring there was poison. She thought to herself, 'If I drink this little draught, I shall have quenched all my thirst;' but then again she thought, 'Did God send me into the world for such a deed as this? If I had not power to bear this sorrow, why did I accept at the first to be born as a woman? And what, too, would Jagat Singh say if he heard of it?' She replaced the ring on her finger, but she soon afterwards again drew it off. She thought to herself, 'It is not for a woman to keep this temptation near her; it is better to throw the tempter away.' So saying, 'Ayeshā dropped the poison-ring into the moat."

<sup>1</sup> Compare Elphinstone's "History of India," p. 511.

## CAN COLLEGES REFORM THEMSELVES?

AN impression has been gaining ground that the recent appointment of a Commission to inquire into the revenues of Oxford and Cambridge is not intended to lead to any legislative action. It is rumoured that the Government intend to rely on the activity recently displayed by some colleges in remodelling their constitutions as a proof that they have in their own hands all the powers that are requisite for reform, and that parliamentary interference is unnecessary. The view is at first sight plausible; whether it is sound depends entirely on the nature and extent of the changes which require to be made. The object of this paper is to point out one or two considerations which appear to show that the task of self-reform is one which it is far beyond the power of colleges themselves to accomplish effectually.

If we examine the dissatisfaction which is felt with the existing application of college revenues, we shall find that, apart from the general conviction that a great deal of money is spent with very disproportionate results, it may be traced mainly to two sources—a conviction outside the University that certain forms of fellowships are abuses, and a conviction within the University that its machinery is no longer adapted to its changed circumstances and requirements. From the popular point of view the defects of the fellowship system are roughly summed up under two heads—clerical fellowships and non-resident fellowships. Both of these are condemned, and rightly condemned, as abuses,—the one as a remnant of a vicious system of denominational monopolies, the other as a remnant of a vicious system of sinecures. Prune off these rotten branches, say popular reformers, and there will not be so much amiss.

Unfortunately this is not a case to which pruning is applicable, for the evil is no mere excrescence, but is ingrained in the system. The suggestion of such a remedy arises from a misconception of the nature of fellowships, a misconception which is natural enough, for it is to be feared that the majority of Englishmen have the vaguest possible notions as to what is meant by a fellowship at Oxford or Cambridge, how it is obtained, what duties (if any) and emoluments are attached to it, and what are the conditions upon which it is held. To a foreigner, to whom even the name is unfamiliar, fellowships are still more mysterious institutions. In particular, the condition of celibacy, that curious relic of mediævalism, which is attached to most of them, presents hopeless difficulties. An Oxford fellow, whose appearance and habits were very far from suggesting any resemblance to the mendicant orders, has been known to describe himself to an inquisitive foreigner, as “a kind of very secular monk.” No wonder that both foreigners and natives should be puzzled, for it would be difficult to find a more anomalous monster than a modern college fellow—a member of a society maintaining curious and antique ecclesiastical forms and traditions, yet possibly the most lay of laymen; a celibate, yet bound by no monastic vows; a member of the body which supplies almost all the teaching power of the University, yet not necessarily a teacher, not necessarily resident at the University, and even if a resident teacher, holding no status in the University as such; receiving his emoluments, sometimes as part of his pay as teacher, sometimes as a mere sinecure prize: a patron of numerous livings and an absentee landlord of estates which he has probably never seen, and of the

existence of which he has very possibly never heard.

The truth of course is, that a college fellow is an English institution, and, like so many English institutions, is capable of historical explanation, but incapable of definition. Look at him as he was in the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and the attributes which are so anomalous now, and the necessity or utility of which is defended by such far-fetched and powerful arguments, become natural and intelligible enough. In the first place, he was originally a student, bound by the rules of his college to go through a long and elaborate course of study, but not bound to give any teaching. It was only by a kind of accident that, as the University system of teaching broke down, and it became more and more customary for young students to flock to colleges for the benefit of sharing in the college discipline and course of studies, the older member of the society became a teacher, and it is important to remember that even now the fellow is not a teacher as such. In the next place, when not merely learning, but the rudimentary arts of reading and writing, were almost a monopoly of the clergy, and when accordingly persons took orders, not because they wished to perform, or because they were peculiarly qualified to perform spiritual functions, but simply because they wished to lead a studious life, it is almost needless to say that a college fellow would, whether compelled to be so or not by the rules of his society, almost necessarily be a clerk in holy orders. The notion that either the Universities or the Colleges were intended in any special sense to be nursing mothers of the Church in general, or of the Anglican Establishment in particular, is a figment of a much later age. For the same reason, and also because his narrow lodgings, common meals and scanty stipend were inconsistent with married life, he would be a celibate. Many reasons would contribute to make him live at the University. To begin with, if, as is probable, his aims were study, there was no other place at

which books or instruction were accessible. Then the nature of his emoluments was such as to make them dependent in great measure on residence. In all probability they consisted mainly of free lodging at the University, of an allowance for "battels," *i.e.* meals, and of a "stipend" which was paid during residence. The financial circumstances of colleges have so completely changed that "rooms," "battels," and "stipend" now figure as very considerable items in the income of a fellow, which is mainly derived from his dividends, *i.e.* his share in the surplus revenues of the college estates, after payment out of them of the scholarships and other specific burdens with which they are charged,—a surplus, be it remembered, which did not then exist, and the existence of which is mainly due to the enormous increase in the value of land. Thus there was every reason why a fellow should remain at the University, or, if he left it, should only leave it for a college living the holding of which might or might not be considered by his college compatible with the retention, in a modified form, of his fellowship, according to the value of the living or the circumstances of the college. This being the case, it was hardly necessary to lay down rules expressly providing against such a contingency as that of a fellowship being held by a flourishing barrister or a colonial dignitary.

The Oxford reforms of 1854, by making success in an examination the only means of obtaining a fellowship, stimulated competition, and struck a blow at favouritism and nepotism, but they left the fellowships themselves unchanged. What the Oxford fellow was in the fourteenth, that he still is, in theory, in the nineteenth century. Though the Church is no longer the exclusive home of science and learning, though the Establishment has become only one among several denominations, yet a large proportion of the fellowships is reserved exclusively to clergymen of the Established Church. Though the scanty pittance of the fellow has grown into a comfortable competence, yet the

duties attached to his stipend have not increased; indeed, they have diminished. He is no longer bound to go through a long course of study; he is not yet bound to reside at the University, or, if resident, to teach. Though study and a monastic life are no longer synonymous, the college fellow, whether an Oxford tutor or a London barrister, is, or was till lately, of necessity a calibate. It is the very success of the legislation of 1854, partial and tentative as that legislation was, which has brought into strong relief the anomalies which it left untouched.

Against clerical fellowships it is not necessary to argue here at length. They have been condemned by implication in the Act of last year, and a Government which has abolished denominational tests cannot possibly defend the retention of denominational fellowships. Whilst they are retained, it is a mockery to say that the benefits of the University have been thrown open freely and impartially to the nation at large. But the denominational inequality which is produced by clerical fellowships is far from being the only, though it is by itself a fatal objection to their continuance. From the point of view of the interests of the Established Church, of the interests of the fellows themselves, of the interests of University education, they are open to serious objections. If the Established Church is disposed to think that it cannot get on without this artificial bounty on enlistment into the ranks of its clergy, surely it must have had its eyes opened by this time to the scandal and evils which result from the system of inducing a young man, by a heavy pecuniary bribe, to pledge himself to a profession, the adoption of which ought pre-eminently to be uninfluenced by pecuniary motives, and the relinquishment of which is in all cases difficult, and, in the eyes of some, impossible. Moreover, the monopoly which is so jealously guarded, has results which are injurious not merely to the popularity, but to the reputation, of the Establishment. The natural result of a com-

petition between prizes which are open to all without restriction, and prizes which are fettered by conditions limiting them to a particular class, is that the latter are sought for and obtained by men of an inferior calibre. This inequality between the two kinds of fellowships, lay and clerical, was less apparent some twenty or thirty years ago; but of late years, during which the proportion of candidates for orders among those who take the highest honours at the University has, for whatever reason, been steadily declining, its effects have become very striking. It is a well-recognized fact that men who would have no chance whatever of obtaining a lay fellowship have a very fair chance of being elected to a clerical fellowship. The inference that clerical fellows are below par is scarcely correct, because many who ultimately take orders prefer to stand for a fellowship which leaves their choice of a vocation free, but it is a very natural one to draw, and does not improve the position of the class. And the fact that the field of candidates is so much narrowed in the case of clerical fellowships, makes them extremely unpopular with the more active colleges, whose aim it is to secure the ablest possible men for their teaching staff, irrespectively of their being or not being in orders, and who find themselves heavily weighted in their competition with other colleges, if a large proportion of their fellowships happen to be confined to clergymen. It should not, however, be assumed that the object of those who wish to abolish clerical fellowships is to eliminate the clerical element from the Universities. It would be mere folly to shut one's eyes to the fact that clergymen no longer have the monopoly of education which they once had, but on the other hand experience has shown that the quiet and regular habits of the teacher, whether he be a schoolmaster or a college tutor, and the necessity which he is under of giving advice and counsel as well as intellectual food to his pupils, and of leading a life which is not incongruous with the discipline which he has

to maintain, in many cases induce him naturally and without compulsion to adopt formally a profession with the duties and liabilities of which his own have so much in common. So long as human nature remains the same, and until theology insists on an open breach with learning, this natural tendency of tutors and schoolmasters to join the ranks of the clergy will continue; and the attempt to strengthen it artificially by such institutions as clerical fellowships is not only unnecessary, but harmful.

Assuming clerical fellowships to be injurious, can they not be left to be dealt with by the colleges themselves? The answer to this is, that a similar course was proposed some few years ago in Parliament with regard to University tests, and was then decisively rejected on both sides of the House as unsatisfactory. No more delusive or exasperating mode of dealing with the difficulty could be devised. It would refer the solution of the question to bodies in which the clerical element is, *ex hypothesi*, strongly represented; and it would involve each college in a long and acrimonious theological war. The expedient of shortening a denominational difficulty by relegating it to local bodies has been recently tried in the case of School Boards, and it cannot be said that the result is encouraging. Moreover, clerical fellowships form part of a complex and delicately interwoven college system, and their abolition would involve the revision of many other points in that system. For instance, in the case of some fellowships, the obligation to take orders after a certain period of years, has, in the case of fellows who never intended to become clergymen, the indirect effect of limiting the tenure of those fellowships to that period, and it would be far from an unmixed boon suddenly to convert all such fellowships into fellowships tenable for life. Again, it would be necessary to consider the best mode of keeping up religious worship in the different colleges, and of making provision for the chaplains, the subject of collegè livings, and the desirability of providing a retiring pension

for lay teachers analogous to that which such livings provided for clerical teachers (an arrangement more satisfactory perhaps to the colleges than to the parishes); all of them difficult and complicated subjects, which ought to be dealt with, not according to the whim of each college, but on broad, uniform, and statesmanlike principles.

A witty and ingenious apology for non-resident fellowships has recently appeared in these columns.<sup>1</sup> The writer, while admitting that they have been condemned by public opinion, appears to think that they perform an eminently useful function in fostering the "academic spirit"—a phrase which seems to indicate the frame of mind which, when it comes across an assertion or an institution, does not ask the vulgar question, Is it true? or, Is it useful? but contents itself with asking, Is it pretty? That this frame of mind, which some coarse folk would stigmatize as dilettantism, has a tendency to be produced and fostered by the enjoyment of a comfortable income with nothing to do, cannot be denied. Whether it is worth producing at so great a cost, and whether genuine culture would not flourish in this country even if sinecure fellowships were abolished, is another question. With the general position of the apologist, that wanton hands should not be laid on any part of such great and venerable institutions as the Universities and their colleges, the present writer fully concurs; nor would he deny that sinecure fellowships, strangely as they have been diverted from their original functions, indirectly serve several useful purposes.

Their value as endowments for study, as distinguished from teaching, has been dwelt on with great force by the Rector of Lincoln in his "Suggestions on Academical Organization;" and though their value is there probably exaggerated, yet this—the original purpose of fellowships—should certainly not be lost sight of in any re-distribution of the fund. Nor would it be right to ignore the very material assistance which they have

<sup>1</sup> "Strike, but Hear," *Macmillan's Magazine*, February 1872.

afforded and still constantly afford to men of small means who are anxious to combine the lengthy and costly education supplied by the Universities with an expensive profession, such as, for instance, the bar. There is many a father who, intending his son for such a profession, would never send him to Oxford or Cambridge were it not for a reasonable chance of a fellowship rendering him independent of further assistance after he had taken his degree; and there is many a young graduate who would hesitate to plunge into the unknown sea of London life if he had not this raft of a competence to cling to. Yet even here it may be doubted whether in the majority of cases energy and parsimony would not find themselves able to fight their way even without such help. The true way of making a University degree more compatible with a profession or occupation which requires a long and expensive special training, is probably to be found in such a modification of the University course as would on the other hand shorten it, and on the other hand, without forgetting that the object of the University is to impart general culture and not technical training, would yet bring that culture into somewhat closer relation to the practical needs of life.

But it is not desirable that any of the purposes which fellowships directly or indirectly serve should be ignored; all that is wanted is that security should be given against their abuse. There are, in fact, three main views which may be taken of the fellowship fund. It may be regarded as a prize fund for industry and ability, as an endowment for study, or as a fund for paying or augmenting teachers' fees. The existing system hesitates between these several views, and carries out none effectually. So far as fellowships are mere prizes, they should be diminished in number and value, and be bestowed, not by the colleges, but by the University; so far as they constitute an endowment for study, security should be given that they be held by *bonâ fide* students; so far as they are a fund for the payment of

teachers, that fund should be applied in such a way as to secure the services of the most efficient teachers that can be obtained.

How far can colleges carry out these objects by their own independent legislation? It has been seen that what is required is not the mere suppression of non-resident fellowships; and that thus the problem is more complex than it appears on a superficial view. But the difficulty which is really fatal to any effectual reform of fellowships by the individual colleges arises from the attitude of rivalry and competition in which they stand to one another. The success of every college depends on the efficiency of its teaching staff, and that teaching staff is composed mainly of its fellows. It is therefore its great object to make its fellowships as valuable and attractive as possible. It cannot, with safety to itself, hand over a portion of its funds to the University, or to any other teaching body. It cannot diminish the value of its fellowships, or limit their tenure to a fixed number of years, or annex to them onerous conditions as to residence, study, or college duties; for if it did so, it would be handicapping itself in its race with its rivals. This difficulty extends not merely to permanent or general, but to temporary or exceptional modifications of the conditions attached to fellowships, and is illustrated every day. It constantly happens that a college, having a fellowship vacant, is in immediate want of an addition to its working staff. Yet it very rarely ventures to advertise that the fellowship will be open only to those who will pledge themselves to reside; for it knows that if it did so, the probable result would be to frighten away the most promising candidates. What has been already said as to clerical fellowships applies here also: when a young man is at liberty to choose between two fellowships, one of which is subject to, and the other free from, onerous conditions, he would be a great fool, *cæteris paribus*, not to choose the latter. And even if colleges could with safety to themselves require all their fellows to reside, it would be very doubt-

ful whether, so long as the present mode of election to fellowships remains, they would be wise in doing so. A competitive examination is undoubtedly the best and fairest way of awarding a prize, but it is far from certain that it is the best mode of filling up an educational office. It by no means follows that because a young man passes a brilliant examination, therefore he possesses the qualities which fit him to be an efficient lecturer or tutor. So long as fellowships are obtained by competition, colleges must trust to a subsequent process of sifting, for the purpose of ascertaining which of their fellows are best adapted to become tutors and lecturers. If a young fellow shows himself both willing and competent to undertake work in the college, he is sure to get as much as he wants: and if he does not, he will generally have tact enough to discover before long that the vocation for which he is suited is not that of a college tutor, and in the majority of cases he will pass into the ranks of the non-resident fellows. To compel him to reside would be injurious to himself and useless to the college. Thus, under the present system, the possibility of non-residence supplies an easy and natural corrective for the inherent defects of the competitive system, and a safety-valve through which persons whose abilities are sufficient to gain fellowships, but whose tastes or qualifications do not adapt them for University work, pass into the outer world.

Hitherto we have dwelt mainly on the popular aspect of fellowships, and have tried to show that clerical fellowships and sinecure fellowships, however unsatisfactory they may be, cannot be so simply dealt with as has been supposed. We now propose to call attention to certain changes which have been recently passing over the Universities, especially over Oxford, and which, even more than the existence of such institutions as clerical or sinecure fellowships, render a revision of the college system imperatively necessary. Among these changes there are two, above others, the effect of

which cannot be described as anything less than revolutionary. The first is the introduction of married fellowships, and the second is the system of inter-collegiate lectures. The one goes to the root of collegiate social life, and the other to the root of collegiate teaching.

The first of these topics is one which it is impossible to approach without fear and trembling. It wounds so many tender susceptibilities, it involves so many delicate considerations, it raises so many difficult moral and social problems, a bachelor is so constantly reminded of his necessary ignorance of the subject, that it requires some hardihood to allude to it, much more to discuss it. It is not unnatural that old Oxonians should view with dislike and alarm the feminine invasion which is so completely revolutionizing the external appearance of the old University town. They complain, with much justice, that it has a tendency to empty common-rooms at the legitimate dining hour, and to flood them at irregular luncheon hours; that married life destroys the easy intercourse which is such a valuable element in the relation of tutor and pupil, for that it is one thing to stroll casually into Mr. Smith's room at any hour of the evening and ask his opinion on a difficult passage of Thucydides, and quite another thing to call at Mr. Smith's house, with the prospect of facing Mrs. Smith and all the Miss Smiths; that the young married tutor is never to be found inside the college walls when he is wanted, and that as he grows old there is reason to fear that he will be thinking too much about his wife and children and too little about his pupils.<sup>1</sup> As to one of the complaints which is most frequently brought against the intrusion of marriage into the Universities, namely that it tends to destroy the charm of

<sup>1</sup> Queen Elizabeth prohibited the residence of women in colleges, holding that "when chief governors, prebendaries, students, &c., do keep particular household with their wives, children, and nurses, no small offence groweth to the interest of the founders and the quiet and orderly profession of study and learning." (Archbishop Parker's Correspondence, quoted in Freeman's "*Norman Conquest*," iv. 425.)

college social life, it may be questioned whether a good deal of misconception has not been produced by the kind of legendary halo which has somehow or other been cast about common-rooms and combination rooms. There seems to be a popular impression afloat that common-rooms supply an almost ideal form of social intercourse, where wit sparkles without malice, and freedom, unrestricted by petticoats, never degenerates into licence. It may be doubted whether the reality quite comes up, or ever has quite come up, to this charming description. So far as we may judge from the records of the past, such as are supplied by eighteenth-century biographies, and by the contents of old betting books which still slumber in certain common-room drawers, there was a time when Oxford common-rooms had a strong savour of the tavern. And as for the present, those whose memories linger affectionately round the remembrance of social gatherings in well-known old halls or common-rooms, are apt to forget that these occasions are necessarily exceptional, and that under ordinary circumstances the complete enjoyment of a six o'clock dinner is materially impaired by the prospect of eight o'clock pupils. It is possible that there may have been a golden age intervening between the past of somewhat besotted idleness and the present of somewhat oppressive industry, during which common-room life combined the best characteristics of a Parisian *salon* and a London club; but that is problematical. Moreover, it has been suggested that even societies from which the feminine element has been most carefully excluded, are not altogether free from the petty jealousies and scandals and rivalries which usually disfigure small coteries. And in any case it would require stronger arguments than those which have been advanced to prove that the life which men and women lead in each other's society is not as a rule more healthy, natural, and useful, than that which they lead apart, whether shut up in colleges or in convents.

However, setting this delicate ques-

tion apart, it is not to be denied that the revolution in social life to which we have referred, threatens the Universities with serious difficulties. One of them, the increased extravagance of living which ladies have been accused of causing, is, it may be hoped, though an ugly, yet a temporary phase, which will tend to disappear as soon as young married tutors have realized the fact that they must live very modestly if they wish to exist on six hundred a year. But some of the other difficulties are of a more permanent nature, and cannot be got over quite satisfactorily. Such are the impaired efficiency of married teachers in consequence of their being removed to a greater distance from their pupils, and the difficulty of allowing officers of the college to marry, and yet maintaining an efficient supervision over the discipline of the college. As to the first, while fully admitting the reality of the evil, all that can be done is to hope that some alleviation of it may be found in a modification of the hours of work, and to point to the precedent of masters at public schools, as showing that marriage is not incompatible with a teacher's both throwing his heart into his work, and seeing a great deal of his pupils. The second difficulty may be met in two ways—by allowing married fellows to live within the college walls, and by limiting the right of marriage to a favoured few. There are objections to both courses. Independently of the difficulty of adjusting collegiate buildings to the requirements of families, a witness in a recent University inquiry has dealt with amusing pathos on the inconveniences attending the invasion of quiet college precincts by nursemaids, perambulators, and similar horrors. And it must be admitted that a teething infant would probably be a more formidable neighbour to a quiet student than even an ambitious practiser on the cornet-à-piston. In the one case the hours of practice may be regulated; in the other they cannot. If, on the other hand, only a certain number of the residents are to be allowed to marry, on what principle is this deli-

cate and important privilege to be granted? If on that of seniority, it seems rather hard that a sighing lover of twenty-seven should have to wait till his senior has made up his mind whether he will or will not take a companion for his declining years. If priority of application is taken into consideration, the system would form a heavy premium on early engagements, and a *fiancée* would become as indispensable an appendage to an unmarried tutor as a follower is to a housemaid.

The fact that, in spite of these difficulties, every college which has recently taken in hand the remodelling of its fellowships, has found itself compelled to tolerate, to a greater or less extent, the marriage of its resident fellows, shows the necessity of the change. Without it college tutorships cannot compete with their most formidable rivals, masterships at public schools and Scotch professorships. Scarcely a year passes without seeing some graduate, who appears eminently qualified to remain a University teacher, transferred to some sphere of life for which celibacy is not a disqualification. The difficulty of inducing able men to remain at the University is one which increases every year. The average age of the working staff is probably under thirty, and there is said to be a college where the senior tutor has not reached that venerable age. There will be some who will say that this is just as it should be; that the time when a tutor is at his best is when he is young, vigorous, and enthusiastic, and not yet sufficiently removed from the standing of his pupils to be unable to comprehend their difficulties; and that an older man very soon tends to become dull and mechanical. There is a great deal of truth in this; and if the whole work of education consisted in the ploughing up of the mental field, and the rooting out of the prejudices which have sown themselves in the fallow, it is probable that no more potent instrument could be devised for the purpose, than a young graduate, fresh from his degree, eager to do his best for his pupils, full of sympathy for the diffi-

culties with which he himself has recently struggled, full of belief in the truths into which he has just been initiated, and full of scorn for the fallacies from which he has just been emancipated. It will be an evil day for the Universities when this element disappears from their teaching. But admitting this, there are many—not merely among those who regard the Universities primarily as homes of culture and science, but among those who attach greater weight to their strictly educational functions—who feel strongly that this element needs to be supplemented by another in which the Universities are at present deficient: the element of thorough, solid, scientific teaching; the teaching which is the fruit of mature reflection, and patient, laborious years, and which ultimately enriches the University and the world with written work of permanent value. Teachers of this kind the Universities now and then contrive to retain in their service, rather through the operation of some “divine chance” than by good management; but they can never reckon on retaining them until they have made the career which they offer attractive, not merely to a youngster, but to a middle-aged man.

The second innovation to which we have referred, namely the system of intercollegiate teaching, is a necessary result of the increased and increasing variety and elasticity of the recognized University course. When the University curriculum simply offered a choice between a comparatively narrow course of classics and a comparatively narrow course of mathematics, there was always a reasonable chance that in each college might be found a teaching staff sufficient to conduct the undergraduates through their course of mathematics, or classics, as the case might be. But now that to classics and mathematics have been added law, history, theology, and physical science; now that the school of “*literæ humaniores*” has ramified into a number of subjects, more or less cognate, but each sufficient to monopolize the exertions of any one

teacher, and that each successive modification of the examination statutes shows a further tendency in the direction of specializing,—pretensions on the part of any one college to supply with its own unaided staff the teaching required for all these subjects become absurd, and the costliness and wastefulness of the cumbrous and antiquated machinery of separate college teaching become apparent. Whilst colleges still struggled to maintain their independence of external assistance, their *αὐτάρκεια*, in teaching, there might be seen, here a lecturer delivering to five a course of lectures which might, with equal advantage, have been delivered to fifty; there a pupil unable to obtain any college teaching which met his wants. It was the latter anomaly which first led to a change; for colleges now-a-days usually feel some scruple about adhering to the time-honoured system of contenting themselves with pocketing tuition fees, leaving all real instruction to be supplied by private tutors. The most obvious mode of meeting the want was that of calling in as lecturers, or even as tutors, members of other colleges; and this was soon resorted to. A still more beneficial extension of the system of extra-collegiate instruction was made, when one college admitted to its lectures, or to some of its lectures, the members of another college, either on the condition of a money payment, or of being granted a reciprocal favour. This plan was found to be at once so simple, so sensible, and so useful, that it was widely and rapidly taken up; and the most remarkable phenomenon in Oxford teaching during the last few years has been the growth and increase of these commercial treaties, as they may be termed, between different colleges, which have formed a network embracing nearly every college at the University. These confederations may be more or less complete, and may extend to all, or only to a part, of the subjects professed to be taught; in their completest form they involve the most entire intercommunion for teaching purposes, a common staff of lecturers, and the settlement in com-

mon of a comprehensive programme of lectures open to all members of the confederated societies. In fact for teaching, as distinguished from disciplinary purposes, the college has disappeared, and the confederation, under the management of a common board of tutors and lecturers, has taken its place. In some subjects, such as mathematics, for which there is a more limited demand, and consequently a more limited supply of teachers, it is believed to be the case, that teaching, at least so far as “honour” mathematics are concerned, is entirely irrespective of the colleges. The mathematical teachers of the University meet together, and divide the profits among themselves, drawing their fees out of the tuition funds of the different colleges.

It requires no great sagacity to foresee that this system of confederation is only preparing the way to a still greater unity in the administration of the University, to a state of things in which the colleges will be far more completely subordinated to the University, and in which the most important lecturers will be in theory, as they are rapidly becoming in fact, University and not college officers. To hold such a view implies rather a wish for, not a belief in, the probability of the extinction of the colleges. The recent admission of unattached students to the University does indeed show that colleges are not necessary, but it is far from showing that they are not highly useful elements of a University. Not merely as institutions round which honourable and venerable traditions have gathered, but as institutions which have always fulfilled and still fulfil functions of the highest value in the University, the loss of the colleges would be irreparable. There is one point especially in which the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, through the possession of colleges, contrast favourably with the Universities of other countries, and of other parts of the United Kingdom. No one who has enjoyed the inestimable advantage of belonging to a good college can fail to remember that much as he owes to his tutors and lecturers, he owes still more

to his college friends and contemporaries, to common studies, common recreations, common interests, all stimulated by attachment to one small society, and given full play by the easy and familiar intercourse which college life supplies. How much of all this is not lost to one who, instead of becoming a member of a college, is cast adrift upon the University at large ?

The future constitution of the University is, however, too large a subject to be discussed here. It has been the object of this paper to state problems, not solve them ; to indicate the magnitude and complexity of the questions which are involved in college reform, by showing, in the first place, that the points in the fellowship system which are the most favourite topics of popular criticism, are not mere ugly warts which may be removed, but are inherent in the very constitution of the colleges ; and in the second place, that the changes which are passing over the University, not in consequence of any gratuitous experimentalizing on the part of its members, but through the operation of natural causes, are of the most serious and important kind, going to the root of the most fundamental principles upon which the University and the colleges have been built up ; and to draw the conclusion that these changes require to be dealt with, not by such fragmentary, incomplete, and incoherent measures of reform as the colleges can themselves supply, but upon broad, comprehensive, and general principles.

It would be tempting to say a few words on some other points in which the working of the existing college system is unsatisfactory, whilst an adequate remedy seems to be out of the reach of the colleges themselves. The most important of these are, first, the economical waste which is involved in the existence, side by side, of a number of institutions, all existing for the same object, but each maintaining in jealous independence its separate expensive establishment, separate officers, separate buildings, and separate "pocket-handkerchief estates," scattered up and

down over the face of the country ; and secondly, the serious extent to which rivalry between the colleges in founding and augmenting scholarships and exhibitions has run. At the last conference of the masters of public schools, a protest was raised against the unnecessary multiplication of scholarship examinations, in running the gauntlet of which the most promising pupils at a school are apt to be employed during no inconsiderable part of the working year, and others have complained of the growing tendency on the part of colleges to raise unnecessarily the pecuniary value of their scholarships, and the maximum age of eligibility, in the hope of making them more attractive, and of drawing candidates from a wider field. No money can be better applied than that which is devoted to aiding poor scholars in defraying the expenses of a good education ; but scholarships are scarcely fulfilling their proper purpose when they are made the means of inducing scholars to prefer a less to a more efficient college for the sake of getting a little money, when in fact they are used not as means of promoting education but as advertisements of rival teaching-shops.

Nothing can be more praiseworthy than the strenuous efforts which the most active colleges have been making to remedy the defects to which we have referred, and to adapt their antiquated machinery to the wholly new state of things which they have to meet. Nothing can be more valuable as suggestions and indications of the direction which reform ought to take, but it is mere mockery to tell them that they, exposed as they are to the keenest competition, with their imperfect powers, their conflicting theories, and their jealous rivalries, are competent to carry out what is nothing less than a remodelling of the University. The simple statement that what is really needed is a revision of the relations of the colleges to each other and to the University, is enough to show how unequal the colleges are themselves to the task ; and of this a strong confirmation might be found in the wild panaceas

which some colleges have been proposing, and the incongruous principles upon which they have been reforming their constitutions.

The most indispensable preliminary of any reform is an accurate knowledge of facts, and for this purpose the inquiries which the University Commissioners are directed to make are invaluable. The nature and value of college property is a subject about which not merely members of Parliament and journalists, but fellows of colleges themselves, are as absolutely ignorant as they are about the number of landholders in Great Britain. The instruction to inquire into and report on, not merely the nature and extent of college revenues, but the mode in which those revenues are applied, will, it is to be hoped, have the effect of making the Commissioners report something more than a mere balance-sheet, and will enable it to contain useful suggestions as to the best mode of utilizing and of redistributing, if necessary, college property. Yet, in

spite of the elasticity of the Commissioners' instructions, it is impossible not to regret that they did not extend a little further, and authorize them to collect opinions as well as facts. It may very well be that opinions on the proper mode of University reform, both at Oxford and at Cambridge, are at present in an almost hopelessly divided state, and that the bulk of what would be elicited would be a mass of contradictory and impracticable theories; but even so, if legislation is desirable, it is surely better that it should be preceded by an inquiry into the opinions of those most conversant with the facts, and that those opinions should be given an opportunity of sifting and clearing themselves, of discovering their own inconsistencies, and of crystallizing themselves into shape. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that such an enlargement of the Commissioners' powers as will impose this additional duty upon them may still be made.

## THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," ETC.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE AVENGER.

"Love had ordained that it was Abra's turn  
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn."

SURELY nine o'clock was early enough for breakfast at this remote little inn on the top of the hill; and indeed, when we parted the night before, after our moonlight improvisation of *Fra Diavolo*, that was the hour agreed upon. Nine o'clock! Going down at a quarter past eight, with some notion that the Lieutenant might have sat up half the night consuming his wrath in the smoking of many cigars, and might now be still in bed, I heard voices. Sometimes there was a laugh—and no one who had once heard Bell's musical laugh could ever mistake it. When I went into the parlour which had been the Lieutenant's bedroom, I found that all traces of his occupation were gone: a fire was burning brightly in the grate, the breakfast tray was laid, and Bell sat at the open window, talking to Von Rosen himself, who was standing out on the pavement in the full blaze of the morning sunshine that now filled the main thoroughfare of Bourton-on-the-Hill.

Bell looks round with a startled air.

"My dear," I say to her, "travelling is doing you a world of good. Early rising is an excellent thing for young people."

"I did not know when you might want to start," says Bell, gently, and rather averting her eyes—for which there was no reason whatever.

At this moment Queen Titania came down, looking brisk and cheerful, as

she always does in the morning. She glanced at the fire, at the clean table, at Bell sitting by the window, and at the blaze of sunlight on the wall on the other side of the street. Apparently, this pleasant picture put her into an excellent humour, and she said to the Lieutenant, with one of her brightest looks—

"Well, have you been making discoveries this morning? Have you made the acquaintance of many people? Has Bourton-on-the-Hill anything peculiar about it?"

"Oh yes, Madame," said the Lieutenant, seriously, "something very singular, which you will not like to hear. This is an English village, in the middle of the country, and yet they never have any milk here—never. They cannot get any. The farmers prefer to make butter, and they will not sell milk on any inducement."

"Why," said Tita, "that is the reason of our having no milk with our tea last evening. But is there no one the landlady can beg a little milk from?"

The Lieutenant looked at Bell, and that young lady endeavoured to conceal a smile. They had evidently been speculating on Tita's dismay before we came down.

"The great farmer in the neighbourhood," continued the Lieutenant, gravely, "is a Mrs. Phillips. I think she owns all the cattle—all the milk. I did send to her a polite message an hour ago, to ask if she would present us with a little of it—but no; there is no answer. At the moment that Mademoiselle came down, I was going up to Mrs. Phillips's farm, to get the milk for you, but Mademoiselle was too proud for that, and

would not allow me to go, and said she would not take it now, since the woman had refused it."

"And how did you propose to overcome Mrs. Phillips's obstinacy?" asked Tita, who seemed possessed by a fear that sooner or later the predatory instincts of this Uhlan would get us into trouble.

"Oh, I do not know, but I should have got it some way," said the Lieutenant; and with that he held out a small book he had in his hand. "See! I have made more discoveries this morning. Here is a note-book I have found, of a young lady at school, who has been staying, perhaps, at this house; and it has given me much amusement—oh, very much amusement, and instruction also. It is just the same as if I had been in the school with her, and she has told me all about her teachers, and the other girls, and all that. Shall I read some to you?"

"Now is it fair," said Bell, "to peep into a young lady's secrets like that?"

"But I have done so already," replied Von Rosen, coolly. "I have read it all—and now I will tell you some of it. First, there are addresses of friends—that is nothing. Then there are stitches of knitting—that is nothing, only the young lady seems correct and methodist—no, methodical, I should say. Then there are notes of lectures, and very much good information in them, oh, very good indeed—I am not surprised your English young ladies know very much. Let me see: '*Epic poetry we like, because they treat of great men and great actions. "Paradise Lost" admired for its noble language. Milton a Puritan. England receives solidity of character from the Puritans. Dryden and Byron are not read, although very great. Byron hated his own race—is not a good poet to read.*' This is very good instruction; but she hastens now to put down something about two other girls, who were perhaps at the lecture. She says: '*Shocking, impertinent, ill-bred creatures; my spirit recoils from them.*' Then there is a question addressed to her neighbour: '*Do you see how Miss Williams has got her hair done?*'"

Here Queen Titania protested against these revelations, and would have held out her hand for the book; but the Lieutenant only stepped back a few inches from the window, and said, seriously—

"There is much better information to come. Here she puts down in order the phrases which one of the masters has used to her class—polite phrases, she says, to use to ladies. 1. *You degrade yourselves.* 2. *How much more kitchen-maidism?* 3. *Simply offensive.* 4. *It shows how you have been brought up.* 5. *I will put a stop to this impertinence.* 6. *Silence, ladies!* 7. *Pretty conduct!* I am afraid he has had an unruly class. Then the young lady has a little piece of composition which I think is the beginning of a novel. She says: '*The summit of Camberwell Grove, which forms part of the lordly elevation known as Denmark Hill, is one of the most charming and secluded retreats around the great metropolis. Here, in the spring-time, groves of lindens put forth their joyous leaves, and birds of various colours flit through the branches, singing hymns of praise. On the one side, the dreary city dwells behind an enchanted veil of trees; on the other, you pass into emerald fields, which stretch onwards to the Arabian magnificence of the Crystal Palace. In this lofty and picturesque spot, Lord Arthur Beauregard was accustomed to pace, musing on the mystery and gloom which had enveloped him since he left the cradle.*' There is no more of this very good story, but on the next page there is a curious thing. There are three lines all surrounded by a scroll, and do you know what is written?—'*A Woman can do ANYTHING with a man by not contradicting him;*' and underneath the scroll is written, '*Don't I wish this was true? Helen M——.*' None of the rest is written so clearly as this——"

"Count von Rosen, I will not listen to any more!" cried Tita. "It is most unfair of you to have been reading this young lady's confessions——"

"I get them in a public inn: I have the right, have I not?" remonstrated the Lieutenant. "It is not for pleasure

—it is for my instruction that I read. Oh, there are very strange things in this book."

"Pray give it to me," said Bell, quite gently.

He had refused to surrender it to my Lady; but the moment that Bell asked for it, he came forward and handed it in through the window. Then he came in to breakfast.

Little time was spent at breakfast; the sun was shining too brightly outside. We called for our bill, which was brought in. It was entitled "Bill of Fare." Our dinner of the previous evening was called tea, and charged at the rate of one shilling a head. Our breakfasts were one shilling each. Our bedrooms were one shilling each. Any traveller, therefore, who proposes to stay at Bourton-on-the-Hill, cannot do better than put up at the inn of W. Seth Dyde, especially as there is no other; and I heartily wish that he may enjoy something of the pleasant companionship, the moonlight, and the morning freshness that graced our sojourn on the top of this Worcester-shire hill.

Then into the phaeton again, and away we go through the white sunlight and the light morning breeze that is blowing about these lofty woods! There is a resinous odour in the air, coming from the furze and the ferns. The road glares in the sunlight. Overhead the still blue is scarcely flecked by a cloud; but all the same there is a prevailing coolness that makes the driving through the morning air delicious. It is a lonely country—this stretch of forest and field on the high level between Bourton and Broadway. We pass Bourton Clump, and leave Bourton Wood on the right. We skirt Upton Wold, and get on by Furze Heath. Then, all at once, the land in front of us seems to drop down; we come in sight of an immense stretch of blue plain, from which the thin mists of the morning have not wholly risen. We are on the top of the famous Broadway Hill.

By the side of the road there is a strange, old-fashioned little building,

which is apparently a wayside chapel. Count von Rosen jumps down to have a look at this odd relic of our former Catholicism, which has remained on the summit of this hill for several centuries. He can discover nothing but a sign which tells that this sacred edifice now contains wines, spirits, and beer; so he comes back, and goes up to the corner of a field opposite, where a middle-aged man, surrounded by some young folks, is making hay. In the utter stillness of the place, we can hear all the questions and answers. The small building is not so very old; it never was a church. The stones there mark the boundary between Gloucester and Worcester. The view from this place is considered unrivalled for extent; you can see the Black Sandy Mountains on a very clear day.

"Indeed!" says the Count. "Where are they, the mountains you speak of?"

"I don' know, sir—I've heerd tell on 'em—I never wur theear."

Going down this steep hill Tita looks anxious. A bad stumble, and we should go rolling over the little wall into the ravine beneath. One has a far-off reminiscence of Switzerland in watching the horses hanging back from the pole in this fashion, while every bend of the road seems more precipitous than its predecessor. Then we get down to the plain, rattle through the level and straggling village of Broadway, and drive into the fields again, where the sun is lying warmer than it was up over the top of the hill.

There is a small boy in a smockfrock sitting underneath the hedge, whittling a stick, while a shepherd's dog lies on the grass beside him.

"Evesham?" calls out the Count, as we pass, merely because there has been a little doubt about the road.

"Naw, zir," was the answer, uttered with a fine *sang-froid*.

Of course we pull up directly.

"Isn't this the way to Evesham?" I ask.

"Yaas, zir," says the boy, coolly looking up from his stick, but sitting still.

"This is the way to Evesham?"

"Yaas, zir."

"Do you know where it is?"

"Naw, zir."

"He is a very cautious boy," says the Lieutenant, as we drive on; "a very cautious boy indeed."

"If he had been asked properly at first," says Bell, with great gravity, "he would have given a proper answer. But when you say 'Evesham?' of course the boy tells you this is not Evesham."

Evesham, when we did get to it, was found to be a very bright, clean, and lively little town, with the river Avon, slowly gliding through flat meadows, forming a sort of loop around it. In the quaint streets a good amount of business seemed to be going on; and as we put up at the Crown, and went off for a brief ramble through the place, we found quite an air of fashion in the costume of the young ladies and the young gentlemen whom we met. But the latter, although they had copied very accurately the Prince of Wales's dress of the previous year, and had very stiff collars and prominent canes, had an odd look of robust health in their cheeks, which showed they were not familiar with Piccadilly and the Park; while the former, although they were very pretty and very neatly attired, ought not to have turned and pretended to look into the shop-windows in order to have a look at Bell's pretty grey dress and hat, and at Queen Titania's more severe, but no less graceful costume. But Evesham does not often entertain two angels unawares; and some little curiosity on the part of its inhabitants may be forgiven.

The people of Evesham are not much given to boating on the Avon; and so—postponing our usual river excursion until we should reach the Severn—Bell besought us to go into a photographer's establishment, and make experiments with our appearance. The artist in question lived in a wooden house on wheels; and there were specimens of his handiwork nailed up outside. Our entrance apparently surprised the photographer, who seemed a little nervous, and perhaps was a trifle afraid

that we should smile at his efforts in art. But surely nothing could be more kindly than Bell's suggestions to him and her conversation with him; for she, as a "professional" herself, conducted the negotiations and arranged the groups. The artist, charmed to see that she knew all about his occult processes, and that she was withal a very courteous and kindly visitor, became almost too confidential with her, and began to talk to her of us three as if we were but blocks of wood and of stone to be played with as these two *savants* chose. Of the result of the various combinations into which we were thus forced, little need be said. Queen Titania came out very well; her pale, dark, clear-cut face telling in every picture, and even making us forget the tawdry bit of brass and the purple velvet of the frame. As for the rest of us, a journey is not a good time to have one's portrait taken. The flush of healthy colour produced by the wind, and by much burning of the sun, may look very well on the natural face, but is apt to produce a different effect on glass.

The Lieutenant, for example, roared with laughter when he saw himself transfigured into a ferocious bandit, with a great black beard, a dark face, and two white holes where his eyes should have been. But the moment he had laughed out, he caught sight of Bell's face. The young lady looked very much vexed, and her eyes were cast down. Instantly the young man said, loud enough for the photographer to hear—

"I do seem to myself very ridiculous in this English costume. When you are used to uniforms for a very long time, and all at once get into this common dress, you think yourself some other person, and you cannot help laughing at the appearance yourself makes."

Bell's eyes said "Thank you" as plainly as eyes could speak; and then she paid a very grave and gentle compliment to the artist, whom we left beaming over with pride and gratitude towards the young lady.

"To go flirting with a travelling

photographer!" says Queen Tita, as we go in to luncheon: "for shame, Bell!"

"No, it was only Mademoiselle's good nature to the poor man," replies the Lieutenant, with an unnecessary tone of earnest protest. "I do think he is the very happiest person in Evesham to-day—that he has not been so happy for many a day."

"I think the portraits are very good," says Bell, bravely, "if you consider how he has to work."

"Now you know you can't excuse yourself, Bell," says my Lady. "You paid him compliments that would have turned any man's head; and as for the truth of them—or rather the unblushing perversion of truth in them——"

But at this moment Tita happened to be passing Bell's chair, and she put her hand very gently on the young lady's head, and patted her cheek—a little caressing action which said more than a thousand protestations of affection.

Our setting out for Worcester was rather a dismal business. Were we school-children who had been playing truant, that we should regard with apprehension a return to town? Or were Bell's vague fears contagious? In vain the Lieutenant sought to cheer her. She knew, and we all of us knew, that if Arthur Ashburton chose to come and ask to see her, nothing could be easier than for him to discover our whereabouts. He was aware of our route, and had been told the names of the principal towns at which we should stop. A party of four arriving from London in a phaeton is not a customary occurrence, and a brief inquiry at the chief hotels in any town would be likely to give him all the information he required.

Then, as we afterwards discovered, Bell had returned no answer to the letter he had sent to Oxford. She had been too much hurt, and had forbore to reply in kind. Who does not know the distracting doubts and fears that an unanswered letter—when one is at a certain age in life—may conjure up, and the terrible suspense that may prompt to the wildest action? We seemed to

share in Bell's dismay. The Lieutenant, however, was light-hearted enough, and, as he relinquished his attempts to break the silence, he sent the horses on at a good pace, and hummed to himself broken snatches of a ballad, and talked caressingly to Castor and Pollux.

When we were a few miles from Evesham, without having seen anywhere a glimpse of the obelisk that stands on the famous Evesham plain, it occurred to us that we might as well ask if we were on the proper road. There seemed a curious quietness and picturesqueness about the wooded lanes through which we were driving in the calm of the twilight. At length we reached a turnpike at the corner of several unfrequented paths, and here an old lady was contentedly sewing, while her assistant, a pretty little girl of thirteen, collected the threepenny-pieces. Well, we had only come about five miles out of our route. Instead of going by Pershore, we had struck away northward, and were now in a labyrinth of country lanes, by any of which we might make our way along through the still landscape to Worcester. Indeed, we had no cause to regret this error. The out-of-the-way road that runs by Flyford Flavell and Broughton Hackett proved to be one of the pleasantest we had traversed. In the clear twilight we found ourselves driving through a silent and picturesque district, the only life visible in which was the abundant game. The partridges that were dusting themselves in the road before us, did not get up and disappear with a strong, level, low flight towards some distant field, but walked sedately into the grass by the roadside, and then passed through the hedge. We saw several pheasants calmly standing at the outskirts of the woods. The plump little rabbits ran about like mice around the fences. The sound of the phaeton wheels was the only noise heard in this peaceful solitude; and as we drove on, the dusk grew apace, and the movements of bird and beast were no longer visible.

Then a new twilight arose—a faint,

clear light shining up from below the horizon, and we knew that the moon would speedily beglimmering through the black branches of the woods. The hamlets we passed showed streaks of red within their windows. There were glow-worms in the road—points of blue fire in the vague darkness. Then we drove into the gloom of the avenues of Spetchley Park; and finally, with still another glare appearing in the sky—this time a ruddy hue like the reflection of a great fire—we got nearer and nearer to the busy town, and at last heard the horses' feet clattering on a stone street.

The thoroughfares of Worcester were busy on this Saturday night; but at length we managed to make our way through the people and vehicles up to the Star Hotel. We drove into the spacious archway, and passed into the hall, while the people were bringing in our luggage. The Lieutenant was, as usual, busy in giving orders about everything, when the head waiter came up and begged to know my name. Then he presented a card.

"The gentleman is staying at the 'Crown.' Shall I send him a message, sir?"

"No," says Tita, interposing; "I will write a note, and ask him to come round to dinner—or supper, whichever it ought to be called."

"Oh, has Arthur come?" says Bell, quite calmly.

"So it appears, my dear," says Queen Titania; and as she utters the words, she finds that Von Rosen has come up and has heard.

"All right," he says cheerfully. "It will be a pleasure to have a visitor at dinner, Madame, will it not? It is a pity we cannot take him any further with us when we start on Monday; but I suppose he has come on business to Worcester?"

The Lieutenant took the matter very coolly. He handed Bell and Tita upstairs to look after the disposal of their effects; and then came into the dining-room to see what arrangements had been made about dinner.

"If he behaves himself, that is very

well and good. You must treat him civilly. But if not—if he is foolish and disagreeable, why——"

The Lieutenant did not say what would happen then. He bethought himself of the horses, and strode away down into the darkness of the yard, humming lightly, "*Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck, an meine grüne Seite!*" He was evidently in no warlike mood.

## CHAPTER XI.

### APEMANTUS AT THE FEAST.

*"Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,  
A mile forth of the towne,  
When she was aware of her father's men  
Come galloping over the downe:*

*"And foremost came the carlish knight,  
Sir John of the north countraye;  
'Nouve stop, nouve stop, thou false traitoure,  
Nor carrye that ladye awaye!'"*

"My dear," I say to Queen Titania, as she is fastening a rose in her hair before going down to dinner, "pray remember that Arthur Ashburton is 'also a vertebrate animal.' He has done nothing monstrous or inhuman in paying you a visit."

"Paying me a visit?" says Tita, impatiently. "If he had come to see me, I should not care. But you know that he has come to pick a quarrel with Bell; and that she is likely to grant him everything he asks; and, if she does not, there will be infinite trouble and vexation. I consider it most provoking—and most thoughtless and inconsiderate on his part—to thrust himself upon us in this way."

"And yet, after all," I say, as she fastens on a bracelet which was given her nearly twenty years ago now, "is there anything more natural? A young man is in love with a young woman——"

"It is his own fault," she interposes.

"Perhaps. So much the worse. He ought all the more to have your compassion, instead of your indignant scorn. Well, she leaves his charming society to go off on a wild rampage through the country. A possible rival accompanies her. The young man is torn asunder

with doubts and fears. He writes to her. She does not answer. His anxiety becomes a madness; and forthwith he sets off in pursuit of her. Is there anything in all this to brand him as an out-cast from humanity?"

"Why, look at the folly of it! If the girl had proper spirit, would it not drive her into refusing him altogether?"

"Foolish, my dear, yes! but not criminal. Now the whole of you seem to look on Arthur as a monster of wickedness, because he is anxious to marry the girl he is fond of."

My Lady alters the disposition of the thin tracery of silver cord which runs through the dark masses of her hair, and as she thus manages to shelve the subject, she says—

"I suppose we shall have a pleasant time at dinner. Arthur will be fiercely amusing. Plenty of sarcasm going about. Deadly looks of hatred. Jokes as heavy as that one Bell talks of—that was carried to the window by four men, and killed a policeman when it tumbled over."

My Lady is gently reminded that this story was told of a German, before the date of Bell's conversion; whereupon she answers coolly—

"Oh, I do not suppose that Count von Rosen is like all Germans. I think he is quite an exception—a very creditable exception. I know I have never met anyone the least like him before."

"But heroes were not common in your county, were they?"

"They were in yours," says Tita, putting her arm within mine, and speaking with the most gracious sweetness; "and that was why they took no notice of you."

We go downstairs. At the head of the large dining-room, in front of the fireplace, a young man is standing. He has a time-table in his hand, which he is pretending to read, and his hat is on his head. He hastily removes that most important part of an Englishman's attire, when my Lady enters the room, and then he comes forward with a certain apprehension and embarrassed look on his face. If he had been grow-

ing nervous about his reception, there was nothing, at all events, to be feared from Queen Titania, who would have welcomed the \* \* \* himself with an effusive courtesy, if only she had regarded it as her duty.

"Oh, Arthur," she says, her whole face lighting up with a gladness which amazed even me, who am accustomed to watch her ways, "I am really delighted to see you. How good of you to come and spend the evening with us on so short a notice. I hope we have not taken you away from any other engagement?"

"No," says the young man, apparently very much touched by this kindness, "and—and—it is I who ought to apologize for breaking in on you like this."

"Then you will spend to-morrow with us also?" says my Lady, quite pleasantly. Indeed, there is nothing like facing the inevitable with a good grace.

"Yes," says Arthur, rather humbly, "if you think I'm not intruding."

"Why, your coming will be quite a relief. I should never have forgiven you if you had been in our neighbourhood without coming to see us."

You might think that this little speech was of the nature of a fib. But it was not, just at that moment. When people are absent, Tita is about as cool, and accurate, and severe in her judgment of them as any woman can be; and she is not disinclined to state her opinion. But once they come near her—and especially if she has to play the part of hostess, and entertain them—the natural and exuberant kindness of the woman drives her into the most curious freaks of unconscious hypocrisy. Half an hour before she had been talking of Arthur in a way that would have considerably astonished that young man, if he had known; and had been looking forward with dismay and vexation to all the embarrassments of his visit. Now, however, that he was there—thrown on her mercy as it were—she showed him a quite inordinate kindness, and that in the most honest way in the world. A couple of minutes sufficed to convince

Arthur that he had at least one firm friend in our household.

He began to look anxiously towards the door. Presently, a voice that he knew pretty well was heard outside ; and then — ominous conjunction ! — the Lieutenant and Bell entered together. Von Rosen had held the door open for his companion, so that Bell advanced first towards our visitor. Her face was quite calm and a trifle reserved ; and yet every one could see that as she shook hands with the young man, there was a timid, half-concealed look of pleasure and welcome in her eyes. He, on his part, was gloomily ceremonious. He scarcely took any notice of the greeting which the Lieutenant carelessly addressed to him. He accompanied us over to the table, and took a seat on the right hand of Tita, with a silence that portended evil. We were likely to have a pleasant evening.

Had he possessed a little more worldly prudence or *savoir faire*, he would now have made some light excuse for his being present. He ought, for form's sake, to have given us to understand that, as he was obliged to be in Oxford, he had come on by rail to pay us a visit. But as it was, no explanation was forthcoming. Our Apemantus had apparently dropped from the skies. He looked very uncomfortable ; and replied in monosyllables to the various and continuous remarks that Tita addressed to him. He had never spoken to Bell, who sat next him, and who was herself silent. Indeed, the constraint and embarrassment from which she was suffering began to vex the Lieutenant, who strove in vain to conquer it by every means in his power.

The barometer steadily fell. The atmosphere grew more and more gloomy, until a storm of some sort was inevitable. The anxious efforts of Queen Tita to introduce some cheerfulness were touching to see ; and as for Bell, she joined in the talk about our journey, and what we had seen, in a series of disconnected observations that were uttered in a low and timid tone, as if she was afraid to draw down lightning from the thunder-clouds.

Lieutenant von Rosen had at first addressed a word or two to our guest ; but finding the labour not productive, he had dropped him entirely out of the conversation. Meanwhile Arthur had drunk a glass or two of sherry. He was evidently nettled at finding the Lieutenant almost monopolizing attention ; for Tita herself had given up in despair, and was content to listen. Von Rosen was speaking as usual of the differences between English and German ways, and social aims, and what not, until at last he drifted into some mention of the Republican phenomena that had recently been manifested in this country.

Now what conceivable connection is there between the irritation of an anxious lover and Republicanism ? Master Arthur had never alarmed any of us by professing wild opinions on that subject or on any other. We never knew that the young man had any political views, beyond a sort of nebulous faith in the Crown and the Constitution. Consider, therefore, our amazement when, at this moment, he boldly and somewhat scornfully announced himself a Democrat, and informed us that the time was come for dismissing old superstitions and destroying the last monopolies of feudalism. There would be a heavy account to settle with the aristocracy that had for generations made laws to secure its own interests, and tied up the land of the country so that an idle population had to drift into the big towns and become paupers. All this was over. New times were at hand. England was ripe for a new revolution ; and woe to them that tried to stem the tide !

The explanation of which outburst was merely this—that Arthur was so angry and impatient with the state of things immediately around him, that he was possessed with a wild desire to upset and destroy something. And there is nothing so easy to upset and destroy, in rhetoric, as the present political basis of this country.

Well, we looked at the lad. His face was still aglow ; and there was something of triumph as well as of

fierceness in it. The hero of the old Silesian song, when his sweetheart has forgotten the vows she made, and the ring she gave him is broken in two, would like to rush away into battle, and sleep by camp-fires, under the still night. But nothing half so ordinary would do for our fire-eater, who, because he could not very well kill a Prussian lieutenant, must needs attack the British Crown. Was there any one of us four inclined to resent this burst of sham heroics? Was there not in it something of the desperation of wretchedness that was far more entitled to awaken compassion? Had Arthur been less in love, he would have been more prudent. Had he controlled his emotions in that admirable fashion with which most of our young gentlemen now-a-days seem to set about the business of choosing a wife, he would not have made himself absurd. There was something almost pitiable in this wild, incoherent, ridiculous effort of a young man to do or say something striking and picturesque before the eyes of a girl whose affections he feared were drifting away from him.

The Lieutenant, to whom this outbreak was particularly addressed, took the affair very good-naturedly. He said, with a smile—

“Do you know who will be the most disappointed, if you should have a Republic in England? Why, the Republicans that are very anxious for it just now. Perhaps some of them are very respectable men—yes, I believe that; but if I am not wrong, the men who make the great fuss about it in your nation are not like that. Agitators—is not that what you call them? And, if you have England a Republic, do you think the government of the country will be given to those noisy persons of the present? No—that is not possible, I think. When the Republic comes, if it does come at all—and I do not know how much force is in this demonstration—all your great men, your well-educated men, your men of good position and good breeding and good feeling—they will all come forward,

as they do now, to see that the country is properly governed. And what will become of the present Republicans, who are angry because they cannot get into Parliament, and who wish for a change that they may become great persons? When you take away the Crown, they will not all be kings, I think: there is too much of good sense in this country, and of public spirit, that makes your best men give up their own comfort to look after the government—and so it will be then.”

“I hope there will be no violent change in our time, at least,” said Queen Tita.

“Madame is anxious about the Church, I know,” remarked the Lieutenant, with great gravity; but he looked at Bell, and Bell could not altogether conceal a smile. Arthur, watching them both, noticed that little bit of private understanding; and the gloom on his face visibly deepened.

This must be said, however, that when an embarrassing evening is unavoidable, a dinner is the best method of tiding it over. The various small incidents of the feast supply any ominous gaps in the conversation; and there is, besides, a thawing influence in good meat and drink which the fiercest of tempers finds it hard to withstand. After the ebullition about Republicanism, Arthur had quieted somewhat. By the time we had got down to the sweets, and perhaps with the aid of a little champagne—the lad never drank much at any time, I ought to say—his anger had become modified into a morose and sentimental melancholy; and when he did manage to speak to Bell, he addressed her in a wistful and pathetic manner, as if she were some one on board a vessel and he saw her gradually going away from him, her friends, and her native land. One little revelation, nevertheless, comforted him greatly; and lovers apt to magnify their misfortunes will note that he might have enjoyed this solace long before if only he had exercised the most ordinary frankness.

“You got a letter I sent you to

Oxford, I suppose?" he said, with a studied carelessness.

"Yes," said Bell, with a little conscious colour in her face, as she bent down her eyes.

"I am glad I had the chance of seeing you to-night," he continued, with the same effort at self-possession, "because I—I fancied you might be unwell—or some accident happened—since you did not send the telegram I begged of you."

Here an awful moment of silence intervened. Everybody trembled for Bell's reply, which might provoke the catastrophe we had been seeking to postpone.

"It was only yesterday forenoon I got your letter," Bell says, apparently feeling the silence uncomfortable; "and—and I meant to have answered it to-night——"

"Oh, you were going to answer it?" he says, with his face suddenly getting bright.

"Yes," she says, looking up with some surprise. "You did not suppose I wouldn't answer it?"

In fact, that was just what he had supposed; considering that she had been grievously offended by the tone of his letter.

"I meant to have let you know how we all were, and how far we had got," says Bell, conveying an intimation that this sort of letter might be sent by anybody to anybody.

Nevertheless, Arthur greatly recovered himself after this assurance. She had not broken off with him, after all. He explained that the letter must have been delayed on the way, or she would have got it the day before. He drank another glass of champagne, and said, with a laugh, that he had meditated surprising us, but that the design had failed, for everyone seemed to have expected him.

"I only came down this afternoon; and I suppose I must go back on Monday," he remarked, ruefully.

This looked so very like a request for an invitation that I was bound to offer him a seat in the phaeton, if he did not

mind a little discomfort. You should have seen the look of amazement and indignation which my Lady darted across the table at this moment. Fortunately, Arthur did not notice it. He said he was very much obliged—he feared he would have to return—if he went with us for a day or two, he would inconvenience us sadly—but he would consider it before Monday morning.

After dinner, Von Rosen got up and proposed that he and I should go down to the billiard-room—which is in the end of the building abutting on the stable-yard—and smoke a cigar. Surely generosity could go no further. Arthur looked surprised; and wore quite a pleasant smile on his face when we rose and left.

But perhaps it was merely selfishness that caused our Uhlan to leave the field; for as we two went down the passage, and made our way up to the spacious room, he said—

"I am rather sorry for mademoiselle. She does not seem to be very glad to meet her old friend—perhaps because he is not in a good temper. That is why I did say we should go and play billiards—there will be a chance of explanation—and to-morrow he will be all right. It is foolish of him to be disagreeable. All this time of dinner, I was thinking to myself how well he might make himself agreeable if he only wished—with knowing all the polite phrases with ease, and being able to talk without thinking. For me, that is different, you know. I am bound in by stupid limits; and when I think to say something nice to anyone—then I stop because I know nothing of the words—just like at a wall."

He sent the red ball up and down the table in rather a peevish manner; he felt that Arthur had an advantage perhaps.

"But you talk English remarkably well."

"But I have remarked that you English always say that to a foreigner, and will not tell him when he is wrong. I know I am often wrong—and always about

your past tenses—your ‘*was loving*’ and ‘*did love*,’ and ‘*loved*’ and like that ; and I believe I am very wrong with always saying ‘*do*’ and ‘*did*,’ for I studied to give myself free speaking English many years ago, and the book I studied with was ‘*Pepys’ Diary*,’ because it is all written in the first person, and by a man of good station. Now I find you do not say ‘*I did think*,’ but ‘*I thought*,’ only it is very hard to remember. And as for pronunciation, I know I am very wrong.”

Well, he certainly had marked forms of pronunciation, which I have considered it unnecessary to reproduce in recording his talk. He said ‘*I hef*’ for ‘*I have*,’ and ‘*a goot shawt*’ for ‘*a good shot*.’ He also made occasional blunders in accent, through adopting the accent of the Latin word from which the English word is derived. But what were such trifles to the main fact that he could make himself understood ?

“But this is very strange,” he said ; “how much more clearly Mademoiselle speaks than any English lady, or any English person I have known yet. It is very remarkable to me, how I have great difficulty to follow people who talk like as if they had several tongues rolling in their mouth—and others speak very fast—and others let the ends of the words slide away—but Miss Bell, she is always clear, distinct, and very pleasant to hear, and then she never speaks very loud as most of your people do to a foreigner.”

“Perhaps,” I say, “there is a reason for Bell’s clearness of speech.”

“Why ?”

“Perhaps she takes pains to be very distinct in talking to you, while she manages not to show it. Perhaps other people can notice that she speaks with a little more deliberation to you than to anyone else.”

Von Rosen was obviously much struck.

“Is that possible ?” he said, with his eyes full of wonder. “I have not noticed that she did talk slow to me.”

“No—she conceals it admirably ; but

all the same such is the fact. It is not so much slowness as a sort of careful precision of pronunciation that she affects—and you ought to be very grateful for such consideration.”

“Oh, I think it is very good of her—very good indeed—and I would thank her for it——”

“Don’t do that, or you will have no more of it. And at present my Lady is catching up a trick of talking in the same way.”

“It is very kind,” said the Lieutenant, turning to the table with rather a thoughtful manner. “You would not have expected a young girl like that to be so reflective of other people.”

Then he broke the balls ; and by fair strength of arm screwed the white into the corner pocket. Nobody was more astonished than himself, except the marker. It was, indeed, the first losing hazard he had ever made ; never having played before on a table with pockets. His next stroke was not so successful ; and so he consoled himself with lighting a Partaga about eight inches in length.

“At all events,” he continued, “your language has not the difference of ‘*Sie*’ and ‘*du*,’ which is a great advantage. Oh, it is a very perplexing thing sometimes. Suppose you do know a young lady very well, and you have agreed with her in private you shall always call each other ‘*du* ;’ and then before other people you call her ‘*Sie*’—it is very hard not to call her ‘*du*,’ by mistake, and then everyone jumps up, and stares at you, and all the secret is known. That is a very terrible thing.”

“And please what is the interesting ceremony with which you drink *brüderschaft* with a young lady ? The same as usual ?—a large jug of beer—your arms intertwined——”

“No—no—no !” he cried. “It is all a mystery. You shall not know anything of that. But it is very good—it is a very pleasant thing—to have *brüderschaft* with a young lady—although you drink no beer, and have no ceremonies about it.”

“And what did Fräulein Fallersleben’s

mamma say when you called her daughter 'du' by mistake?"

The large empty room resounded with the Lieutenant's laughter.

"That is a good guess—oh! a very good guess—but not just good enough. For it was she who did call me 'du'; and all the people were surprised—and then some did laugh—but she herself—oh! she was very angry with herself, and with me too, and for some time she called me 'Sie' even when we were together, until it was like to be a quarrel. But one more quarrel," added the Lieutenant, with indifference, "was not much matter. It was usually one every day—and then writing of sorrowful letters at the night—and next morning some reconciliation——*Sackermant!* what is the use of talking of all that nonsense!"

And then once more the ball flew about the table; finally lodging in a pocket, and scoring three for a miss. Indeed, our Uhlan was not at home with our big English tables, their small balls, pointed cues, and perpetual pockets. Even when he got a good chance of a cannon, the smallness of the balls caused him to fail entirely. But he had a very excellent cigar. It was something to be away from the embarrassment that had prevailed at dinner. Perhaps, too, he enjoyed a certain sense of austere self-satisfaction in having left to Arthur full possession of the field. On the whole he enjoyed himself very well; and then, our cigars being finished, we had a final look at the horses, and then returned to the coffee-room.

"I am afraid," said Von Rosen, with some alarm, "we have been negligent of our duties."

Master Arthur had left some half-hour before. The ladies had retired. Only one or two of the heaviest toppers were left in the bar-parlour; the waiters looked as if they considered their week's work fairly over.

"Tell me," said my Prussian friend, as he got his candle, "is that young gentleman coming round here to-morrow?"

"Probably he is."

"Do you not think, then, it would be good to hire a vehicle and go away somewhere for a drive all the day before he comes?"

"To-morrow is Sunday."

"Well?"

"Do you fancy you would get either Bell or my Lady to go driving on Sunday? Don't you propose such a thing, if you are wise. There is a Cathedral in this town; and the best thing you can do is to study its history and associations early in the morning. You will have plenty of time to think over them to-morrow, inside the building itself."

"Oh, I do not object to that," he remarked, coolly, as he went upstairs, "and I do not care to have too much driving—it is only to prevent Mademoiselle being annoyed, as I think she was at dinner this evening—that is all. I suppose we may go for a walk to-morrow after the church-time? And he will come? Very well, he will not harm me, I am sure; but—but it is a pity—that is all."

And with this somewhat mysterious conclusion, the Lieutenant disappeared towards his own room.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE RIVALS.

*"When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
In single opposition, hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower."*

"If we could only get over this one day,"—that was the burden of Tita's complaining the next morning. Arthur had been invited to breakfast, and had declined; but he was coming round to go with us to the Cathedral. Thereafter, everything to Tita's mind was chaos. She dared hardly think of what the day might bring forth. In vain I pointed out to her that this day was but as another day; and that if any deeds of wrath or vengeance were hidden away in the vague intentions of our young friend from Twickenham, there

was no particular safety gained in tiding over a single Sunday.

"At all events," says my Lady, firmly, "you cannot do anything so imprudent as press him to accompany us further on our journey."

"Cannot the phaeton hold five?"

"You know it cannot, comfortably. But that is not the question. For my own part, I don't choose to have a holiday spoilt by provoking a series of painful scenes, which I know will occur. We may manage to humour him to-day, and get him to leave us in an amiable mood; but it would be impossible to do it two days running. And I am not sure even about this one day."

"But what prevents his dropping down on us at any time—say at Shrewsbury—or Chester—or Carlisle—just as he has done here at Worcester?"

"I will."

That was enough. Having some regard for the young man, I hoped he would submit quietly. But lovers are headstrong; and jealousy, when it is thoroughly aroused, leaves no place in the mind for fear.

It was a bright morning. We could see, through the wire screens of the windows, the Worcester folks walking along the pavements, with the sunlight shining on their Sunday finery.

The Lieutenant, as we hurriedly despatched breakfast—for we were rather late—gave us his usual report.

"A very fine town," he said, addressing himself chiefly to Tita, who was always much interested in his morning rambles, "with old religious buildings, and houses with ivy, and high walls to keep back the river. There is a large race-course, too, by the river; and on the other side a fine suburb, built on a high bank, among trees. There are many pleasant walks by the Severn, when you get further down; but I will show you all the place when we go out of the Cathedral. This is a great day at the Cathedral, they say—a Chief Sheriff of the county, I think they call

him, is living at this hotel, and he is going, and you see those people?—they are loitering about to see him drive away."

Even as he spoke, two resplendent creatures, in grey and gold, resembling beef-eaters toned down in colour and gilded, advanced to the archway of the hotel, with long trumpets in their hand. These they suddenly lifted, and then down the quiet street sounded a loud *fanfare*, which was very much like those announcements that tell us, in an historical play, that the King approaches. Then a vehicle drove away from the door; the High Sheriff had gone to the Cathedral; while our breakfast was not even yet finished.

"He does not have the trumpets sounded every time he leaves the hotel?" said the Lieutenant, returning from the window. "Then why when he goes to church? Is it exceptional for a High Sheriff to go to church, that he calls attention to it with trumpets?"

At this moment, Arthur entered the room. He glanced at us all rather nervously. There was less complaisance, too, in his manner, than when we last saw him; the soothing influences of dinner had departed. He saluted us all in a somewhat cool way, and then addressed himself exclusively to my Lady. For Bell he had scarcely a word.

It is hard to say how Queen Tita managed, as we left the hotel, to attach Bell and herself to Master Arthur; but such was the result of her dexterous manoeuvres; and in this fashion we hurriedly walked along to the Cathedral. There was a great commotion visible around the splendid building. A considerable crowd had collected to see the High Sheriff; and policemen were keeping a lane for those who wished to enter. Seeing that we were late, and that the High Sheriff was sure to draw many after him, we scarcely expected to get inside; but that, at least, was vouchsafed us, and presently we found ourselves slipping quietly over the stone flooring. All the seats in the body of

the building being occupied, we took up a position by one of the great pillars, and there were confronted by a scene sufficiently impressive to those of us who had been accustomed to the ministrations of a small parish church.

Far away before us rose the tall and graceful lines of the architecture, until, in the distance, they were lost in a haze of sunlight streaming in from the south—a glow of golden mist that struck upon the northern pillars, throwing up a vague reflection that showed us something of the airy region in which the lines of the great arches met. We could catch a glimpse, too, of the white-dressed choir, beyond the sombre mass of the people that filled the nave. And when the hushed, deep tones of the organ prelude had ceased to sound along the lofty aisles, there rose the distant and plaintive chanting of the boys—then the richer tones of the bass came in—and then again burst forth that clear, sweet, triumphant soprano, that seemed to be but a single voice ringing softly and distantly through the great building. I knew what would occur then. Somehow Tita managed to slip away from us, and get into the shadow of the pillar, with her head bent down, and her hand clasped in Bell's; and the girl stood so that no one should see her friend's face, for there were tears running fast down it. It is a sad story, that has been already briefly mentioned in these memoranda. Many years ago she lost a young brother, to whom she was deeply attached. He used to sing in the choir of the village church. Now, whenever she listens to a choir singing that she cannot see, nothing will convince her that she does not hear the voice of her brother in the clear, distant music; and more than once it has happened that the uncontrollable emotions caused by this wild superstition have thoroughly unnerved her. For days after, she has been haunted by the sound of that voice, as if it had brought her a message from the other world—as if she had been nearly vouchsafed a vision that had been somehow snatched away from

her, leaving behind an unexplained longing and unrest. Partly on that account, and partly by reason of the weariness produced by constant standing, we were not sorry to slip out of the Cathedral when the first portion of the service was over; and so we found ourselves once more in the sweet air and the sunlight.

There was an awkward pause. Tita rather fell behind, and endeavoured to keep herself out of sight; while the other members of the party seemed uncertain as to how they should attach themselves. Fortunately, our first movement was to go round and inspect the curious remains of the old Cathedral, which are yet visible; and as these were close at hand, we started off in a promiscuous manner, and got round and under King Edgar's tower without any open rupture.

How still and quiet lay the neighbourhood of the great church on this beautiful Sunday morning! It seemed as if all the life of the place were gathered within that noble building; while out here the winds from over the meadows, and the sunlight, and the fleecy clouds overhead, were left to play about the strange old passages, and sunken arches, and massive gateways, and other relics of former centuries. The bright light that lay warm on the fresh grass, and on the ivied walls about, lit up the flaky red surface of the old tower, and showed us the bruised effigy of King Edgar in sharp outline; while through the gloom of the archway we could see beyond the shimmering green light of a mass of elms, with their leaves moving in the sun. From thence we passed down to the river wall, where the Lieutenant read aloud the following legend inscribed near the gate:—"On the 18th of November, 1770, the Flood rose to the lower edge of this Brass Plate, being ten inches higher than the Flood which happen'd on December 23, 1672." And then we went through the arch, and found ourselves on the banks of the Severn, with its bridges and boats and locks,

and fair green meadows, all as bright and as cheerful as sunlight could make them.

Tita and myself, I know, would at this moment have given a good deal to get away from these young folks and their affairs. What business of ours was it that there should be a "third wheel to the cart," as the Germans say? Arthur was sadly out of place; but how could we help it? My Lady having fallen rather behind as we started on our leisurely stroll along the river, Bell, the Lieutenant, and Arthur were forced to precede us. The poor girl was almost silent between them. Von Rosen was pointing out the various objects along the stream; Arthur, in no amiable mood, throwing in an occasional sarcastic comment. Then more silence. Arthur breaks away from them, and honours us with his company. Sometimes he listens to what my Lady says to him; but more often he does not, and only scowls at the two young folks in front of us. He makes irrelevant replies. There is a fierceness in his look. I think at this moment he would have been glad to have embraced Mormonism, or avowed his belief in Strauss, or done anything else desperate and wicked.

Why, it was natural to ask, should this gentle little woman by my side be vexed by these evil humours and perversities—her vexation taking the form of a profound compassion, and a desire that she could secure the happiness of all of them? The morning was a miracle of freshness. The banks of the Severn, once you leave Worcester, are singularly beautiful. Before us were islands, set amid tall river weeds, and covered with thick growths of bushes. A grey shimmering of willows came in as a line between the bold blue of the stream and the paler blue and white of the sky. Some tall poplars stood sharp and black against the light green of the meadows behind; and far away these level and sunlit meadows stretched over to Malvern Chase and to the thin line of blue hill along the horizon. Then

the various boats—a group of richly-coloured cattle in the fields—a few boys bathing under the shadow of a great bank of yellow sand—all went to make up as bright and pretty a river-picture as one could wish for. And here we were almost afraid to speak, lest an incautious word should summon up thunder-clouds and provoke an explosion.

"Have you any idea when you will reach Scotland?" says Arthur, still glaring at the Lieutenant and his companion.

"No," replies Tita; "we are in no hurry."

"Won't you get tired of it?"

"I don't think so at all. But if we do, we can stop."

"You will go through the Lake Country, of course?"

"Yes."

"It is sure to be wet there," said the young man.

"You don't give us much encouragement," says my Lady, gently.

"Oh," he replies, "if people break away from the ordinary methods of enjoying a holiday, of course they must take their chance. In Scotland you are sure to have bad weather. It always rains there."

Arthur was determined that we should look upon the future stages of our journey with the most agreeable anticipations.

"Then," he says, "suppose your horses break down?"

"They won't," says Tita, with a smile. "They know they are going to the land of oats. They will be in excellent spirits all the way."

Master Arthur went on to add—

"I have always found that the worst of driving about with people was that it threw you so completely on the society of certain persons; and you are bound to quarrel with them."

"That has not been *our* experience," says my Lady, with that gracious manner of hers which means much.

Of course she would not admit that her playful skirmishes with the person

whom, above all others, she ought to respect, could be regarded as real quarrels. But at this point the Lieutenant lingered for a moment to ask my Lady a question; and as Bell also stopped and turned, Tita says to him, with an air of infinite amusement—

"We have not quarrelled yet, Count von Rosen?"

"I hope not, Madame," says our Uhlan, respectfully.

"Because," she continued, with a little laugh, "Arthur thinks we are sure to disagree, merely on account of our being thrown so much into each other's company."

"I think quite the opposite will be the result of our society," says the Lieutenant.

"Of course I did not refer particularly to you," said Arthur, coldly. "There are some men so happily constituted that it is of no consequence to them how they are regarded by their companions. Of course they are always well satisfied."

"And it is a very good thing to be well satisfied," says the Lieutenant, cheerfully enough, "and much better than to be ill satisfied and of much trouble to your friends. I think, sir, when you are as old as I, and have been over the world as much, you will think more of the men who are well satisfied."

"I hope my experience of the world," says Arthur, with a certain determination in his tone, "will not be gained by receiving pay to be sent to invade a foreign country——"

"Oh, Count von Rosen," says Bell, to call his attention.

"Mademoiselle!" he says, turning instantly towards her, although he had heard every word of Arthur's speech.

"Can you tell me the German name of that tall pink flower close down by the edge of the water?"

And so they walked on once more; and we got further away from the city—with its mass of slates and spires getting faint in the haze of the sunlight—and into the still greenness of the country,

where the path by the river-side lay through deep meadows.

It was hard, after all. He had come from London to get speech of his sweetheart, and he found her walking through green meadows with somebody else. No mortal man—and least of all a young fellow not confident of his own position, and inclined to be rather nervous and anxious—could suffer this with equanimity; but then it was a question how far it was his own fault.

"Why don't you go and talk to Bell?" says my Lady to him, in a low voice.

"Oh, I don't care to thrust my society on anyone," he says aloud, with an assumption of indifference. "There are people who do not know the difference between an old friendship and a new acquaintance—I do not seek to interfere with their tastes. But of course there is a meaning in everything. What are those lines of Pope's—

"O say, what stranger cause, yet unexplored,  
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?"

I should not attempt to cure a woman of her instinctive liking for a title."

Tita placed her hand on his arm. After all, this excited young man was an old friend of hers; and it seemed a pity to see him thus determined to ruin his own cause. But the light talking we heard in front seemed to say that the "gentle belle" had not overheard that pretty speech and its interesting quotation.

At length, coming to a sudden bend in the river, the Lieutenant and his companion proposed that we should rest for a while; and accordingly we chose out comfortable seats on the steep green bank, covered by bushes and trees, which here slopes down to the stream. The picture that lay before and around us was sufficient to have calmed the various moods and passions of these young folks, if they had but had eyes for anything but their own affairs. Bell was the only one who paid attention to the world of bright colours that lay around. The Lieutenant—imperturbable, easy in man-

ner, and very attentive to her—was nevertheless obviously on the watch, and certain to resent any remark that might by chance miss him and glance by towards her. Certainly, these were not comfortable conditions for a pleasant walk. Tita afterwards declared that she was calculating with satisfaction that she had already got through several hours of that terrible day.

The sun was shining far away on the blue Malvern hills. Along the level meadows the lines of pollard willows were grey and silvery in the breezy light. Close at hand the rich masses of green were broken by the red sandstone bank opposite; while the tall trees above sent straggling duplicates of themselves—coloured in deep chocolate-brown—down into the lazy stream that flowed beneath us. And as we sat there and listened for the first ominous observation of one or another of these young folks, lo! there glided into the clear white and blue channel of the river a gaily-bedizened barge that gleamed and glittered in the sunlight and sent quivering lines of colour down into the water. The horse came slowly along the road. The long rope rustled over the brushwood on the bank, and splashed on the surface of the stream. The orange and scarlet bands of the barge stole away up and through that world of soft greenness that lay under the shadow of the opposite bank; and then the horse, and rope, and driver turned the corner of a field, and we saw them no more.

The appearance of the barge had provoked attention, and secured silence. When it was gone the Lieutenant turned carelessly to Arthur, and said—

“Do you go back to London to-morrow?”

“I don’t know,” said the young man, gloomily.

“It is such a pity you can’t come with us, Arthur,” says Bell, very gently, as if begging for a civil reply.

“I have no doubt you will enjoy yourselves very well,” he replies, with a certain coldness in his tone.

“We have hitherto,” she says, look-

ing down; “the weather has been so good—and—and the scenery was so pleasant—and—and——”

It was Arthur himself, singularly enough, who came to the rescue, little knowing that he was affording her such relief.

“I don’t think you have chosen the right road,” he remarked. “The real reminiscences of the old stage-coach days you will find on the York and Berwick road to Scotland. I never heard of anyone going to Scotland this way.”

“Why,” says one of the party, with a laugh that seemed to startle the silence around, “that is the very reason we chose it.”

“I have been thinking for some time,” he says, coldly, “of getting a dog-cart and driving up the old route to Scotland.”

The heavens did not fall on him. Queen Tita looked at the tips of her gloves, and said nothing; but Bell, having less of scepticism about her, immediately cried out—

“Oh, Arthur, don’t do that, it will be dreadfully wretched for you going away on such an excursion by yourself.”

But the young man saw that his proposal—I will swear it had never entered his brain before that very minute—had produced an effect; and treated it as a definite resolve.

“At least, if you are going, you might as well come with us, or meet us further on, where the roads join,” says Bell.

“No, I am not so mad as to go your way,” he replied, with an air of disdain. “I shall keep out of the rainy districts, and I mean to go where one can find traces of the old times still hanging about.”

“And pray,” I venture to ask him, “are all the old inns confined to one part of this unfortunate country? And were there no ways of getting to Scotland but by York and Berwick? Why, over the whole country there is a network of routes along which stage-coaches used to run. And if you should

be tired of driving alone, you can do no better than strike across country from York by the old coach-road that comes on to Penrith, and so go up with us through Carlisle and Moffat on to Edinburgh."

"I am not so sure that I shall go alone," he said, quite fiercely.

What did the boy mean? Was he going to drive a white elephant about the country?

"Do you know much of the management of horses?" says the Lieutenant, meaning no harm whatever.

"Arthur is in the volunteer artillery, —the field artillery, do they call it?—and of course he has to manage horses," explains my Lady.

"Oh, you are a volunteer?" said the Lieutenant with quite an accession of interest. "That is a very good thing. I think all the young men of this country would do much good to their health and their knowledge by being volunteers and serving a time of military service."

"But we don't like compulsion here," says Arthur, bluntly.

"That," retorts the Lieutenant, with a laugh, "is why you are at present a very ill-educated country."

"At all events," says Arthur, rather hotly, "we are educated well enough to have thrown aside the old superstitions of feudalism and divine right; and we are too well educated to suffer a despotic government and a privileged aristocracy to have it all their own way."

"Oh, you do talk of Prussia," said the Count. "Well, we are not perfect in Prussia. We have many things to learn and to do, that we might have done if we had been preserved round about by the sea, like you. But I think we have done very well for all that: and if we have a despotic government, which I do not think, it is perhaps because what is good for England is not always good for every other country; and if we have an aristocracy, they work for the country just like the sons of the peasants, when they go into the army, and get small pay, instead of going

abroad like your aristocracy, and gambling away their fortunes to the Jews and the horse-dealers, and getting into debt and making very much fools of themselves."

"When we of this country," says Arthur, proudly, "see the necessity of military preparations, we join the ranks of a body that accepts no pay, but is none the less qualified to fight when that is wanted."

"Oh, I do say nothing against your volunteers. No, on the contrary, I think it is an excellent thing for the young men. And it would be better if the service was continuous for one, two, three years—and they go away into barrack life—and have much drill and exercise in the open air, and make the young men of the cities hardy and strong. That would be a very good army then, I think; for when the men are intelligent and educated, they have less chance of panic—which is the worst that can happen in a battle—and they will not skulk away, or lose their courage, because they have so much self-respect. But I do not know whether this is safer—to have the more ignorant men of the peasantry and country people who will take their drill like machines and go through it all, and continue firing in great danger, because they are like machines. Now, if you had your towns fighting against the country, and if you had your town volunteers and your country regiments with the same amount of instruction, I think the country troops would win, although each man might not have as much patriotism and education and self-respect as in the town soldiers. Because the country troops would march long distances—and would not be hurt much by rain or the sleeping out at night—and they would go through their duties like machines when the fight commenced. But your city volunteers—they have not yet got anything like the training of your regular troops that come from the country villages and towns."

"I know this," says Arthur, "that if there was to be an invasion of this

country by Prussia, a regiment of our city volunteers would not be afraid to meet a regiment of your professional soldiers, however countrified and mechanical they may be——”

“Ah, but that is a great mistake you make,” says the Lieutenant, taking no notice of the challenge; “our soldiers are not of any single class—they are from all classes, from all towns, and villages, and cities alike—much more like your volunteers than your regular soldiers, only that they have some more drill and experience than your volunteers. And what do you say of an invasion? I have heard some people talk of that nonsense—but only in England. Is it that you are afraid of invasion that you imagine these foolish things, and talk so much of it?”

“No, we are not afraid of it——” says Arthur, evidently casting about for some biting epigram.

“Yet no one in all Europe speaks or thinks of such a thing but a few of your people here, who give great amusement to us at home.”

“There would be amusement of another sort going,” says Arthur, getting a little red.

And just at this instant, before he has time to finish the sentence, Tita utters a little scream. A stone has splashed into the stream beneath us. The author of the menace is unknown—being probably one of a gang of young rascals hidden behind the bushes on the other side of the river—but it is certainly not anger that dwells in my Lady’s bosom with regard to that concealed enemy. He has afforded her relief at a most critical moment; and now she prevents Arthur returning to the subject by proposing that we should walk back to Worcester; her suggestion being fully understood to be a command.

We set out. The Lieutenant wilfully separates himself from Bell. He joins us elderly folks on the pretence of being much interested in this question of Volunteer service—and Bell and Arthur are perforce thrown together. They walk on in front of us, in rather an embarrassed

way. Bell’s looks are cast down; Arthur speaks in a loud voice, to let us know that he is only talking about the most common-place affairs. But at the first stile we go through, they manage to fall behind; and when, at intervals, we turn to see how the river and the meadows and the groves of trees look in the sunshine, we find the distance between us and the young couple gradually increasing, until they are but two almost undistinguishable figures pacing along the banks of the broad stream.

“Well, we have got so far over the day!” said my Lady, with a sigh. “But I suppose we must ask him to dine with us.”

“Is it necessary, Madame?” says the Lieutenant. “But perhaps you might ask him to bring better manners with him.”

“I am afraid he has been very rude to you,” said Tita, with some show of compunction.

“To me? No. That is not of any consequence whatever, but I did think that all this pleasant walk has been spoiled to Mademoiselle and yourself by—by what shall I say?—not rudeness, but a fear of rudeness. And yet, what reason is there for it?”

“I don’t know,” was the reply, uttered in rather a low voice. “But I hope Bell is not being annoyed by him now.”

You see, that was the way in which they had got to regard this unfortunate youth—as a sort of necessary evil, which was to be accepted with such equanimity as Heaven had granted to the various sufferers. It never occurred to them to look at the matter from Arthur’s point of view, or to reflect that there was probably no more wretched creature in the whole of England than he was during this memorable Sunday.

Consider how he spent the day. It was the one day on which he would have the chance of seeing Bell for an unknown period. He comes round in the morning to find her sitting at breakfast with his rival. He accompanies them on a walk into the country; finds

himself "the third wheel to the cart," and falls behind to enjoy the spectacle of seeing her walk by the side of this other man, talking to him, and sharing with him the beautiful sights and sounds around. Ye who have been transfixed by the red-hot skewers of jealousy, think of the torture which this wretched young man suffered on this quiet Sunday morning. Then as he walks home with her, he finds her, as we afterwards learn, annoyed about certain remarks of his. He explains in a somewhat saucy manner, and makes matters worse. Then he takes to reproaches, and bids her reflect on what people will say; and here again he goes from one blunder to another in talking in such a fashion to a proud and high-spirited girl, who cannot suffer herself to be suspected. In his blindness of anger and jealousy, he endeavours to asperse the character of the Lieutenant—he is like other officers—everyone knows what the Prussian officers, in general, are—what is the meaning of this thing, and the dark suspicion suggested by that? To all of these representations Bell replies with some little natural warmth. He is driven wild by her defence of his rival. He declares that he knows something about the Lieutenant's reputation—and then she, probably with a little paleness in her face, stands still, and asks him calmly to say what it is. He will not. He is not going to carry tales. Only, when an English lady has so little care of what people may say as to accept this foreign adventurer as her companion during a long journey—

That was all that Bell subsequently told Tita. The boy was obviously mad and reckless, but none the less he had wrought such mischief as he little dreamed of in uttering these wild complaints and suspicions. When we got back to the hotel, he and Bell had overtaken us, and they had the appearance of not being on the best of terms. In fact, they had maintained silence for the last quarter of an hour of the walk.

My Lady asked Arthur to dine with us at seven; so that during the interval

he was practically dismissed. Seven came, and Arthur appeared. He was in evening dress; conveying a rebuke to uncouth people like ourselves, who were in our ordinary travelling costume. But Bell's seat was vacant. After we had waited a few minutes, Queen Tita went to inquire for her, and in a few minutes returned.

"Bell is very sorry, but she has a headache, and would rather not come down to dinner."

Arthur looked up with an alarmed face; the Lieutenant scowled; and Tita, taking her seat, said she was afraid we had walked too far in the morning. Strange. If you had seen our Bell walking lightly up to the top of Box-hill and running down again—just by way of amusement before lunch—you would not have expected that a short walk of a mile or two along a level river-course would have had such an effect. But so it was; and we had dinner before us.

It was not an enlivening meal; and the less said about it the better. Arthur talked much of his driving to Scotland in a dog-cart, and magnified the advantages of the York route over that we were now following. It is quite certain that he had never thought of such a thing before that morning; but the attention that had been drawn to it, and the manner in which he had been led to boast of it, promised actually to commit him to this piece of folly. The mere suggestion of it had occurred at the impulse of a momentary vexation; but the more he talked of it, the more he pledged himself to carry out his preposterous scheme. Tita heard and wondered, scarcely believing; but I could see plainly that the young man was determined to fulfil his promise if only by way of triumphant bravado, to show his independence of us, and perhaps inspire Bell with envy and regret.

When he left that night, something was said about his coming to see us away on the following morning. Tita had shown her usual consideration in not referring at all to our drive of the next day, which she understood was to be through the

most charming scenery. And when, that same night, she expressed a vague desire that we might slip away on the next morning before Arthur had come, it was with no thought of carrying such a plan into execution. Perhaps she thought with some pity of the young man who, after seeing us drive away

again into the country, and the sweet air, and the sunlight, would return disconsolately to his dingy rooms in the Temple, there to think of his absent sweetheart, or else to meditate that wild journey along a parallel line which was to show her that he, too, had his enjoyments.

[*Note.*—I find that the remarks which Queen Titania appended to the foregoing pages when they were written, have since been torn off; and I can guess the reason. A few days ago I received a letter, sent under cover to the publishers, which bore the address of that portion of the country familiarly called “the Dukeries.” It was written in a feminine hand, and signed with a family name which has some historical pretensions. Now these were the observations which this silly person in high places had to communicate:—“*Sir, I hope you will forgive my intruding myself upon you in this way; but I am anxious to know whether you really do think living with such a woman as your wife is represented to be, is really a matter for rail-lery and amusement. My object in writing to you is to say that, if you can treat lightly the fact of a wife being waspish at every turn, cuffing her boys’ ears, and talking of whipping, it would have been better not to have made your extraordinary complaisance public; for what is to prevent the most ill-tempered woman pointing to these pages, and saying that that is how a reasonable husband would deal with her? If it is your misfortune to have an ill-tempered wife, you ought not to try to persuade people that you are rather proud of it. Pray forgive my writing thus frankly to you; and I am, Sir, your obedient servant,* ———.” By a great mischance I left this letter lying open on the breakfast-table; and Tita, coming in, and being attracted by the crest in gold and colours on the paper, took it up. With some dismay, I watched her read it. She laid it down—stood irresolute for a moment, with her lips getting rather tremulous—then she suddenly fled into the haven she had often sought before, and looking up with the clear brown eyes showing themselves frightened and pained, like those of some dumb creature struck to the heart, she said, “Is it true? Am I really ill-tempered? Do I really vex you very much?” You may be sure that elderly lady up in Nottinghamshire had an evil quarter of an hour of it when we proceeded to discuss the question, and when Queen Tita had been pacified and reassured. “But we ought to have known,” she said. “Count von Rosen warned us that stupid persons would make the mistake. And to say that I cuffed my boys’ ears! Why, you know that even in the *Magazine* it says that I cuffed the boys and kissed them at the same time—of course, in fun—and I threatened to whip the whole house—of course, in fun, you know, when everybody was in good spirits about going away—and now that wicked old woman would make me out an unnatural mother, and a bad wife, and I don’t know what! I—I—I will get Bell to draw a portrait of her, and put it in an exhibition—that would serve her right.” And forthwith she sat down and wrote to the two boys at Twickenham, promising them I know not what luxuries and extravagances when they came home for the Easter holidays. But she is offended with the public, all through that gabbling old lady in Notts; and will have no more communication with it, at least for the present.]

*To be continued.*

## THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

"NOTHING in the history of our constitution," says Sir Erskine May, "is more remarkable than the permanence of every institution forming part of the Government of the country, while undergoing continual and often extraordinary changes in its powers, privileges, and influence." Again: "No institution has undergone greater changes than the House of Lords." "In its numbers, its composition and its influence, it is difficult to recognize its identity with the 'Great Council' of a former age. But the changes which it has undergone have served to bring this great institution into harmony with other parts of the constitution, and with the social condition of the people." The Reform Bill of 1832 affected the Peers almost as much as it did the Commons. The Reform Bill of 1867 has transferred the chief control of the elections from one class to another; and when the Ballot has been in use a few years, we shall probably find the House of Commons greatly affected by the transfer of power already made from the middle class to the rapidly organizing wages class. But no recent change has been made in the House of Lords. That some improvement in that august assembly is deemed necessary and is near at hand is evident: the press and the magazines have the subject in hand; a conference has been held on this most important matter, which failed because while very few men are satisfied with the present constitution and position of the Upper Chamber, still fewer wish to hand over the entire government of the country to the House of Commons.

Not only has Mr. Bright said "that such an institution must in the course of time require essential modification," but Mr. Arthur Helps, who perhaps knows as much as any man of "the hidden life" that goes to make up Government, has in his most interesting, useful, and admirable *Thoughts on Government*, said, "I confess, that I think it is impossible, or, at least, that it would be very unwise, if

it were possible, to maintain the House of Lords as a second Chamber for Great Britain, without considerable modifications in the constitution of that legislative body;" while Lord Granville said at Manchester, in the autumn of last year, "Without dwelling upon the extremely difficult task, even if you wish it, of abolishing the House of Lords, I must say that until better-digested plans for its abolition are put forward, I for one strongly and vehemently protest." And in the same speech, alluding to the opposition of the Conservative majority to most Liberal measures, he speaks of his opponents as in most cases . . . "much too statesmanlike to use the House of Lords as an instrument of obstruction, using it as an instrument which they would break if they carried its use too far." And Lord Derby said at Liverpool, "As to the House of Lords, I am very far from saying that it is perfect, or that we could not do something to improve and strengthen it. . . . While I should object to an unlimited creation of peerages for life, I see no harm, and some advantage, in a limited number of peerages of that class."

When the leader of the Radical party and the most thoughtful essayist of the day are found advocating modifications in a great institution like the House of Lords, and when the leader of each of the two great parties which compose that institution, devotes a considerable portion of a speech to the question upon which the active politician and the thoughtful writer say modification is essential, we may safely conclude that action of some kind will not be long postponed.

The Peers of Great Britain can bear comparison with the members of any legislative assembly in the world. We are proud of our House of Commons, and not without reason; for, although many candidates pay heavily—within legal limits—for admission into the House, not a breath of scandal has been heard, in recent days, as to payment,

bribery, or corruption within the House itself, or connected with its public business.<sup>1</sup> We have purged the country from the open and wholesale purchase and sale of boroughs and counties, and have happily arrived at a state of affairs exactly opposite to that of a century or less past, when "representatives holding their seats by a general system of corruption could scarcely fail to be themselves corrupt."

Some few members may hardly be thought worthy, in public estimation, of a seat, but some constituency judges them to be fit and proper men; and, take the House all in all—not forgetting that there are a few men who would add greatly to the strength of the House, who cannot now obtain seats, and not forgetting that a redistribution of seats, a considerable reduction in the cost of elections, and the payment of such costs by the electors, are greatly to be desired—yet take the House all in all, we may happily say that for common sense, political prudence, and sterling honesty, our House of Commons is second to no representative body in the world. While maintaining this position, I also maintain that in spite of the disadvantages under which an hereditary legislative assembly must labour, our House of Lords can in every personal and individual particular stand comparison with the House of Commons. I believe that in whatever point of view we regard the Peers of this realm, we may regard them with honest pride and patriotic satisfaction. It is not for me to mention individual names. I have neither knowledge enough, nor desire to do so; I should insert names that might weaken my argument, I should omit others that would strengthen it. But let any person of ordinary observation follow the debates, keep himself fairly acquainted with current literature, move about the United Kingdom, and go through life with his eyes and ears open, and I

think that he will be satisfied that my proposition is fairly made out, that in every personal and individual particular the Peers can hold their own against the members of the other House. Take, then, the Peers of the Realm, take both sides of their House, regard them from a national, not merely from a party point of view, and compare them with the members of the House of Commons in the following particulars:—

Take the statesmen, form an imaginary cabinet from both sides of each House; surely the Upper House does not lose by the comparison. Whether we regard actual experience, administrative capacity, power of expression, mastery of details, minuteness of observation, local knowledge, interest in the poorer classes, or whether we take their powers of management, knowledge of the law, intimacy with official life, their integrity, moral excellence, eloquence, or patriotism,<sup>1</sup> may we not fairly say, with the two lists written down side by side, that the Peers lose nothing by the comparison? And apply the same principle to the following subjects, in every case selecting the best men in each House:—Arms, both naval and military; diplomacy; authorship; scientific, classical, mathematical, legal and artistic knowledge; philanthropy; colonial and Indian government, militia, yeomanry and volunteer command. If in some of these subjects we find the Commons beating the Lords, in others we arrive at an opposite result; and when we bear in mind that the chief motives which induce most Commoners to work at school, at college, or at the professions—the ambition to create a name, the necessity of making a livelihood or a fortune—are

<sup>1</sup> While this is going through the press, the expenses of the successful and unsuccessful candidates for East Surrey are published: Mr. Watney's being 6,008*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.*; Mr. Leveson Gower's, 3,309*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.* And Dover—Sollicitor-General, 1,953*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.*; and Mr. Barnett, unsuccessful, 2,677*l.* 11*s.*! These terrible charges are *legal*, but surely not right.

<sup>1</sup> A great debate in the House of Lords is worth attending. Nothing conveys so well the idea of England's greatness and grandeur; the speeches, all of the highest calibre, are continued throughout the evening with an independence and power that contrasts most favourably with a great debate in the House of Commons, which consists—for the most part—of one or two speeches from leaders in the early part of the evening, a number of addresses of inferior power delivered to empty benches and absent constituents during the dinner hour, wound up by one or two more speeches late at night, which tend to recall England's power, and which render the scene not inferior in interest to that in the House of Lords throughout the evening.

almost entirely wanting to the Peers, we shall estimate more fairly the credit and honour due to these honourable and favoured men, the highest in rank, and first in dignity, of the most favoured nation of the world.

If this be true, why is it that men are discussing with grave and serious mien the question of reform, the still more grave and serious question of the abolition of the House of Lords? I think it is mainly due to the different manner in which the Houses do their work; and I further think that a few simple modifications would, if made in time, restore the confidence of many that have lost some of their trust in the House of Lords, and would go far to create confidence in the minds of many of the recently enfranchised who have lately begun to take an interest in politics, and who have unfortunately commenced their political lives with a creed in which a prominent place is assigned to the belief that the House of Lords is not worthy of their confidence.

Mr. Arthur Helps proposes—

1. That there should be life-peerages granted by the Crown.

2. That certain offices, when held for a certain term of years, should entitle the man who has held them to a seat in the House of Lords.

3. That no hereditary Peer should be able to take his seat in the House of Lords until he had reached the age of thirty, or had sat in the House of Commons for five years.

4. That an hereditary noble should not be obliged to take his seat in the House of Peers until ten years had elapsed from his succession to the Peerage.

Most men, not Peers, will agree with Nos. 1 and 2 and 4; but there are decided objections, as it seems to me, with all deference to Mr. Helps, to No. 3. So long as the present system endures, of a political Secretary and a political under-secretary of State, the one generally in one House, the other in the other House, it seems advantageous that the hereditary nobility—the leaders in a very few years—should gain official experience at as early an age as possible. It seems, too, an anomaly that a Peer should be ineligible

for an office which his younger brother, being a member of the House of Commons, might hold, and that an hereditary noble, who has probably been carefully trained with regard to the position he will occupy in life, should not be eligible, before he is thirty, to hold an office in which he would be the second in command, with a veteran of experience his immediate superior; at which age a clergyman is eligible for consecration as bishop, and the charge of a diocese. “Almost all rules are bad which tend to limit the choice of men for employments of any kind. Any rule, for instance, about excess of age is injudicious.” Does not this sound principle clash with suggestion No. 3?

With one more quotation from Mr. Helps’ *Thoughts on Government*, I venture to make my suggestions: “It is always a most difficult thing for a reformer who perceives that a reform is wanted in a great institution, to lay down the exact lines upon which his reform should be constructed. He knows that so soon as he submits some particular suggestions for the reform in question, he abandons the abstract for the concrete, and often is liable to seem to be answered upon the general question, because he himself has not been able to satisfy the world as to the wisdom or prudence of the particular suggestions he offers.”

I venture to propose—

1. That the quorum of the House of Lords should be raised to thirty.

Sir Erskine May says on this point: “A quorum of three—though well suited for judicial business, and not wholly out of proportion to the entire number of its members in the earlier periods of its history—has become palpably inadequate for a numerous assembly.” Again: “Unless great party questions have been under discussion, the House has ordinarily the appearance of a select committee.”

In almost every council, committee, company, or society, a quorum is fixed bearing some relation to the number of its members, and there seems an entire agreement as to the fact that a quorum of three Peers, out of about 460, throws ridicule upon the whole national business. Nearly every

person who discusses the reform of the House of Lords points to this as the chief blot in its constitution; hardly anybody attempts to defend it.

2. That a Speaker, with the ordinary powers of a President, should be appointed.

"The position of the Speaker of the House of Lords is somewhat anomalous, for though he is the President of a Legislative Assembly, he is invested with no more authority than any other member;" in fact he need not be a Peer at all, and therefore need not be a Member of the House. Moreover, so far as the Lord Chancellor is the President of the House of Lords, his presidency is opposed to the ideal of a President (the chief authority) in every particular. He is of the lowest rank, and often the junior Member of the lowest order of the Peerage; if not, as often, a party man, he is always a partisan, thus offending the national instinct, and opposed to the national custom, for in every other assembly, the man of the greatest weight, the highest rank, the most extended knowledge of the business to be performed, and the utmost impartiality, is placed in the chair.

3. That a Peer who omits to attend a given number of times in one Session, should forfeit his right to vote in the next Session.

I quote Sir Erskine May again:—"The indifference of the great body of the Peers to public business, and their scant attendance, by discouraging the efforts of the more able and ambitious men amongst them, impair the influence of the Upper House." Nothing has done so much to lower the influence of the House of Lords as this indifference; that a Bill which occupied the House of Commons for weeks should narrowly escape destruction because six Peers were opposed to it, and seven in favour, is a sample of that which provokes much sharp criticism. "It is said"—Mr. Bright is the speaker—"that the Paper Duty Abolition Bill was thrown out in the Upper House by a great majority. That is a fact with which we are all well acquainted. I was talking recently to a Peer who gave an explanation of this, which I will venture to repeat. 'If,'

he said, 'the regular House of Lords, that is to say the hundred members who during the Session really do transact the business—if they had been in the House, the Paper Duties Repeal Bill would certainly have passed. But about two hundred Members who hardly ever come there were let loose for the occasion.'" The rule that I have suggested would prevent those Peers who preferred remaining in the country, running up to town occasionally, at what they may feel to be some personal sacrifice, to record their vote, and by so doing swamp the votes of those who actually do the main part of the legislative business. I think that there are very few men who wish to deprive any Peer who is willing to work for the country of a jot or tittle of the privilege which his ancestors have earned for him, of taking an active and influential share in moulding the national interests. But there is a strong feeling "growing out of" (large words these) the inattention of a large proportion of the Peers: that feeling is finding forms in which to express itself, and unless it is allayed by some improvement, will "grow" into very large proportions; and if no change is made, the House of Lords may find itself damaged as clearly and as greatly as England will find herself damaged if she has to pay the claims "growing out of" certain acts which, even if legal, are open to question.

4. That the House of Lords should have power to recommend that a Peer whose conduct is, in their opinion, discreditable to their order, should be degraded from the Peerage.

Any dishonourable act on the part of a Peer has an adverse influence on the whole Peerage out of all proportion to the act itself, and to the very small percentage of Peers who discredit their order. The recent acts of a few Peers on the turf have done more harm to the House of Lords than can easily be estimated. The refined sense of honour, the uprightness and integrity of well-nigh the whole of the Peers, are to some minds barely balance sufficient to weigh against the acts of the few individuals who have brought discredit on themselves and their

order. A very few cowards would bring dishonour on an entire army; still fewer bankrupt racing Peers create a prejudice against the whole body.

5. That as Sees become vacant the Bishops should be replaced in the House of Lords by lay life Peers.

That the Church loses more by the absence of the Bishops from their dioceses than the State gains by their presence in the House of Lords, is a proposition which is obtaining gradual but, I believe, sure acceptance. There are many ecclesiastical laymen whose presence in the Upper House would compensate for the absence of the Bishops, while no man can take the place of the Bishop in the diocese. I shall not further press this subject now.

6. That no Peer should be allowed to vote in the House of Lords until he had sat in that House one year, unless he had previously sat in the House of Commons.

7. That a property qualification should be necessary for all men called to an hereditary Peerage, but that the not possessing the property qualification should be no bar to promotion to a life Peerage.

A wealthy noble of proud lineage, of personal and inherited distinction, possessed of great influence, and credited with that rare gift, common-sense, to an extraordinary degree, has, in the speech from which I have already quoted, supplied argument more than sufficient to recommend this, by coupling those instinctively antagonistic words "pauper peerages."

8. That the members of the House of Lords should introduce more bills, originate more motions, altogether apart from Government bills. It is a common complaint on the part of the Lords that the Government does not introduce a sufficient number of bills in their House. Now there are many measures that even a Conservative Government could not introduce in the Upper House, as for instance the Reform Bill of 1868; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that there is scarcely a single bill, of first importance, brought forward by a Liberal or Liberal Radical Government, that would obtain a foothold if originated in the Upper House. The tendency of the Upper House is Conser-

vative; and such measures as the Irish Church and Land Bills, the Ballot, and the Abolition of University Tests, would not have passed a second reading if introduced there. But with all deference to the distinguished men who constitute the Upper House, is the fact that a Conservative Government must frequently, and a Liberal Government generally, originate important measures in the House of Commons,—sufficient reason for the small amount of work done by the Lords in the early part of the Session.<sup>1</sup> On a recent Tuesday and Wednesday, private members of the Lower House gave notice of no less than fifty bills or motions for the Session then commencing. There are numbers of questions which members of the Upper House might, with great advantage to the nation, take up and press forward for legislation. It was recently said: "It is upon those questions which lie outside the Ministerial programme that the chief interest of the opening Session gathers." It is hardly too much to say that nearly every question of very great importance which Ministers take in hand, and bring forward for legislation, has been taken in hand for more, or fewer, years by some individual member, who has obtained at the onset but scant encouragement, but who has seen his arguments making their way, and his measure obtaining more support, until at last the Government of the day makes it a Ministerial question. This kind of work, than which none can be more important, might, I think, with advantage to the country, be more extensively engaged in by members of the Upper House, but we should gratefully remember that very many useful measures, specially in connection with religious liberty, have been originated by Peers in the Upper House. What Mr. Wilberforce did for the

<sup>1</sup> While this is in the printer's hands, a short discussion has been held on this point in the House of Lords. Lord Salisbury proposed that bills should be introduced simultaneously into the Lords and Commons; but if, as would often be the case, the Lords came to one conclusion, and the Commons to another, would not the difficulty of coming to an agreement be far greater than when only one House has committed itself to an opinion?

slaves, Mr. Milner Gibson for freedom of newspapers from taxation, Mr. Cobden for Free-trade, Mr. Bright for Reform, Lord Ashley for regulation of the hours of labour, the late Lord Derby to protect the poorer classes of London when evicted by railway companies, Lord Lansdowne for religious liberty, and Sir Samuel Romilly for the amelioration of criminal law, supported by Lords Lansdowne, Grey, and Holland—that may any individual Peer do in the very many matters that have still to be dealt with by the Legislature. To name a few such questions, why should not some Peer take up and press forwards for legislation, sanitary reform, the game laws, the appointment of a public prosecutor, the adulteration of articles of food, the reduction of the national debt, the important subject of emigration; Church reform, cathedral reform, and, as Lord Grey has just suggested, law reform; abolition of the power of life and death over condemned criminals, now improperly in the hands of the Home Secretary; the question of national defence and compulsory registration for service; the whole question of capital and labour, and reduction of the hours of labour; the important subject of treaties, their ratification and duration, &c. Is it to be supposed that we should have had the Mines Regulation Bill postponed by the Government from Session to Session, if some noble lord had carried a resolution that such a bill was necessary, and, failing the Government passing such a bill, had himself passed one through the Upper House.

There are other suggestions which I should like to make, specially as to the Lords taking no bill into their consideration, except such as should be voted urgent by the House of Commons, unless it was in the Upper House one month before the day of prorogation, the Session in the Lords not necessarily being coterminous with that of the Commons; but my ignorance as to the working of our Parliamentary system leads me to doubt whether they would be practicable. The few suggestions that I have ventured, with unfeigned diffidence, to make, seem to me (except, it may be, the fifth) of a nature that is likely to commend

them to those who regard the business of the House of Lords from a business point of view. "The House of Lords, in truth, is not only a privileged body, but a great representative institution—standing out as an embodiment of the aristocratic influence and sympathies of the country." We are proud of our Peers: we can never forget that to their order we owe that which has been styled "the keystone of English liberty—equal distribution of civil rights to all classes of freemen:" we are proud of our House of Lords; we wish it long to continue; and continue it will, if, as in times past, it *brings itself* into harmony with the altered circumstances of the country. Railways have made occasional residence in London so easy, that attention to public business is within easy reach of all who are privileged to conduct it.

"Order is Heaven's first law; and this confess'd,

Some are, and must be, greater than the rest:

More rich, more wise."

This we readily accept in England: it seems to us a truism, so familiar are we with it. But "virtue is the only solid base of greatness;" moral excellence, active power, and strength, used for the public good, must ever be the claim to leadership of those who lead this country; but the same writer who bears willing witness to the fact that the dignity of the Peerage "has been well maintained by territorial power—by illustrious ancestry—by noble deeds—by learning, eloquence, and public virtues"—also ominously tells of "the passive indifference" of the Peers to the ordinary business of legislation, "their scant attendance," "their inertness," "the indolent facility" with which they have allowed one or two members of strong will to dominate over the majority, and their "impaired moral influence." Let us remember in time that, as Carlyle says, "there is a stillness, of passive inertness, the symptom of imminent downfall," and that "it is of apoplexy, so to speak, and a *plethoric lazy habit of body*, that Churches, Kingships, Social Institutions, oftenest die."

S. FLOOD PAGE.

## TURNER AND MULREADY.

ON THE EFFECT OF CERTAIN FAULTS OF VISION ON PAINTING, WITH  
ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THEIR WORKS.<sup>1</sup>

BY R. LIEBREICH, OPHTHALMIC SURGEON AND LECTURER AT ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.

WHEN I arrived in England about eighteen months ago, little thinking that a short vacation tour would end in my permanent residence here, I at once paid a visit to the National Gallery. I was anxious to see Turner's pictures, which on the Continent I had had no opportunity of doing. How great was my astonishment when, after having admired his earlier works, I entered another room which contained his later paintings! Are these really by the same hand? I asked myself on first inspecting them; or have they suffered in any way? On examining them, however, more closely, a question presented itself to my mind which was to me a subject of interesting diagnosis. Was the great change which made the painter of "Crossing the Brook" afterwards produce such pictures as "Shade and Darkness," caused by an ocular or cerebral disturbance? Researches into the life of Turner could not afford an answer to this question. All that I could learn was, that during the last five years of his life his power of vision as well as his intellect had suffered. In no way, however, did this account for the changes which began to manifest themselves about fifteen years before that time. The question could therefore only be answered by a direct study of his pictures from a purely scientific, and not at all from an æsthetic or artistic point of view.

I chose for this purpose pictures belonging to the middle of the period which I consider pathological, i.e. not quite healthy, and analysed them in all their details, with regard to colour,

drawing, and distribution of light and shade.

It was particularly important to ascertain if the anomaly of the whole picture could be deduced from a regularly recurring fault in its details. This fault is a vertical streakiness, which is caused by every illuminated point having been changed into a vertical line. The elongation is, generally speaking, in exact proportion to the brightness of the light; that is to say, the more intense the light which diffuses itself from the illuminated point in nature, the longer becomes the line which represents it on the picture. Thus, for instance, there proceeds from the sun in the centre of a picture a vertical yellow streak, dividing it into two entirely distinct halves, which are not connected by any horizontal line. In Turner's earlier pictures, the disc of the sun is clearly defined, the light equally radiating to all parts; and even where through the reflection of water a vertical streak is produced, there appears, distinctly marked through the vertical streak of light, the line of the horizon, the demarcation of the land in the foreground, and the outline of the waves in a horizontal direction. In the pictures, however, of which I am now speaking, the tracing of any detail is perfectly effaced when it falls in the vertical streak of light. Even less illuminated objects, like houses or figures, form considerably elongated streaks of light. In this manner, therefore, houses that stand near the water, or people in a boat, blend so entirely with the reflection in the water, that the horizontal line of demarcation between house and water or boat and water entirely disappears, and all be-

<sup>1</sup> A Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution on the 8th March, 1872.

comes a conglomeration of vertical lines. Everything that is abnormal in the shape of objects, in the drawing, and even in the colouring of the pictures of this period, can be explained by this vertical diffusion of light.

How and at what time did this anomaly develop itself?

Till the year 1830 all is normal. In 1831 a change in the colouring becomes for the first time perceptible, which gives to the works of Turner a peculiar character not found in any other master. Optically this is caused by an increased intensity of the diffused light proceeding from the most illuminated parts of the landscape. This light forms a haze of a bluish colour which contrasts too much with the surrounding portion in shadow. From the year 1833 this diffusion of light becomes more and more vertical. It gradually increases during the following years. At first it can only be perceived by a careful examination of the picture, but from the year 1839 the regular vertical streaks become apparent to everyone. This increases subsequently to such a degree, that when the pictures are closely examined they appear as if they had been wilfully destroyed by vertical strokes of the brush before they were dry, and it is only from a considerable distance that the object and the meaning of the picture can be comprehended. During the last years of Turner's life this peculiarity became so extreme that his pictures can hardly be understood at all.

It is a generally received opinion that Turner adopted a peculiar manner, that he exaggerated it more and more, and that his last works are the result of a deranged intellect. I am convinced of the incorrectness, I might almost say of the injustice, of this opinion. The word "manner" has a very vague meaning. In general we understand by it something which has been arbitrarily assumed by the artist. It may be the result of study, of reflection, of a development of principle, or the consequence of a chance observation, of an experiment, or of an occasional success. Nothing of all this applies to what has been called Turner's

manner. Nothing in him is arbitrary, assumed, or of set purpose. According to my opinion, his manner is exclusively the result of a change in his eyes, which developed itself during the last twenty years of his life. In consequence of it the aspect of nature gradually changed for him, while he continued in an unconscious, I might almost say in a *naïve* manner, to reproduce what he saw. And he reproduced it so faithfully and accurately, that he enables us distinctly to recognize the nature of the disease of his eyes, to follow its development step by step, and to prove by an optical contrivance the correctness of our diagnosis. By the aid of this contrivance we can see nature under the same aspect as he saw and represented it. With the same we can also, as I shall prove to you by an experiment, give to Turner's early pictures the appearance of those of the later period.

After he had reached the age of fifty-five, the crystalline lenses of Turner's eyes became rather dim, and dispersed the light more strongly, and in consequence threw a bluish mist over illuminated objects. This is a pathological increase of an optical effect, the existence of which, even in the normal eye, can be proved by the following experiment. If you look at a picture which hangs between two windows, you will not be able to see it distinctly, as it will be, so to speak, veiled by a greyish haze. But if you hold your hands before your eyes so as to shade them from the light of the windows, the veiling mist disappears, and the picture becomes clearly visible. The disturbing light had been diffused by the refracting media of the eye, and had fallen on the same part of the retina on which the picture was formed. If we examine the eye by an illumination resembling that by means of which Professor Tyndall, in his brilliant experiments, demonstrated to you the imperfect transparency of water, we find that even the clearest and most beautiful eye is not so perfectly transparent as we would suppose. The older we get the more the transparency decreases, especially of the lens. But to produce

an effect equal to that visible in Turner's pictures after the year 1831, pathological conditions are required. In the years that followed, as often happens in such cases, a clearly defined opacity was formed in the slight and diffuse dimness of the crystalline lens. In consequence of this the light was no longer evenly diffused in all directions, but principally dispersed in a vertical direction. At this period the alteration offers, in the case of a painter, the peculiarity that it only affects the appearance of natural objects, where the light is strong enough to produce this disturbing effect, whilst the light of his painting is too feeble to do so: therefore, the aspect of nature is altered, that of his picture correct. Only within the last years of Turner's life, the dimness had increased so much, that it prevented him from seeing even his pictures correctly. This sufficiently accounts for the strange appearance of his last pictures, without its being necessary to take into account the state of his mind.

It may seem hazardous to designate a period as diseased, the beginning of which art-critics and connoisseurs have considered as his climax. I do not think that the two opinions are in decided contradiction to each other. To be physiologically normal is not at all a fundamental condition in art; and we cannot deny the legitimacy of the taste which regards that which is entirely sound and healthy as commonplace, trivial, and uninteresting, and which on the contrary is fascinated by that which approaches the border of disease and even goes beyond it.

Many of the best musicians, for instance, and some of the greatest admirers of Beethoven, prefer his latest works, and consider them the most interesting, although the influence of his deafness upon them is apparent to others.

In poetry, we rank some poems among the highest productions of art in which the imagination of the poet goes far beyond the normal region of the mind:

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth  
to heaven."

Thus it seems to me perfectly natural that the peculiar poetical haze which is produced by the diffusion of light in Turner's pictures after 1831 should have a particular attraction for many of Turner's admirers. On the other hand, passing over the faults, we discover in these pictures peculiar merits, and we recognize that the great artist continued in many ways to improve, even at a time of his life when his failing sight began to deprive his works of general favour. I cannot, however, defend the opinion of those who are enraptured with Turner's pictures belonging to a still later period—who consider a picture beautiful which, in consequence of this optical defect, is entirely disfigured and defaced, and who, calling this Turner's style, would like to form it into a school and imitate it. They resemble the porter of a certain dealer in works of art, who one day, when he had to deliver the torso of a Venus at a gentleman's house, answered the servant, who had expressed his astonishment that his master should have bought a thing without head, arms, or legs, "You don't understand; that's just the beauty of it."

I show you here first a picture which is copied from an oil-painting in the South Kensington Museum. This picture was not exhibited till the year 1833, but it was painted some time before, and from sketches taken in Venice previous to any change in Turner's sight. I shall now try so to change this picture, by an optical contrivance, as to make it resemble the pictures he painted after 1839. You must, of course, not expect to see in this rough representation, which a large theatre necessitates, anything of the real beauty of Turner's pictures. Our object is to analyse their faults.

In order to show you in a single object what you have already observed in the general aspect of a picture, I choose purposely a tree, because there are no trees in the "Venice" you have just seen, and more particularly because after the year 1833 Turner painted trees that were unknown to any botanist, had never

been seen in nature, nor been painted by any other artist. I do not think it likely that Turner invented a tree he had never seen; it seems to me more probable that he painted such trees because he saw them so in nature. I searched for them with the aid of the lens, and soon discovered them. Here is a common tree; the glass changes it into a Turner tree.

Let us now turn from the individual case of a great artist to a whole category of cases, in which the works of painters are modified by anomalies in their vision—I mean cases of irregularities in the refraction of the eye. The optical apparatus of the eye forms, like the apparatus of a photographer, inverted images. In order to be seen distinctly these images must fall exactly upon the retina. The capacity of the eye to accommodate itself to different consecutive distances, so as to receive on the retina distinct images of objects, is called accommodation. This faculty depends upon the power of the crystalline lens to change its form. The accommodation is at its greatest tension if we adapt our eye to the nearest point. It is, on the contrary, in complete repose if we adapt it to the farthest point. The optical state of the eye during its adaptation for the farthest point, when every effort of accommodation is completely suspended, is called its refraction.

There are three different kinds of refraction: firstly, that of the normal eye; secondly, of the short-sighted eye; thirdly, of the over-sighted eye.

1. The normal eye, when the activity of its accommodation is perfectly suspended, is adjusted for the infinite distance; that is to say, it unites upon the retina parallel rays of light.

2. The short-sighted eye has, in consequence of an extension of its axis, a stronger refraction, and unites therefore in front of the retina the rays of light which proceed from infinite distance. In order to be united upon the retina itself the rays of light must be divergent; that is to say, they must come from a nearer point. The more short-sighted the eye is, the stronger must be the divergence; such an eye, in order to see distinctly

distant objects, must make the rays from a distant object more divergent, by aid of a concave glass. We determine the degree of short-sightedness by the power of the weakest concave glass that enables the eye to see distinctly at a great distance.

3. The over-sighted, or hypermetropic eye, on the contrary, has too weak a refraction: it unites convergent rays of light upon the retina; parallel or divergent rays of light it unites behind the retina, unless an effort of accommodation is made. The degree of hypermetropia, or over-sightedness, is determined by the focal distance of the strongest convex glass with which objects can still be distinctly seen at a great distance.

Hypermetropia has no essential influence upon painting; it only reduces the power of application, and must therefore be corrected by wearing convex glasses. This can never be avoided if the hypermetropia is so great as to diminish the distinctness of vision. Short-sightedness, on the contrary, generally influences the choice of the subject of the artist and also the manner of its execution. As a very small handwriting is an indication of short-sightedness, so we find that artists who paint small pictures, and finish the details with great minuteness, and, with fine touches of the brush, are mostly short-sighted.

Sometimes the shape of the eye diverges from its normal spherical form, and this is called astigmatism. This has only been closely investigated since Airy discovered it in his own eye. Figure to yourself meridians drawn on the eye as on a globe, so that one pole is placed in front: then you can define astigmatism as a difference in the curvature of two meridians, which may, for instance, stand perpendicularly upon each other; the consequence of which is a difference in the power of refraction of the eye in the direction of the two meridians. An eye may, for instance, have a normal refraction in its horizontal meridian, and be short-sighted in its vertical meridian. Small differences of this kind are found in almost every eye, but are not perceived. Higher degrees

of astigmatism, which decidedly disturb vision, are, however, not uncommon, and are therefore also found among painters. I have had occasion to examine the eyes of several distinguished artists which presented such an anomaly, and it interested me much to discover what influence this defect had upon their works. The diversity depends in part upon the degree and nature of the optical anomaly, but its effect shows itself in different ways, according to the subjects the artist paints. An example will explain this better. I know a landscape-painter and a portrait-painter who have both the same kind of astigmatism; that is, the refraction of the vertical meridian differs from the refraction of the horizontal one. The consequence is, that their sight is normal for vertical lines, but for horizontal lines they are slightly short-sighted. Upon the landscape-painter this has hardly any disturbing influence. In painting distant views sharp outlines are not requisite, but rather undefined and blending tones of colour. His eye is sufficiently normal to see these. I was struck, however, by the fact that the foreground of his pictures, which generally represents water with gently-moving waves, was not painted with the same truthfulness to nature as the middle and back-ground. There I found short horizontal strokes of the brush in different colours, which did not seem to belong to the water. I therefore examined the picture with a glass, which, when added to my eye, produced the same degree of astigmatism as existed in the painter's eye, and the whole picture appeared much more beautiful, the foreground being now as perfect as the middle and back-ground. In consequence of this artificially-produced astigmatism, I saw the horizontal strokes of the brush indistinctly and so mixed together, that through them the colour and transparency of the water were most exquisitely rendered.

Upon the portrait-painter astigmatism had a very different influence. He was held in high esteem in Paris, on account of his excellent grasp of cha-

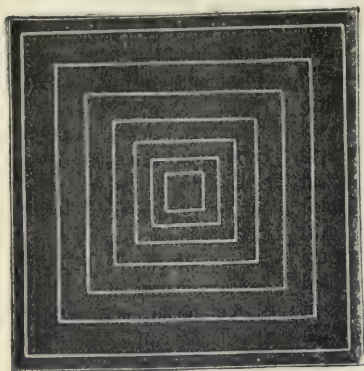
racter and intellectual individuality. His admirers considered even the material resemblance of his portraits as perfect; most people, however, thought he had intentionally neglected the material likeness by rendering in an indistinct and vague manner the details of the features and the forms. A careful analysis of the picture shows that this indistinctness was not at all intentional, but simply the consequence of astigmatism. Within the last few years the portraits of this painter have become considerably worse, because the former indistinctness has grown into positively false proportions. The neck and oval of the face appear in all his portraits considerably elongated, and all details are in the same manner distorted. What is the cause of this? Has the degree of his astigmatism increased? No; this does not often happen: but the effect of astigmatism has doubled, and this has happened in the following manner:—An eye which is normal as regards the vision of vertical lines, but short-sighted for horizontal lines, sees the objects elongated in a vertical direction. When the time of life arrives that the normal eye becomes far-sighted, but not yet the short-sighted eye, this astigmatic eye will at short distance see the vertical lines indistinctly, but horizontal lines still distinctly; and therefore near objects will be elongated in a horizontal direction. The portrait-painter, in whom a slight degree of astigmatism manifested itself at first only by the indistinctness of the horizontal lines, has now become far-sighted for vertical lines, and therefore sees a distant person elongated in a vertical direction; his picture, on the contrary, being at a short distance, is seen by him enlarged in a horizontal direction, and is thus painted still more elongated than the subject is seen: so the fault is doubled. I shall be able to show this more clearly by experiments.

The vertical and horizontal lines of this diagram (Fig. 1) are reflected with equal distinctness upon the screen by the spherical apparatus.

Those among my audience who have a decided form of astigmatism will,

nevertheless, see them differently. Those

FIG. 1



whose sight is normal will only observe a difference after I have added a cylindrical lens to this apparatus, and thus made it astigmatic (Fig. 2). Ordinary

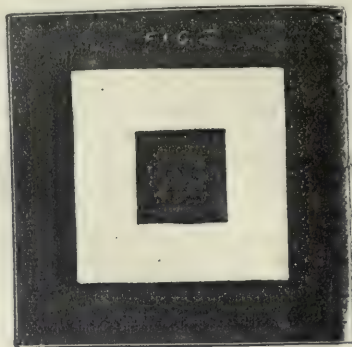
FIG. 2



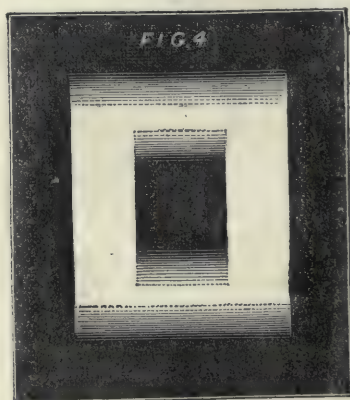
spectacle glasses are worked by a rotating movement on the surface of a sphere; cylindrical lenses are worked by moving the glass backwards and forwards upon a cylindrical surface. Such glasses produce an optical effect only in one direction. If instead of white lines I make the experiment with coloured lines, it will show the mixing of colours produced by astigmatism; and if I now turn the axis of the lens, you will observe the effect of different forms of astigmatism. I show you here a square

(Fig. 3): if I add a cylindrical concave glass, with its axis placed horizontally, the square becomes an oblong.

In order now to show you how it is possible that the same eye may see an



object at too great a distance elongated in a vertical direction, and, on the contrary, one that is too near enlarged in a horizontal direction, I need only place this cylindrical glass before or behind the focus of the apparatus without turning the axis, and you will then see the square, first elongated in a vertical direction (Fig. 4), and then enlarged in a horizontal direction.



Lastly, I show you a portrait. Imagine to yourself that it represents the person whom the astigmatic painter is painting; then, by aid of the cylindrical glass you can form an idea how the painter sees this person.

If I alter the position of the glass,

the portrait assumes the form in which the painter sees his own painting on the canvas. This will explain to you why he paints the portrait still longer than he sees the person.

With regard to an anomaly of sight, which seems almost foreign to the subject of painting—I mean colour-blindness—I will also say a few words here, as the subject seems to be regarded with particular interest in England.

What we call colour-blindness is a congenital defect of vision, which is characterized by the absence of one of the three primary sensations of colour. The primary sensations of colour are red, green, and violet, according to Thomas Young and Helmholtz; or red, green, and blue, according to Maxwell. When, as may easily happen, to this defect is joined a decided talent for painting, drawing alone ought to be attempted, because so absolute a defect will soon assert itself. But we meet with slighter degrees of colour-blindness, where the perception of red is not entirely wanting, but only considerably diminished; so that, for instance, an intense or strongly illuminated red can be perceived as such, while a less intense red appears green. This moderate degree of colour-blindness does not always deter people from painting. A proof of this I saw at the last year's Exhibition, in a picture which represented a cattle market. The roofs of the surrounding houses were all painted red on the sunny side, green in the shadow; but—what particularly struck me—the oxen also were red in the sun, green in the shadow. The slighter degrees of this anomaly, in the form of an insufficient perception of colours, have probably been the real cause why several great artists, who have become famous on account of the beauty of their drawing and the richness of their compositions, have failed to attain an equal degree of perfection in colouring.

In opposition to these isolated cases, I have to draw your attention to other cases which happen more frequently, and in advanced age, in consequence of a change in the perception of colours.

They do not arise from a deficient function of the nervous apparatus of the eye, but in consequence of a change in the colour of the lens.

The lens always gets rather yellow at an advanced age, and with many people the intensity of the discoloration is considerable. This, however, does not essentially diminish the power of vision. In order to get a distinct idea of the effect of this discoloration, it is best to make experiments with yellow glasses of the corresponding shade. Only the experiment must be continued for some time, because at first everything looks yellow to us. But the eye gets soon accustomed to the colour, or rather it becomes dulled with regard to it, and then things appear again in their true light and colour. This is at least the case with all objects of a somewhat bright and deep colour. A careful examination, however, shows that a pale blue, or rather a certain small quantity of blue, cannot be perceived even after a very prolonged experiment, and after the eye has long got accustomed to the yellow colour, because the yellow glass really excludes it. This must, of course, exercise a considerable influence when looking at pictures, on account of the great difference which necessarily exists between real objects and their representation in pictures.

These differences are many and great, as has been so thoroughly explained by Helmholtz. Let us for a moment waive the consideration of the difference produced by transmitting an object seen as a body on to a simple flat surface, and consider only the intensity of light and colour. The intensity of light proceeding from the sun and reflected by objects, is so infinitely greater than the strongest light reflected from a picture, that the proportion expressed in numbers is far beyond our comprehension. There is also so great a difference between the colour of light, or of an illuminated object, and the pigments employed in painting, that it appears wonderful that the art of painting can by the use of them produce such perfect optical delusions.

It can of course only produce optical delusions, never a real optical identity; that is to say, the image which is traced in our eye by real objects is not identical with the image produced in our eye by the picture. This is best observed by changing the light. Whoever paints in London has but too frequent opportunities of observing this. A little more or less fog, the reflection of a cloud illuminated by the sun, suffices to alter entirely the colouring of the picture, while the colouring of natural objects is not changed in the same manner.

Let us now return to our experiment with the yellow glass, and we shall find that it affects our eye very much in the same way as a yellow tint in the light, and therefore modifies natural objects in quite a different degree from pictures. If we continue the experiment for a considerable time, the difference becomes more and more essential. As I said before, the eye becomes dulled with regard to the yellow light, and thus sees nature again in its normal colouring. The small quantity of blue light which is excluded by the yellow glass produces no sensible difference, as the difference is equalized by a diminution of sensibility with regard to yellow. In the picture, on the contrary, there is found in many places only as much blue as is perfectly absorbed by the yellow glass, and this therefore can never be perceived however long we continue the experiment. Even for those parts of the picture which have been painted with the most intense blue the painter could produce, the quantity of blue excluded by the yellow glass will make itself felt, because its power is not so small with regard to pigments as with regard to the blue in nature.

Imagine now that in the course of years one of the transparent media in the eye of a painter had gradually become yellowish, and that this yellow had by degrees considerably increased in intensity, and you will easily understand the influence it must exercise upon his work. He will see in nature almost everything correctly; but in his picture everything will appear to him

yellowish, and consequently he will paint it too blue. Does he not perceive this himself? Does he not believe it if told of it? Were this the case, it would be easy for him to correct the fault, since an artist can paint in a yellower or bluer tone, as he chooses. These are two questions which are easily answered by psychological experience. He does not perceive it himself, because he does not remember that he formerly saw in a different way. Our remembrance with regard to opinions, sensations, perceptions, &c. which have become gradually modified in the course of years—not by any external influence or sudden impression, but by a gradual change in our own physical or mental individuality—is almost *nil*.

He does not believe it—I would not say because an artist rarely recognizes what others tell him with regard to his works, but because with him, as with everyone else, the impressions received through his own eye have a stronger power of conviction than anything else. “*Sehen geht vor Sagen*” (Seeing is believing), says the old adage.

We are almost always conscious of *indistinct* vision, be it in consequence of incorrect accommodation or insufficient power of sight, especially if it is not congenital, but has gradually appeared. But it is extremely difficult and in many cases impossible to convince those of their defect who suffer from *incorrect* vision as to form and colour. They never become conscious of it themselves, even if it is not congenital, and the most enlightened and intelligent among them remain incredulous, or become even angry and offended, when told of it. Incorrect perception of form may, however, easily be demonstrated. If in consequence of astigmatism a square appears oblong to anyone, he can measure the sides with a compass; or, what is more simple still, he can turn it so that the horizontal lines are changed into vertical ones, and *vice versâ*, and his own sight will convince him of his error. It is more difficult to demonstrate whether

a person sees colours correctly or not. Such glaring mistakes as those produced by colour-blindness can be easily recognized, but faults produced by a diminished sensation of small differences in the shades of colour can only be recognized as such by the fact that the majority of persons with normal vision declare them to be faults. Such, for instance, are deviations produced by an incorrect perception of pigments, which in painting makes itself felt by a constantly recurring *plus* or *minus* of a single colour in the whole picture. It may also show itself by small faults in the rendering of every colour. In discussing this subject with artists, they at once declare these anomalies to represent a school, a taste, a manner, which may be arbitrarily changed. They most unwillingly concede that peculiarities of sight have anything to do with it. It seems to me sometimes as if they considered it in a certain measure a degradation of their art that it should be influenced by an organ of sense, and not depend entirely upon free choice, intelligence, imagination, and talent.

Thus, to return to the point from which we started, if a painter whose lens becomes yellower begins to paint in a bluer tone, it is said that he has changed his style. The painter himself vehemently protests against this opinion; he thinks that he still paints in his old style, and that he has only improved the tone of his colour. His earlier works appear to him too brown. To convince him of his error it would be necessary to remove his lens suddenly. Then everything would appear to him too blue, and his paintings far too blue. This is no hypothesis, but a fact. Patients on whom I have operated for cataract, very often spontaneously declared, immediately after the operation, that they saw everything blue; in these cases I invariably found their crystalline lens to be of an intense yellow colour. In pictures painted after the artists were considerably over sixty, the effect of the yellow lens can often be studied. To me their pictures have so

characteristic a tone of colour, that I could easily point them out while passing through a picture-gallery. As a striking example I will only mention Mulready. It is generally stated that in his advanced age he painted too purple. A careful examination shows that the peculiarity of the colours of of his later pictures is produced by an addition of blue. Thus, for instance, the shadows on the flesh are painted in pure ultramarine. Blue drapery he painted most unnaturally blue. Red of course became purple. If you look at these pictures through a yellow glass, all these faults disappear: what formerly appeared unnatural and displeasing is at once corrected; the violet colour of the face shows a natural red; the blue shades become grey; the unnatural glaring blue of the drapery is softened. To make the correction perfect, the glass must not be of a bright gold colour, but rather of the colour of pale sherry. It must be gradually darkened in accordance with the advancing age of the painter, and will then correspond exactly with the colour of his lens. The best proof of the correctness of this statement is, that the yellow glass not only modifies the blue in Mulready's pictures, but gives truthfulness to all the other colours he employed. To make the proof complete, it would be necessary to show that by the aid of yellow glass we saw Mulready's pictures as he saw them with the naked eye; and this can be proved. It happens that Mulready has painted the same subject twice,—first in 1836, when he was fifty years of age and his lens was in a normal state, and again in 1857, when he was seventy-one, and the yellow discoloration had considerably advanced. The first picture was called when exhibited "Brother and Sister; or, Pinching the Ear;" the second was called "The Young Brother." In both pictures a girl, whose back only is visible, is carrying a little child. A young peasant, in a blue smock-frock, stands to the right and seizes the ear of the child. The background is formed by a

cloudy sky and part of a tree. Both pictures are in the Kensington Museum. The identity of the composition makes the difference in the colouring more striking. If we look at the second picture through a yellow glass, the difference between the two almost entirely disappears, as the glass corrects the faults of the picture. The smock-frock of the boy no longer appears of that intense blue which we may see in a lady's silk dress, but never in the smock-frock of a peasant. It changes into the natural tint which we find in the first picture. The purple face of the boy also becomes of a natural colour. The shades on the neck of the girl and the arms of the child, which are painted in a pure blue, look now grey, and so do the blue shadows in the clouds. The grey trunk of the tree becomes brown. Surprising is the effect upon the yellowish green foliage, which, instead of appearing still more yellow, is restored to its natural colour, and shows the same tone of colour as the foliage in the earlier picture. This last fact is most important to prove the correctness of my supposition. My endeavour to explain it became the starting-point of a series of investigations to ascertain the optical qualities of the pigments used in painting, and thus to enable us to recognize them by optical contrivances, when the vision of the naked eye does not suffice to analyse the colours of a picture.

When I had the pleasure of showing this experiment with Mulready's pictures to Professor Tyndall, he drew my attention to the fact that one single colour, namely, the blue of the sky, was not affected by the yellow glass. The blue of the sky was almost the same in both pictures. I could not at once explain the cause of this, but I discovered it afterwards. The fact is, it is impossible to change the sky-blue of the first picture so as to form a colour that looks like it when seen through a yellow glass. If more white is added, the sky becomes too pale; if a deeper blue is used, it becomes too dark: Mulready

was thus forced to content himself by giving to the sky in his later pictures the same colour as in the earlier ones.

If we look at Mulready's earlier works through the same yellow glass, they lose considerably in beauty of colouring: the tone appears too weak; the shadows brown; the green, dark and colourless; we see them as he saw them, and understand why he became dissatisfied with them and changed his colouring.

It would be more important to correct the abnormal vision of the artist, than to make a normal eye see as the artist saw when his sight had suffered. This unfortunately can only be done to a certain extent.

If it is the dispersion of light which, as in Turner's case, alters the perception of nature, it can be partly rectified by a kind of diaphragm with a small opening (Donders' sthenopeical spectacles).

In cases of astigmatism, the use of cylindrical glasses will completely correct the aspect of nature, as well as of the picture. Certain anomalies in the sensation of colour may also be counteracted to some extent by the use of coloured glasses; for instance, by a blue glass, when the lens has become yellow, as in Mulready's case.

If science aims at proving that certain works of art offend against physiological laws, artists and art critics ought not to think that by being subjected to the material analysis of physiological investigation, that which is noble, beautiful, and purely intellectual will be dragged into the dust. They ought, on the contrary, to make the results of these investigations their own. In this way art critics will often obtain an explanation of the development of the artist, while artists will avoid the inward struggles and disappointments which often arise through the difference between their own perceptions and those of the majority of the public. Never will science be an impediment to the creations of genius.

## A MEMOIR OF MAZZINI.

BY DAVID MASSON.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years have passed since I first saw Mazzini. It was in a room in the north part of London, where he had politely called, in acknowledgment of a slight claim I had on his acquaintance through my friendship in another city with a fellow-countryman of his who was very dear to him. I remember well the first sight of him, as he entered, sat down, and immediately began to talk. He was then thirty-eight years of age, retaining much of that grace and beauty for which he had been famous when he first fascinated his Genoese college-companions, drew them into sympathy with his dreams, and imagined the association afterwards known as Young Italy. One knew at once that slight figure, in a dark and closely-fitting dress, with the marvellous face of pale olive, in shape a long oval, the features fine and bold rather than massive, the forehead full and high under thin dark hair, the whole expression impassioned and sad, and the eyes large, black, and preternaturally burning. His talk was rapid and abundant, in an excellent English that never failed, though it was dashed with piquant foreign idioms, and pronounced with a decidedly foreign accent. The matter on that occasion was discursive, and the manner somewhat *distract*, as if he were on a visit of courtesy which he wanted to get through, and which need happily involve no farther trouble to his recluse habits and the pursuit of his many affairs. He was then living in an obscure off-street from the City Road, somewhere beyond the New River, in the house, I believe, of an Italian tradesman, who was one of his devoted followers; but one had been forewarned that he did not expect chance visitors there, and that indeed such visitors would not be

likely to find him. As it happened, however, this my first sight of Mazzini was by no means the last. By a concurrence of circumstances, I met him again and again in the house of one or another of the very few English families that enjoyed his intimacy, till at length I came to know him well, and what hardly promised to be an acquaintanceship became for me one of the friendships of my life, for which I thank Fate and which I shall ponder till I die. Through many years, as he flashed from England to the Continent, and from the Continent back to England, I watched him, with some general knowledge of his designs, —at one important crisis, indeed, with thorough admiration, and such hopes for his success as could not but be yielded by any who understood the grand essentials of his drift, and the state of the poor Italy he longed to renovate; afterwards with undiminished affection, but perhaps more of doubt and dissent, as he pushed on, past great achieved success, to those extreme specialities of his programme about which one was more indifferent or less informed. Vaguest of all is my cognisance of his doings during the last seven or eight years. No longer in London, save at intervals, I had lost the customary opportunities of seeing him, and a newspaper rumour now and then, or a more private message sometimes as to his whereabouts and the state of his health, was all I had to trust to. The last time I saw him was, I think, about two years ago. He was then in a lodging at Brompton, and I found him painfully emaciated and weak from long illness, but full of kindly interest in persons and things, his spirit unabated, and the black eyes beaming with their old lustre. And now he is dead at Pisa, at the age

of sixty-three; and, while the world at large is agreeing that all in all he was one of the most memorable men of his time in Europe, but there are the strangest variations in the particular estimate, here am I recalling my own experience of him, the memory of by-gone evenings in his society, the sound of his voice amid other voices, and the touch of his hand at parting.

"Friends, I owe more tears  
To this dead man than you shall see me pay."

Above all, it is as the Italian Patriot that the world thinks of Mazzini. The summary of his aims in that character had been set forth by himself, systematically and once for all, as early as 1831, when he was first a refugee in France, flung out from his native land in the ardour of his pure youth, and with no other means of acting upon that land than conspiracy and propagandism.

Italy must be a Republic, one, free, and independent! This was the programme of the Young Italy Association, inscribed in all its manifestoes, and repeated and expounded everlastingly. Grasp the phrase in its full meaning, and in all the items of its meaning, and you have that political creed from which Mazzini, as an Italian politician, never swerved, and never, save perhaps at one or two moments of practical exigency, could be made even to seem to swerve. But, though the phrase was from first to last a glowing whole in his mind, and the very accusation against him was and is that he would not break it into its items, the fact that it does consist of items which may be taken separately ought to be distinctly apprehended in any retrospect of his life. The items are three, and they ought to be taken in the reverse order—the Independence and Freedom of Italy first, the Unity of Italy next, and the Republicanism of Italy last. First, next, and last, I repeat, were the very words which Mazzini abhorred in the whole matter. The first could not be except by and with the next, nor that except through the last; if the new Italian Patriotism was

to be worth anything, if it was not to be mere Macchiavellism or mere Carbonarism revived, and to die out in pedantry and cowardly drivel as these vaunted originals had done, its very characteristic must be that the three things should be kept together in thought, and that in action every stroke should be for all at once, or for one as implying all! Nevertheless, if only to demonstrate this necessary identity of the three ideas, they might be held up separately in exposition.

The Independence and Freedom of Italy! This meant the hurling out of the Austrian, whose hoof had been so long the degradation of her fairest provinces, and the rectification at the same time of the petty domestic tyrannies which the Austrian upheld. Well, where was the Italian that could say nay to that, and where over the wide world were men—themselves living and breathing as men, and not lashed and tortured like beasts—that could refuse this deliverance to the Italians whenever the time should come? About this part of the programme there could be no controversy.

Ay, but the Unity of Italy! What necessity for that; what chance of it? Did not many of the wisest Italians themselves look forward merely to an Italy of various governments, each tolerably free within itself, and all perhaps connected by some kind of Federation; was not that also the notion of the most liberal French politicians, and of the few Englishmen that troubled themselves with any thought about Italy at all? Universally, would not the speculation of a United Italy be scouted as a mad Utopia? Let them rave, replied Mazzini. The idea of a single Italian nation, one and united, had been, he maintained, an invariable form of thinking in the minds of all the greatest Italians in succession, from Dante to the Corsican who had Europeanized himself as Bonaparte; and an examination of the practical conditions of the problem of Independence and Freedom would also, he maintained, show that problem to be insoluble except in the terms of Unity.

Well, but why a Republic? If some existing Italian potentate, with due ambition in his heart and something of better fibre to aid (Charles Albert of Piedmont, for example, once a Carbonaro, and with some shame of his recreancy said to be gnawing at his conscience and stirring to thoughts of atonement), if such a potentate, already in command of an armed force, were to head a war of Independence, drive out the Austrian, and cashier the rabble of tyrannical princes, would there not then be a United and Free Italy, and might not the crown be his? Or if, in the course of a popular revolution, some great soldier were to emerge, crashing the opposition, like another Napoleon, by his military genius, would it not be in accordance with analogy, and for the security of the work done, to raise him to the sovereignty? Young Mazzini had ruminated these questions, and one can see signs of a faltering within himself before he answered them. Republican as he was, Republican as he meant to be, there was plausibility in the forecasts hazarded. Facts might take that course; it was the way of facts to take any course; precedents were perhaps in favour of the agency of kings and great soldiers in wars of national liberation; it would not do for a young theorist, who would welcome his motherland liberated anyhow, to stand too stiffly on the banks of his own ideal channel towards that end, only to see it empty after all, and events flowing in another! Hence a certain published Appeal to Charles Albert, much talked of at the time. The Appeal was read by that monarch; and he threw it into his waste-paper basket, with orders that, if ever the writer showed his face again in Italy, he should be laid fast in the nearest prison. No need then, Mazzini concluded, for any farther hesitation. The Republicanism so dear to himself in theory was put into the programme of the Young Italy Association, as equally indispensable with the oath for Independence and Liberation and the vow of ultimate Unity. The reasons were duly given. The advent of a

Patriot-King, or of a conquering soldier who would win the freedom of his country by winning a crown for himself, was declared to be an impossible phenomenon. The time for such things was past. There were epochs and eras in human affairs, and when an old era came to a close the methods of that era ceased to be the methods of Providence. Mazzini always had this large semi-mystical way of reasoning about eras and epochs, of listening to the vast march through the vacancies of Time, and being sure of its divisions and halts. Especially he announced that the world had passed through the stage of Individualism, Machiavellism, the accomplishment of God's purposes for humanity by the mere deeds and scheming of particular persons, and that the era of Association, collective effort, action by the will and heart of every people for itself, and of all peoples united, had at least begun. The very struggle for Liberty which had been going on, with ever-increasing results, through all previous ages of the world, had consequently now changed its form and the state of its parties. Essentially the struggle had always been one between Privilege and the People; but the battle in all its previous forms of antagonism had rather been for the People than by the People. Such forms of the eternal contest had been that for Personal Liberty against Slave-owning, the Plebeians against the Patricians, Catholicism against Feudalism, the Reformation against Catholicism, Constitutional Government against Arbitrary Power. Now, however, that Privilege had been brought to its last agonies by such a succession of contests, the essential nature of the struggle which had been involved in them all was more nakedly disclosed. What had always been a struggle between Privilege and the People might now proclaim itself in all the simple generality of that name; and the People themselves, in the final strife against the last shreds and fastnesses of Privilege, might be their own proctors and advocates, and might dispense with champions and intermediaries. Yes! all the complexities of the social

tackling, all the scaffoldings of the supposed pyramid, had now been struck away, and the People, assembled multitudinously as on one level plain, might look up direct to Heaven, with nothing to distract the view. *Dio e Popolo*—God and the People—such, for all peoples, was to be the true formula of the future. Translated into ordinary political language, this, for most peoples, could mean only Pure Republicanism. In Great Britain alone would Mazzini recognise an exception. For certain positive and practical reasons, connected with her special insular history, he thought Constitutional Government suitable for her, and likely to be suitable for a long time to come. But of all nations Italy was the one specially fitted for Republicanism. Her greatest traditions, her peculiar glories, were Republican. Whatever associations of coarseness, cruelty, or meanness other nations might have with the word Republicanism in recollection severally of their past histories, the word had come down in the Italian mind entwined with memories of heroism, high-mindedness, Poetry and Art at their noblest, all that was exquisite and even fastidious in scholarship and culture, the fullest richness of social life, the truest enterprise in commerce, the utmost originality of individual genius. Let Young Italy represent the real soul of the nation! Paying no heed to the remonstrances or the jeers of the so-called Practical Statesmen, the Pedants and Diplomats, the Individualists and Macchiavelians, let them blazon on their banner the symbol of an Italian Republic as the only possible form of a future Italy that should also be independent, free, and one!

For forty years Mazzini fought for the programme of his youth. He lived to see part of it accomplished, and he has died labouring for the rest.

For seventeen of these forty years (1831–1848), he was known only as the Italian agitator and conspirator, driven from France into Switzerland, and thence into England, corresponding incessantly by unknown means with his adherents in various parts of Italy, dif-

fusing his ideas more especially among the youth of Italy by contraband writings and a machinery of secret societies, and promoting every possible attempt at an insurrection anywhere in the Peninsula. He was near the end of this stage of his career when I first saw him. Respectable England had grown alarmed, some two or three years before, at the existence of such a man within her bounds, and had begun to question whether he ought to be allowed a continued refuge in London. Sir James Graham, as Home Secretary, had opened his letters in the post-office; there were the wildest stories not only of his promoting insurrections, but even of his encouraging assassination. But the storm had passed, and had been followed by a reaction. Sir James Graham had been obliged publicly to retract the most odious of his charges; English indignation had been roused at the discovery of a spy-system in a Government office; Mr. Carlyle had published his letter, avowing his personal intimacy with Mazzini, and testifying that, whatever he might think of Mazzini's "practical insight and skill in worldly affairs," he knew him to be, if ever he had seen such, "a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind." By that time also, other persons of distinction in the metropolis, knowing Mazzini by his more purely literary contributions to English periodicals, had contracted the same high regard for him, and there were particular English families whose proved affection for him drew him at length gently and irresistibly out of his exclusive daily companionship with the Italian refugees that formed his working staff, and made him and these associates of his happier, not only by their sympathies with the Italian cause generally, but also by their aid in schemes of relief for the poor Italians in London, and of schooling for their children. And so Mazzini lived on in London, with his eyes always on Italy.

How strange to remember now the accession of Pius IX. to the Papedom

in 1846, and the subsequent news, in 1847 and 1848, that he was proving himself, by act after act, a rarity among Popes, bent on reforming his states, and governing constitutionally! What hopes, what speculations, over the new Pontificate! Pshaw! ere men had learnt the new Pope's name, down went he, and all the hopes clustered round him, in a universal vortex. "Abdication of Louis-Philippe" flamed the newspaper placards all along Fleet Street one day early in 1848; and through that year and the next what a crush of commotions and surprises, revolutions and counter-revolutions, all through Europe! Restlessness seemed normal, and Astonishment had her fill. On the signal from France, the peoples were up everywhere; oppressed nationalities and states, with long accounts to settle, were facing their tyrants at their palace-doors; and the tyrants, bowing penitently from the door-steps, were swearing to new constitutions as fast as they were presented, any number of perjuries deep. Italy, more peculiarly, was a sight for Mephistopheles in this respect. How Ferdinand II. of Naples, and the minor princelings through the length of the Peninsula, were trembling and swearing in their several states, if perchance they might keep their thrones, while old Radetzky and his Austrians, unable to stand against the popular uprisings of the Lombards and the Venetians, were relaxing their hold of the north! One Italian sovereign, indeed, stepped forward in another spirit. This was Charles Albert of Piedmont, the old Carbonaro. *He* undertook now that nobler part he had grimly declined some seventeen years before, when the young Mazzini had tried to thrust it upon him. He would show now that only prudence and common-sense had then kept him back, and that, the conditions being ripe, Italy *might* have in him such an actual patriot-king as the too rapid Republican enthusiast had declared to be an impossibility. As King of Sardinia, Charles Albert took Lombardy under his protection, proclaimed himself the champion of all

Italy against the Austrian, and called upon the other Italian princes to send their contingents to the aid of his Piedmontese army. They all did so, with more or less of heart; Ferdinand of Naples with the least of all, but compelled by his people. For everywhere the populations hailed Charles Albert, the Mazzinians or Republicans no less than the Moderates; nay, Mazzini himself in the midst of his Mazzinians, again willing for the moment, as it seemed, that the Republican theory should go into abeyance in the presence of immediate and paramount duty. He had hurried from England, through France, into Lombardy, on the first news of that insurrection of the Lombard cities and Venice against their Austrian masters (March, 1848) which had given Charles Albert also his opportunity. Was the conspirator Mazzini to be seen as a volunteer, then, in the army of Charles Albert? He ought to have been, people afterwards said; it was the accusation afterwards both against him and the Venetian Manin that they impeded Charles Albert, fomented Republican distrust in him, and kept fresh forces from joining his standard. On the other side, the blame was thrown on the king; he wanted, it was said, to fight mainly with regular troops, and looked coldly on volunteers, especially of the Mazzinian sort. Certain it is that there was jealousy or mismanagement somewhere, and that it turned to the advantage of the Austrians. In July 1848 the strategy of Radetzky beat Charles Albert utterly, recovered Lombardy, and dispersed the general Italian cause into fragments. It was among these fragments, however, that Mazzini found occasion for a feat, perhaps the most heroic and characteristic of his own entire life, and certainly the most momentous in that war of Italian Independence. The Pope, probably adverse to the war from the first, had become decidedly pro-Austrian after Charles Albert's defeat, and had consequently lost his popularity with his Roman subjects. In November, ac-

cordingly, he thought it safest to flee from Rome in disguise, and take refuge at Gaeta in the Neapolitan territories. The Romans, left to themselves, and unable to persuade him to return, at length called a Constituent Assembly of 150 delegates elected by universal suffrage, and by the all but unanimous vote of this Assembly (the dissentients *eleven at most*) the temporal sovereignty of the Pope was abolished, and the Roman States were converted into a Republic (Feb. 1849). These steps had just been taken when Mazzini, who had meanwhile been wandering about in Lombardy as a volunteer with Garibaldi's irregulars, and had since gone into Tuscany, arrived in the Eternal City. He had never seen it before; he was a Genoese by birth; but what of that? He was received by the Romans with acclamations, elected at once to the Assembly, and then appointed the chief of the Triumvirs to whom the executive of the new Republic was entrusted. The use of such a man in such a post soon appeared. Ferdinand of Naples, rampantly pro-Austrian ever since Charles Albert's defeat, had been taking leisurely revenge on his poor Neapolitan subjects for their patriotic misdeemeanour; and in March 1849 he had the farther pleasure of cannonading the still insurgent Sicilians into renewed subjection. In the same month, the unfortunate Charles Albert, who had again taken the field against the Austrians, was again shattered by Radetzky at Novara, and had nothing left but to abdicate the Sardinian crown in favour of his son, Victor Emmanuel, and go into exile to die. Only two relics of the once hopeful Italian Revolution then remained in the entire peninsula—the Roman Republic, governed by Mazzini; and the city of Venice, also a self-declared Republic, besieged by the Austrians, and resolutely defended by Manin. Were these two relics also to be overwhelmed? Was there no hope? Would no foreign power, for example, interfere? The mass of the Italians, in their ignorance, thought even of Great Britain. Mazzini knew better;

he knew that interference in Italian affairs was not in Great Britain's way, and that least of all was she likely to stir herself very heartily for things calling themselves Republics. But from France, anti-Austrian France, herself a Republic, and the beginner of the whole European Revolution which Austria was now undoing? Well, the French Republic did interfere, but it was after the oddest fashion. She left Venice to the mercy of the Austrians, and she sent an army of 30,000 soldiers, under General Oudinot, to Civita Vecchia, with orders to march upon Rome, put down the mushroom Roman Republic, and restore the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. Louis Napoleon was then in the fourth month of his Presidency of the French Republic; but the expedition had been planned by the Republican Cavaignac, and had the concurrence of M. Thiers, M. de Tocqueville, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, and all the leading French politicians. Great Britain also had intimated her assent, on the principle that the restoration of the Pope to his dominions "under an improved form of government" would be particularly agreeable to every candid Protestant mind. And so General Oudinot landed at Civita Vecchia, and marched to Rome, expecting that the Assembly and the Triumvirs would behave sensibly, recognise the will of France, and offer no opposition. Then was the hour of Mazzini. He knew that Rome must fall, but he had made up his mind that in her fall there should be buried the seeds of her renovation, and a bond for all Italy which the world would one day honour. For two months the Romans, with 14,000 armed men among them—Mazzini in the centre, and the larger-framed Garibaldi in his red shirt heading the suburban sallies and showing what street-fighting might be—maintained the defence of the city against the besieging French army; and when, on the 3rd of July, 1849, the French did enter Rome, it was over corpses and ruins. Seven weeks afterwards Venice surrendered to the Austrians after a bombardment; and in

April 1850 the Pope came back from Gaeta to Rome, to resume his temporal sovereignty under the protection of French bayonets.

The last two-and-twenty years of Mazzini's life (1850-1872) make a story very straggling in itself, inasmuch as he is not seen as the direct agent in the wonderful transformation of Italy then actually accomplished, but mainly as the incessant idealist of the transformation, foiled in his attempts to get the practical management of it into his own hands, or even to regulate it in his own way, and obliged to be only the inspirer of others and their critic when they did not satisfy him. Having returned to England, and resumed in London his character of refugee, conspirator, and propagandist, he occupied himself for some years in denouncing more especially the French occupation of Rome, and the conduct of the French generally in the affairs of Italy, including in his rebukes not only Louis Napoleon, first as president and then emperor, but also the other responsible politicians, many of them anti-Napoleonists. This was the time also, I think, of the first general awakening of people in England and Scotland, by Mazzini's influence, to some knowledge of Italian affairs, and some interest in them. Now, too, there was his temporary alliance with Kossuth, the arrival of whom in England, and the extraordinary eloquence and subtlety of his speeches in English, were a public topic for many months. From the attempt so made to link Italy and Hungary in an anti-Austrian league nothing very practical followed; but it led to picturesque groupings in the more private circles of London refugeedom and cosmopolitanism. Kossuth and Mazzini might now be seen side by side, with other Hungarians and Italians round them, and a due sprinkling of Englishmen and Americans, Frenchmen, Poles, and Russians; and on rare occasions, when Garibaldi's ship chanced to come into the London Docks, one had a glimpse of that hero, with his noble figure, and his fair, calm, trustworthy face. Plottings, I daresay, there were;

and ever and anon there was a flutter through France and Italy about some intended Mazzinian movement, or some supposed vision of Mazzini himself near the Italian frontier. He was the stormy petrel of European politics, the newspapers continually said. So in a sense he was; but not unfrequently, when he was reported to be abroad, and the French and Austrian police were watching for him, he was quietly smoking a cigar or listening to Tamberlik in a London room. Tamberlik! What an evening was that when this great singer sang *Italia! O Italia!* in a room filled with refugees and their friends, and the air around you was a shiver with the intensity of feeling that trembled through the voice, and at the close the applause was like a yell of fury, and strong young men flung themselves upon his neck with sobbings and embracings! *Italia! O Italia!* The work of 1848-9 had not been quite in vain for her. She was somewhat freer than she had been; the system of tyranny that racked her had been shaken and loosened. Above all, there was one solid block of her population enjoying constitutional freedom and good administration in tolerable degree, and yielding example, hope, and encouragement to the rest. Bluff King Victor Emmanuel of the Sardinian States had remained steady to the later policy of his father, and he had the matchless Cavour for his minister. It was on this quiet, deep, sagacious, humorous man, covering the farthest aims and the most determined zeal for them under the richest fertility in shifts and compromises—this statesman of the Individualist or Macchiavellian type, as Mazzini would have called him—that there devolved after all the successful scheming for Italy's liberation. He and Napoleon III. put their heads together; and there was the alliance of the French and the Sardinians in a new war against Austria, ending in some gain for the French Emperor, but also in the formation of a Northern Italian Confederation or kingdom of North Italy, with Victor Emmanuel at its head (July 1859). Not a Mazzinian Republic, then, but a

constitutional kingdom, was to be the form of a substantially liberated Italy. Nay, even, as it proved, of an Italy whole and united! For now the Republican Garibaldi, accepting the Kingdom of North Italy as an accomplished fact, volunteered daringly to give it the necessary extension. An insurrection, devised in part by him and Mazzini, had broken out in Sicily against the Neapolitan king, Francis II.; and, plunging into the midst of this, with the battle-cry of "Italy and Victor Emmanuel," Garibaldi was able, in the course of a few months, to win Sicily and Naples too, and hand them over to his royal master, saluting him "King of Italy," and receiving the reply "I thank you" (October 1860). In February 1861 the first united Italian Parliament met at Turin, and in March the Kingdom of Italy was formally recognised by Great Britain. There was yet much to do, however, to accomplish the complete unification: especially there was the Papal sovereignty in the Roman States, with the French force guarding it, lying like an extraneous lump in the middle of the Peninsula. The steps of the farther process by which the unification has been made perfect—the removal of the Italian capital from Turin to Florence, the plotting and negotiations for the possession of Rome, the evacuation of Rome by the French troops in the pressure of the great struggle between France and Germany, the consequent incorporation of Rome also with the Italian kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, and the transference of the capital at last to the ever-glorious city—are all matters of recent recollection. Neither Mazzini nor Garibaldi, I believe, was unfelt through all this later process. The signalling to Rome, the constant stirring of the national passion for Rome as the consummation, was their share of the duty. Not that they were contented. Even Garibaldi, we know, had his tempers; and, though they would fain have pensioned him, and hung golden collars round his neck, and cushioned him softly for the rest of his life, they had to take notice of his outbreaks, actually

shoot at him, and cage him up like a lame old lion. With Mazzini it was worse. Transformed Italy would have been glad to welcome him permanently back too, and to assuage his declining years with luxury, rewards, and honour. He did visit this transformed Italy and receive homage in some of her cities; but she was not transformed, alas! completely to his mind. His dream of a Republican Italy had remained unfilled; and even in the system of a Royalist and Constitutional Italy, as he conceived that imperfect system might be made to work, he found much to blame, and many shortcomings of what was attainable. And so he died in Pisa, plotting no one knows what; and, though the assembled Italian Parliament in Rome have properly signified their remembrance of all that Italy owes to him, they may have felt his death as a practical relief. When a prophet dies whose *Excelsior! Excelsior!* has never ceased for forty years, there may be hope for rest and routine.

Of Mazzini's share in that great transformation of modern Italy, which is one of the most remarkable, and surely one of the most beneficial, facts in the recent history of Europe, it would be difficult to form an estimate. Charles Albert, Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Napoleon III., Garibaldi, and others and still others unnamed here, have all co-operated in their various ways and with various motives; larger masses of the total substance of the work, as the eye follows it in the palpable form of moving armies and falling thrones, have to be assigned to some of these than to Mazzini; and Mazzini's lifelong pursuit of his enterprise, but for their co-operation, might have been, in large measure, futile and fruitless. Yet, with all allowance, very much of the result is due to Mazzini. His defence of Rome against the French, taken as a single action, was a deed after his own heart, and of vast consequence. To me it has always seemed precisely the kind of deed which he was fitted to do, and which, but for the inspiration of his peculiar character, would not have been done at all, or not nearly so well.

To fire a population, at a critical moment, up to the pitch of such a deed of desperation, and yet of duty, and to carry them through it, was, I believe, his most natural function in the world of hard action. In a settled Government, or even in a Government of ordinary struggle and difficulty, I do not think he would have so excelled. He was too intolerant, too tenacious of his own ideas, and these not the ideas that other able and honest men might have; practical co-operation with him long in actual business by a sufficient number of men of any strength of will, and of tolerably good parts, would have been impossible. *Tenacity* is one of the words I would apply to Mazzini; he was the most *tenacious* man I ever met. But here, in his career of propagandism, was his superlative merit. As an Idealist in Italian politics, as the spiritual torch-bearer of a great cause, he was unsurpassable. He ran with the torch, the same torch, for forty years; and, but for the Republican colour in the flame, it proved the right torch at last. The Unity of Italy! who does not remember how that idea was derided in all our newspapers, attacked, written down, treated as a wild chimera? It is to Mazzini's credit that he had seized that idea when no other man had seized it, when the very Italians themselves held it to be naught, and that he kept it alive through good report and bad report, drove it by iteration and reiteration into the popular Italian consciousness, and even into the heads of statesmen, and persevered till he saw it triumph. Facts will take any course, I said some time ago. It is but a half-truth. Facts will always in the end flow in the channel of the deepest speculative perception. So far as most people will now pronounce Mazzini's views about Italy to have been right theoretically, he had succeeded before he died.

Mazzini, it may be necessary to say, was more than the Italian Patriot, though he was that pre-eminently. His patriotism was the main outcome of a very powerful, original, and various mind. He was a Theosophist, a Philo-

sopher, a Moralist, a Reasoner about everything from a definite system of first principles, a Thinker on all subjects, a Universal Critic of Art and Literature. His general writings, partly collected and republished in conjunction with those appertaining to Italy and his own political life, illustrate sufficiently both the systematizing habit of his mind and the wide range of his reading and culture. He knew something about everything. He had a consecutive scheme of the History of the World in his head; he had an acquaintance with the chief Greek and Latin poets, and the characteristics at least of the chief English, Spanish, German, and even Slavonian, authors; in Italian Literature, and in contemporary French Literature, his knowledge was extensive and minute; he had at least looked into Kant and Hegel, and caught the essence of some of their abstractions; he was intelligent on subjects of Art, and especially of Music; and he had no objection to the last novelty in physical science. With all this universality of range, and abundance of casual allusion, his writings are somewhat disappointing to those who desire instruction rather than stimulation. The stimulation is in great overproportion to the nutriment, and on this very account fails, after a while, even as stimulation. Vagueness; rapidity; the recurrence continually of one or other of a certain limited number of fixed ideas, couched in impressive but nebulous phrases, such as "God and Humanity," "Progress," "the Unity which is the Soul of the Universe," "the infallibility involved in the idea of progression and of collective mankind," "faith in the tradition of your epoch and your nation," "the necessity in this age of a return from Dissolving Analysis to Creative Synthesis;" real eloquence, and sometimes startling dithyrambic power, in the presentation of these ideas, but the presentation of them always as axioms which there were a baseness in not accepting, while you admit their truth only so far, and would occasionally like a little explanation and

proof; a certain literary thinness in the interspaces, and a rarity of those deep incisions of the pure intellect, those nuggets of facts and anecdote, those barbs of wit and fancy, that one expects in celebrated books:—such are perhaps the remarks that a severe critic, accepting on hearsay Mazzini's title to be regarded as an extraordinary man, and examining his writings from consequent curiosity, would make about most of them. Similar remarks, however, would have to be made upon the writings of many men of that order of spiritual and political propagandists to which Mazzini belonged; and, indeed, compared with most such, Mazzini, as a writer, is brilliance itself. But, indeed, Mazzini's purpose in being a writer at all, even when his themes were philosophical or literary, was not so much abstract investigation, or new and interesting literary production in competition with contemporary writers, as precisely the inculcation of those few fixed principles of his of which we have been speaking. He believed them to be applicable to Literature no less than to other things; and he wanted to work them into the literary, no less than into the political, conscience of his time. It may be well, then, to give a handful of these Mazzinianisms, the working tenets of Mazzini's own life, which he desired to diffuse among his contemporaries and to leave behind him for others.

Mazzini was an ardent Theist. Without Religion, without faith in God and the habit of regarding all Nature and the whole course of Humanity as a manifestation of God, the world, he believed, was rotten, and life a ghastly farce. His favourite word for the opposite way of thinking, and for all mere acquiescence in customary Religion without real belief, was Materialism. This word, which he pronounced in a cutting Italian way (*Matèrialism*), was his constant name of reprobation for a great many men whose mental power he acknowledged. It was the counterpart, spiritually and intellectually, of Individualism and Macchiavellism in practice; and the world was full of

Materialists, Individualists, Macchiavellists. The restoration of a real faith in God, and his manifestation through Humanity, was the great reform necessary in every nation. All else would follow. For the manifestation of God through Humanity takes the form of Progress, which is the Evolution of the Thought of God; and Duty for all men, and every man, consists in aiding Progress, or cooperating with the Thought of God in its successive stages,—which cannot be if God is denied, the connexion of the ages with each other forgotten, or the clue not found. But the clue may be found. What the great collective heart of Humanity has always thought and desired, what every nation or people is aspiring after or struggling for, with that ought the individual to sympathize, in that he will find such approach to Absolute Truth as is possible, by that ought he to rule his conscience. The isolation of the individual is absurd; it is immoral to suppose that the individual can serve God by leading a true life all within himself. Men speak of the domestic and family obligations and affections; but these are only the consolations of life, vouchsafed in the performance of its duties. The duties are forgetfulness of self, assent to the flow of the collective life, association with one's fellows, struggle always in the forward direction, strenuous participation in what is going on. Action, rather than contemplation, is man's business. Art and Literature themselves have been vitiated by the individualistic error, the dissociation of them from the common interests, the pursuit of them “for their own sakes,” as if they *could* have “sakes” of their own. “What is Poetry? The consciousness of a past world and of a world to come!” Tried by this test, how many poets had fulfilled their divine mission? Dante almost alone; with Shakespeare, and still more with Goethe, grave fault must be found; Byron and Victor Hugo of late had been really powerful and in the right track, but had fallen far short. Let poets and all other artists henceforth go into the thick of things for their themes and inspiration,

and let them launch their songs and symbols, burning messengers of God's intentions, back into the thick of things. "The truly European writer must be a philosopher holding in his hand the poet's lyre." And for men of action, ordinarily so-called, statesmen and politicians, where was the doubt? To perceive the drift of the world, and to help it on practically by their devices and combinations, was the work for *them*. Could the drift be mistaken? Was it not the conclusion of the battle between Privilege and Equality in every form of that battle, so as by the liberation of peoples from thralldom, their freedom within themselves, and their association with each other, to bring about the time when the motto "God and Humanity" would stand out in its full meaning? Nor must this battle be fought by the old agency of the Doctrine of Rights. That was a wretched doctrine, and must be superseded by the Doctrine of Duties. The liberty to perform duty is man's sole right. Every nation would have for a while its own special politics, depending on the particular questions agitated in it, and which it was called on to solve. Of all nations the Italian was best fitted to take the initiative in Europe. The Italian mind above all possessed the necessary characteristic of constant synthesis of thought and action, and twice already had Italy, giving the word from Rome, led the world. The notion of a French initiative in Europe was a disastrous fallacy of the time, which it had been Italy's curse ever to have believed in, and which the New Italy must dash to pieces.

In private society Mazzini's habits were simple, kindly, affectionate, and sometimes even playful. He had a good deal of humour, and could tell a story, or hit off a character, very shrewdly and graphically, not omitting the grotesque points. There was a respectful tenderness in his manner towards women, which never interfered with the frankness he thought due to them on account of that theory of the rightful political coequality of the sexes which he had always advocated. Perhaps he was most happily

seen, even by men, when one or more of several highly-gifted ladies, who knew him thoroughly and made his comfort their study, were present to preside and regulate, keep off the troublesome, and make the surroundings congenial and domestic. Either so, in a varied group round a fireside, or joining in a game at cards at a table, or else more apart and smoking a cigar with one or two selected for that companionship, he was very ready to talk. The talk on such occasions was good, utterly unpedantic, about this or that as it happened, and often with whim and laughter. Inevitably, however, some topic would be started on which Mazzini would show his *tenacity*. It might be a question of Meyerbeer's music in comparison with Rossini's, or it might be anything else of seemingly smaller moment; whatever it was, if Mazzini had an opinion, he would fight for it, insist upon it, make a little uproar about it, abuse you with mock-earnestness for believing the contrary. That would not last long; a laugh would end it; we knew Mazzini's way. But sometimes the difference would go deeper, and then it was not mock-earnestness, but real earnestness, that was evoked. Mazzini's talk, though never ill-natured, tended to be critical. In speaking of the men or the writers he liked and admired most, he would arrive at their shortcomings, if he did not begin with them; and these shortcomings, of course, were their non-correspondence with his own absolute ideal. Hence, in avowing your own liking against his, in a case where your feelings were stirred, you might be tempted to put a shot into that ideal, or you might unawares assault one of its principles. Then he was down upon yourself. *You* also were in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity; there was a touch of *Matérrialism* in you, though you did not know it; you were, at all events, an Individualist, or (what was as bad in Mazzini's vocabulary) a Classicist! Naturally, your pugnacity was roused by this, as he liked that it should be; and bang! another shot at his ideal, right at the centre-principle this time!

You tried it perhaps in the form of an extremely abstract and metaphysical query as to the validity of the Progress notion. "If the notion of Progress be an axiom, Mr. Mazzini, must it not be an axiom only in reference to the totality of things? Why suppose Progress, or God's universal thought towards good, locked up in our earth, or in the procedure of that shred of creation called Humanity? What is Humanity but a leaf in the vast tree of leaves; and may not this leaf be blackening and dying while the whole tree grows and lives? May not some collective commotions and tendencies of Humanity be but the black spots, the signs of rot? If there is Progress in Humanity, in the sense of the evolution of God's universal thought of good, must it not be in some subtler and more complicated way than that of the vague axiom?" You did not mean to say all this; but you came to be glad you did. For then Mazzini broke out, and he grappled you with the yearning of an apostle, and yet with a rigour of reasoning and an acuteness of analysis which you were hardly prepared to expect from your ordinary experience of him. One such occasion I particularly remember, on

which for two hours there was a discussion of this kind so intimate and so eager that, though I went away unconvinced on the main point, it was with a sense that I had never before been engaged in such an exercise of give and take, or had my mind so raked and reinvigorated by the encounter. Few such conversations do men's habits of intercourse now allow, and more is the pity! Let it not be supposed, however, that an evening with Mazzini was always, or often, so severe a matter. Varied and interesting chat, with only the due dash of the very seriously Mazzinian, was the general rule; and you might light a second or a third cigar. It was late before you went away; and, on the rare occasions when he was not to remain after you were gone, you might have his company for some little distance through the dark London streets. You parted then at the corner of some narrower street than usual, he going his way, and you yours. And now he sleeps for ever in Pisa, by the Leaning Tower, unless they remove his ashes to his native Genoa, or to the great Rome which he defended once, and which was the city of his heart of hearts. Farewell, Mazzini!

END OF VOL. XXV.









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Macmillan's magazine

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	VOL: 25

